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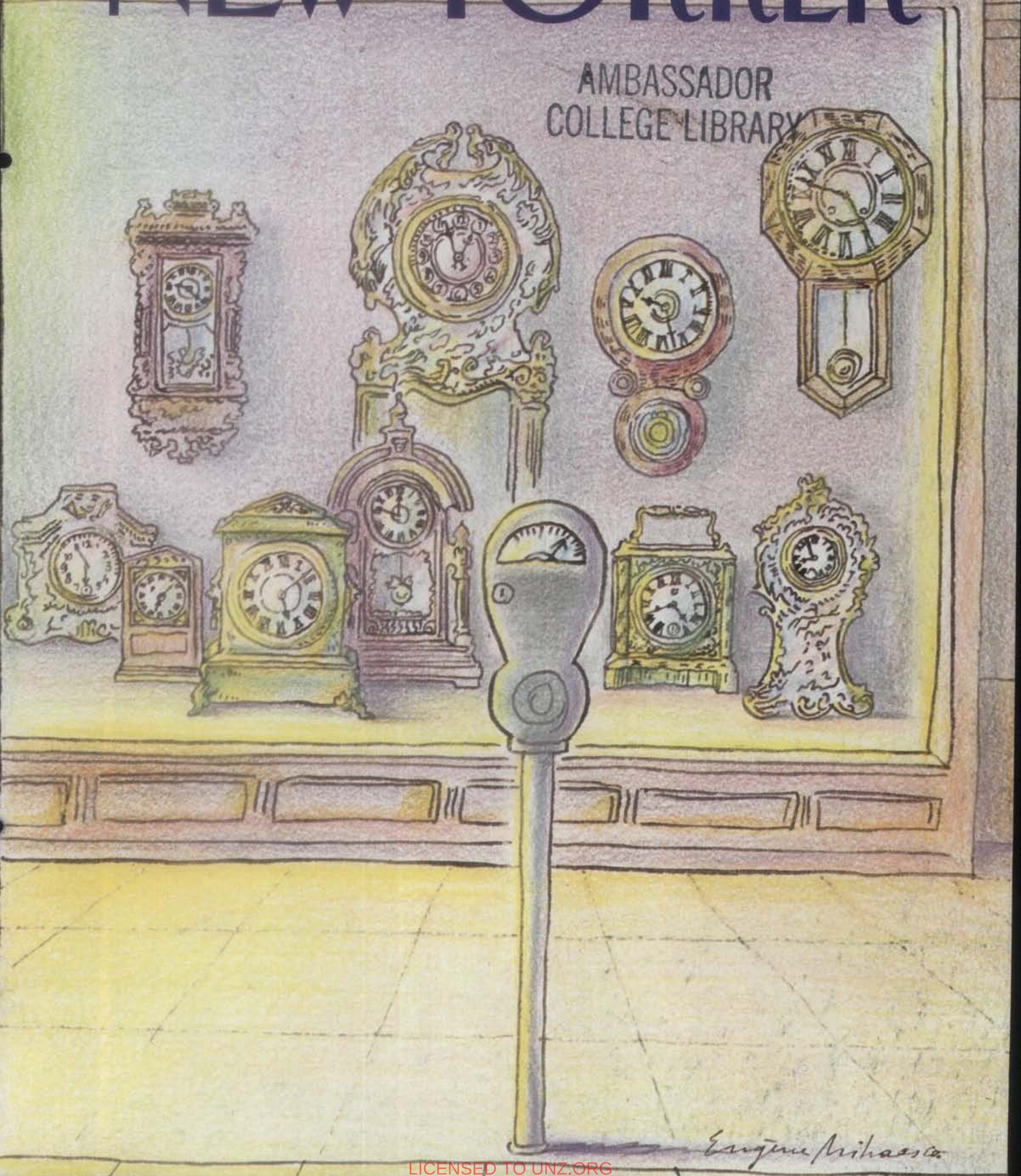
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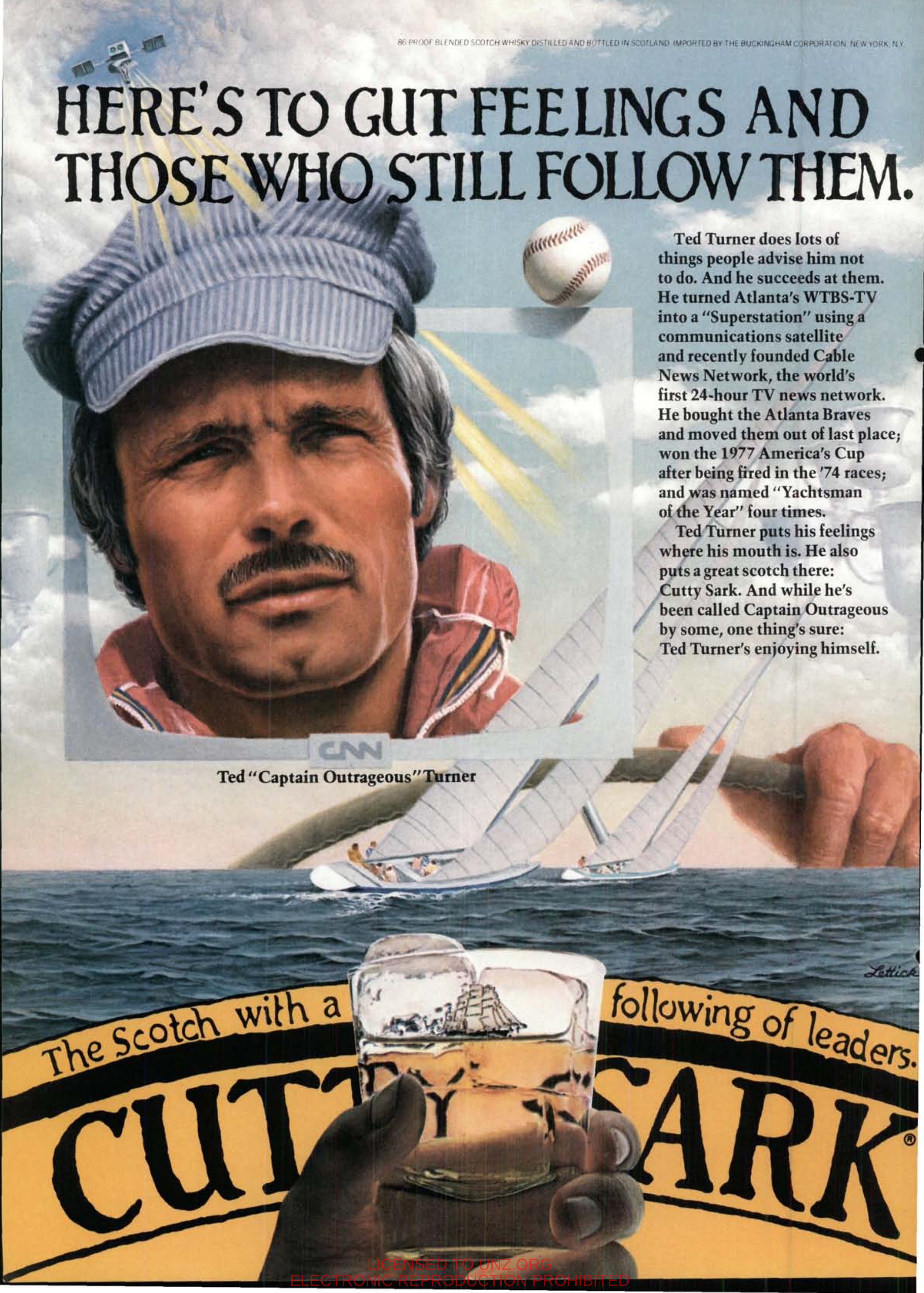
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are acted by Tracy Pollan, Jan Leslie Harding, Sam Robards, and Ralph Davies, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Amadeus—Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Ian McKellen plays the villainous Salieri superbly, and Tim Curry is almost his match as Mozart. (12/29/80) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BAM Theatre Company—Two of five plays to be presented in repertory through Sunday, May 10. THE WILD DUCK: An unsatisfactory production of Ibsen's tragic comedy. (3/23/81) Wednesday through Friday, March 25-27, and Tuesday through Saturday, March 31-April 4, at 8, and final performance Sunday, April 5, at 2. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM: Even Brian Murray's splendid Oberon cannot rescue this production. Final performances Saturday, March 28, at 8, and Sunday, March 29, at 2. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Childe Byron—William Hurt and Lindsay Crouse are very good as Lord Byron and his grown daughter in this foolish play by Romulus Linney. Beginning Tuesday, March 31, Debra Mooney will replace Miss Crouse. (3/9/81) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Saturday, March 28, at 8; Sundays at 7; and Saturday, April 4, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Saturday, March 28, at 2. Closes Sunday, April 12.)

Chucky's Hunch—Kevin O'Connor in a one-character play by Rochelle Owens. (Theatre for the New City, 162 Second Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, April 5.)

Coming Attractions—A facetious lampoon, by Ted Tally, about a killer who becomes a show-business celebrity. It is nimbly performed by a lively company, under André Ernotte's direction. (12/15/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—An enthusiastic revival of Cole Porter's glorious musical ANYTHING GOES, which often does it justice. The fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 5. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Father—Ralph Waite and Frances Sternhagen in a revival of Strindberg's play, newly translated by Harry G. Carlson. Göran Graffman is the director. Previews through Wednesday, April 1. Opens officially on Thursday, April 2, and will run through Sunday, June 7. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fifth of July—One of a series of plays that Lanford Wilson is devoting to the Talley family of southern Missouri. The Wilson method is a cocktail consisting of two-thirds George S. Kaufman and one-third Tennessee Williams, well-shaken; the results are substantial. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

42nd Street—Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Moves on Monday, March 30, to the Majestic, 245 W. 44th St., 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Glasshouse—A play by Fatima Dike, with Mary Alice and Maggie Soboil. (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Inadmissible Evidence—Nicol Williamson repeats his brilliant performance in this first-rate revival, which might well be a bore without him. John Osborne was the playwright. (3/9/81) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 5.)

Knuckle—In this play by the English dramatist David Hare, a man interrupts his investigation of his sister's disappearance with long, cynical lectures on a number of abstractions. The character is a bore, but he is well acted by Daniel Gerroll. With Fran Brill and Alice Drummond, among others. (3/23/81) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 5.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, March 29: THE ZOO, COX & BOX, and TRIAL BY JURY. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, April 1-5: THE MIKADO. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Lolita—Edward Albee has adapted the Nabokov novel in a curiously mortuary fashion. Donald Sutherland's Humbert Humbert is more addled than impassioned, and Blanche Baker is a Lolita without a trace of allure. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—This production of O'Neill's autobiographical drama has a distinguished black cast, but it seems rather tame, on the whole, in spite of a stunning performance by Al Freeman, Jr., as Jamie Tyrone. (3/16/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Lunch Hour—A new comedy by Jean Kerr, about a mild case of adultery in the Hamptons. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Marry Me a Little—Seventeen songs by Stephen Sondheim that were eliminated from his shows during rehearsal are sung by Suzanne Henry and Craig Lucas in this abbreviated musical. Some of the songs are charming; the performance is only pretty good. (3/23/81) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

One-Act Play Festival at Lincoln Center—The first of three programs presenting new plays by American playwrights. The three plays here are John Guare's "In Fireworks Lie Secret Codes," Percy Granger's "Vivien," and Jeffrey Sweet's "Stops Along the Way." None is especially memorable, although Mr. Granger's and Mr. Guare's have their good moments. They are well acted by Michael Egan, James Woods, Graham Beckel, and Kathleen Widdoes, among others. Through Sunday, April 5. (3/16/81) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Piaf—A ramshackle non-play about the gifted and valorous French chanteuse, who died in 1963. It provides an opportunity for a grandly theatrical performance by Jane Lapotaire. (2/16/81) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pirates of Penzance—A hellzapoppin version of the good old Gilbert-and-Sullivan warhorse. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Really Rosie—A dud. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3226. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, March 26, at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, March 26, at 2, and Sundays at 1 and 5:30.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY.** (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Rose—Glenda Jackson portrays a Midlands schoolteacher in a play by Andrew Davies. A London import. Directed by Alan Dossor. Previews Wednesday, March 25. Opens officially on Thursday, March 26, and will run through Saturday, June 20. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sophisticated Ladies—Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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The Tantalus—A play by Ian Cullen and Catherine Arley based on Miss Arley's play "La Femme de Paille (Woman of Straw)." (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 5.)

We Won't Pay! We Won't Pay!—A miserable performance of Dario Fo's farce about the rebellion of some working people in Milan. (2/23/81) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Widows—A play by Mfundi Vundla. Preview Thursday, March 26. Opens officially on Friday, March 27, and will run through Sunday, April 12. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.)

Woman of the Year—Lauren Bacall and Harry Guardino in a musical version of the 1942 film. The book is by Peter Stone, the music is by John Kander, and the lyrics are by Fred Ebb. Directed by Robert Moore. Previews through Saturday, March 28. Opens officially on Sunday, March 29. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. With Alice Ghostley playing the role of Miss Hannigan. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING:** Susan Tyrrell and Anne Archer in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD/A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: a Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and torn to shreds) by the Marx Brothers. David Garrison is a formidable Groucho. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Farley Granger, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Carole Shelley. Donal Donnelly, and Benjamin Hendrickson. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969.Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,696 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **MORNING'S AT SEVEN:** A superb cast pitches us gently back to the early nineteen-twenties and a small town in the Middle West, where all is plainly not right with the world (in spite of Browning and his happy Pippa). A new production of a sturdy old play by Paul Osborn. On Wednesday, March 25, the play will be interpreted for deaf patrons by two sign-language interpreters. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270.

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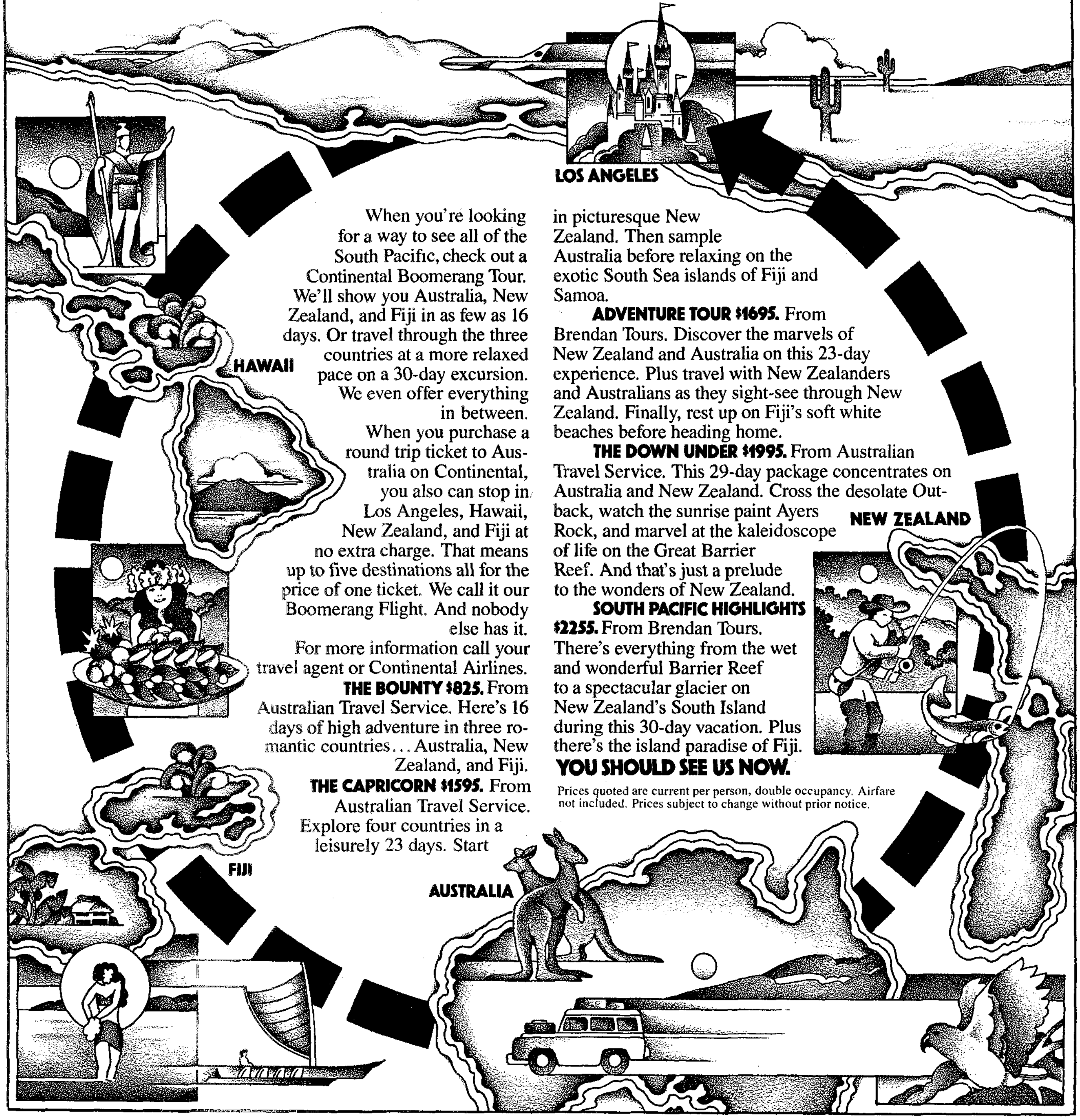

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Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Anita Gillette and John Hammil. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A new show, a patchwork of Americana, has the Rockettes doing a precision number called "Stars and Stripes" (what else?) and thirty-six other performers doing everything from country hoedowns to polkas to jam sessions. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesdays at 11 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays through Mondays at 2:30 and 8.)

The Circus—Another big basketful of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey goodies. Opens Wednesday, April 1, and will run through Sunday, May 31. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, April 1, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, April 2, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, April 3, at 10:30 and 2:30; and Saturday, April 4, at 10:30, 3, and 8.)

"Santa Fe on Broadway"—A benefit show for the new Santa Fe Festival Theatre. Participants will include Dick Cavett, Ian McKellen, Blythe Danner, Sigourney Weaver, Hal Holbrook, Madeline Kahn, and Christopher Reeve. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Sunday, March 29, at 8.)

DANCE

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, March 25, at 8: "Fielding Sixes," "Channels/Inserts," and "Roadrunners.". . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, March 26-27, at 8: "Fractions," "Tango," "10's with Shoes," and "Locale.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 28, at 2 and 8: "Duets," "Inlets," and "Channels/Inserts.". . . ¶ Sunday, March 29, at 2: "Fielding Sixes," "Channels/Inserts," and "Roadrunners." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **SARA AND JERRY PEARSON DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, March 25, and Friday, March 27, at 8, and Sunday, March 29, at 2. . . . **KAZUKO HIRABAYASHI DANCE THEATRE:** Wednesday through Saturday, April 1-4, at 8, and Sunday, April 5, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

Halveti-Jerrahi Dervishes—A thirty-member group from Turkey performing ritual dances to the accompaniment of classical Turkish music. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Monday, March 30, at 8. No *tickets necessary.)*

Dance Umbrella—Opening performances of a four-week season by seven contemporary companies which will end Sunday, April 26. The **VIOLA FARBER DANCE COMPANY** will perform Wednesday through Saturday, April 1-4, at 8, and Sunday, April 5, at 2. (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 265-0822.)

Lar Lubovitch Dance Company—Wednesday, April 1, and Friday, April 3, at 8, and Sunday, April 5, at 2: "Cavalcade," "North Star," "Exsultate Jubilate," and an unnamed work. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 2, and Saturday, April 4, at 8: "Cavalcade," the unnamed work, "Marimba," and a film on ice dancing, performed by John Curry and Peggy Fleming. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St., 246-8989.)

Juilliard Dance Ensemble—Four benefit programs of works by Anna Sokolow, Paul Taylor, and others, performed by students of the Juilliard dance department, with the Juilliard Chamber Ensemble, conducted by Salvatore Scecchitano. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. 874-7515. Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, at 8; Sunday, April 5, at 3; and Monday, April 6, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, will be claimed by pianist **BARRY HARRIS** and **MAJOR HOLLEY,** the humming bassist; on Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** will take charge. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—This club, named for the great Creole soprano saxophonist, is encrusted with mirrors. Recluse guitarist **TAL FARLOW,** who, un*til last fall, hadn't performed in New York in* some thirteen years, has practically settled in here—he'll be around for two weeks. Mondays are now the property of the **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION QUINTET.** Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—An intimate—there are only four hundred seats—rock palace. A good part of the current lineup makes it seem more like a jazz palace: on Wednesday, March 25, baritone saxophonist **PEPPER ADAMS,** drummer **ROY HAYNES,** and trombonist **MELBA LISTON** will lead their respective combos; on Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, soul singers Ray, Goodman & Brown will alternate with trombonist and singer **JOE BOWIE** and his dissonance-and-blues band, **DEFUNKT;** on Tuesday, March 31, the Good Rats will play rock and roll; and on Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, the **MINGUS DYNASTY BAND**—trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER,** pianist **ROLAND HANNA,** drummer **BILLY HART,** saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN,** and bassist **MIKE RICHMOND**—will trade sets with **ARTHUR BLYTHE,** the alto saxophonist with the thrilling tone, and his quintet, which is made up of **BOB STEWART** on tuba, guitarist **CALVIN BELL,** cellist **ABDUL WADUD,** and drummer **BOBBY BATTLE.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes the sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians: pianist **LARRY WILLIS** and a bassist through Saturday, March 28, and beginning Monday, March 30, pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS** will collaborate with bassist **LISLE ATKINSON.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, works with pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** *Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-*thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a place where one can wear a tuxedo even if one is not a headwaiter or a member of **BOBBY SHORT'S** trio. Mr. Short and his two stalwart sidemen—bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT**—are back, holding Porter, Gershwin, and Coward soirées Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing the piano nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

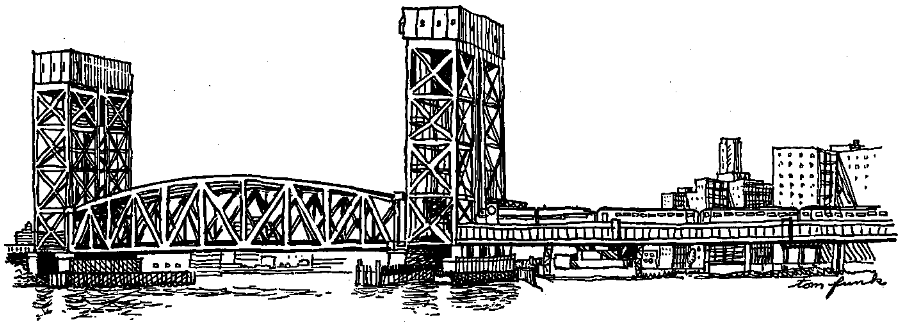
Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here through Saturday, March 28. On Monday, March 30, **ADAM MAKOWICZ,** a Tatum-inspired player if there ever was one, will take over the keyboard. Music nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, March 25, Decoys and Susan Rankin's Scam; Thursday, March 26, Noise R Us and Doug Rock; Friday, March 27, the Hard and Tromploy; and Saturday, March 28, Lenny Kaye Connection and the Sirens. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Lu Elliott, a onetime Ellington singer, has moved into this room for a while with pianist Robert Banks and bassist Jimmy Lewis. Her shows begin Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen; and Sundays at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, March 25, Joe Heaney and the Derby Ram; Thursday, March 26, the Juggernaut String Band; Saturday, March 28, Metropolitan Opry; Wednesday, April 1,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Peter Bellamy and the Derby Ram; Thursday, April 2, jam session with fiddler **MATT GLASER**; and Saturday, April 4, the String Band Tycoons, featuring Howard Bursen. Every Sunday is Fingerpicking Night, a night devoted to blues, ragtime, and jazz guitar. Music from about eight-fifteen Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. On Sunday, March 29, drummer **MEL LEWIS** will lead a quintet from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, lots of people, and famous jazz players. Two bluesy, hard-hitting ex-Basieites (when they're not playing ballads)—tenor saxophonist **EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS** and trumpeter **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON**—perform through Sunday, March 29. Pianist **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, and drummer **BEN RILEY** are their solid-fuel rhythm section. On Tuesday, March 31, pianist **MC COY TYNER**, intense and vertiginous as ever, will bring in his group. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. Marion Cowings, who sings with Sinatra-like phrasing, is here Wednesday, March 25; **JON HENDRICKS** and his family band, **HENDRICKS, HENDRICKS & HENDRICKS**, will sing Thursday through Saturday, March 26-28; on Sunday, March 29, pianist Jorge Dalto will lead his Latin-jazz group; Monday, March 30, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND**, the Monday regulars, will accompany blues singer **BYRDIE GREEN**; and on Tuesday, March 31, **TOOTS THIELEMANS**, a jazz-harmonica virtuoso and composer—"Bluesette" and the theme from "Sesame Street" are his best-known tunes—will come in. The first show gets under way after eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist Ronnie Markowitz on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Sundays from five to ten, pianist **BROOKS KERR** plays stride numbers and sings a bit, too.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little spiffier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts East Side-looking couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **RALPH SUTTON**, a swinging stride player, winds up his stint on Saturday, March 28. Mr. Sutton's less-than-rigorous style soars, incorporating at one time or another the buoyancy of Teddy Wilson, the bluesy, oscillating chords of Junior Mance, and obeisant quotes from Fats Waller. On Tuesday, March 31, **ART HODES** (see page 99, this issue), will move in for a week. Mr. Hodes' sets are less like sets and more like History of the Jazz Piano 101, as they dip into the blues, Fats Waller, Jelly Roll Morton, and Count Basie's early and late blue periods. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. The **MARTY NAPOLEON** trio performs for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Unlike a lot of Hurrah's rock-disco competition, this second-floor space is amply large, its ceilings are quite high, and its video monitors are aimed from above in several directions, all of which makes it possible for one not to feel trapped or gulp for air or miss a hot video recording of Devo. The live-entertainment schedule: Thursday, March 26, the Narrow Recession Band; Friday, March 27, Brave Combo and Dizzy & the Romilars; and Saturday, March 28, ESG and the Del-Byzanteens. Live music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays through Tuesdays.

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Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room, one will find a built-in balcony loft from which one can survey the whole room, appreciate—unless there is a heat wave—at least one cheering fire going (there are two fireplaces), and listen to the visiting musicians. Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, will be given over to trumpeter **OLU DARA** and his jazz-funk **OKRA ORCHESTRA**; the following Friday and Saturday (April 3-4) will be claimed by singer **ROSEANNA VITRO** and a back-up band headed by saxophonist **SAL NISTICO.** On Sundays, composer, arranger, guitarist, percussionist, and singer **THIAGO DE MELLO** directs a ten-piece loose and limber Brazilian jazz band. Music from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the sets by the guest musicians—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** pilots a combo.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Six resident Dixieland journeymen swing it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded, but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Pianist, composer, and National Public Radio star **BILLY TAYLOR** and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN**, who always attract large numbers of admirers, work through Saturday, March 28. Then, on Tuesday, March 31, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** will come in for five nights. Pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** play on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than Dallas. Wednesday and Thursday, March 25-26, folkie Livingston Taylor claims the bandstand; Sunday, March 29, will belong to Kinky Friedman; on Monday and Tuesday, March 30-31, **JAMES BROWN**, Soul Brother No. 1, will yowl, scream, and sing the blues; and Thursday, April 2, has been set aside for R. & B. saxophonist and singer **JUNIOR WALKER** and his latest batch of All Stars. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singers' room on the upper East Side. And the singer in residence for three and a half weeks is no less than **MEL TORMÉ.**

GLOVES
Anne Burgess

Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Wednesday, March 25, Panic Squad, X-Davis, and Super Dude Party; Thursday, March 26, Kitsch, Sorcerers, and Nikko Toy; Friday, March 27, Stimulators and Sally, Dick & Jane; Saturday, March 28, the Senders and Knots; Sunday, March 29, Reperata & the Delrons and Eddie Dixon; Monday, March 30, Artifax, Raven, and Swingers; and Tuesday, March 31, Cyclones, X-Patriots, and Stoolyes. Shows usually begin long after eleven.

Michael Phillips, 994 First Ave., at 54th St. (888-0018)—A very pleasant room with a striking deep-blue wall, an indoor waterfall, and pale-pink table linens. Thursdays through Saturdays, the stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** performs here from ten-thirty to two. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BONNIE KOLOC**, a young Chicago singer, performs folk tunes, blues, and ballads with her backing crew Tuesdays through Saturdays. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Music from ten to two. Dining.

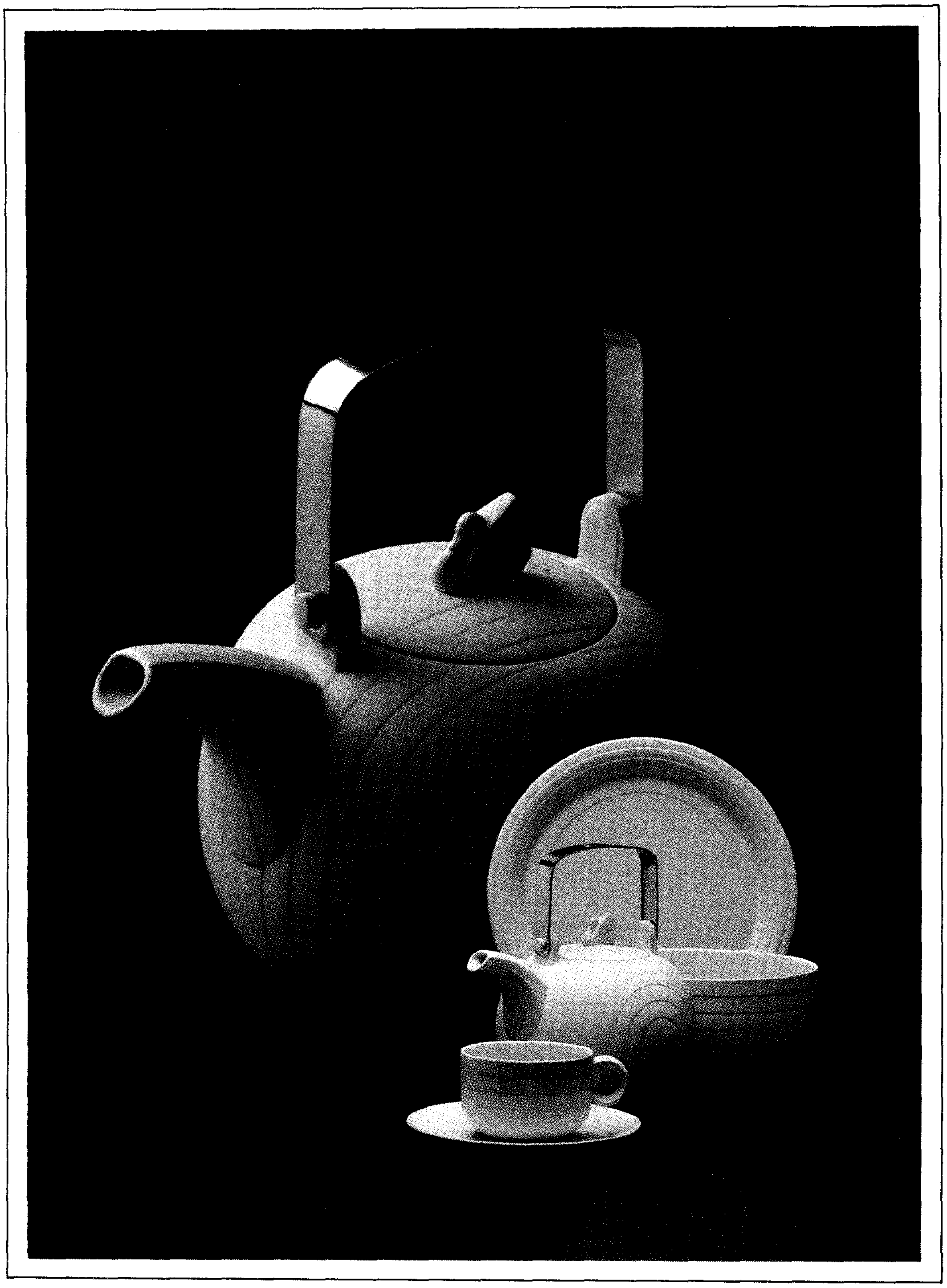
Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. On Wednesday, March 25, the Woodie Garrett Band will play country-rock; Thursday, March 26, will see three rock bands—Prisoners of the Beat, China Shop, and Octaroons—onstage; on Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, folk and blues singer **TAJ MAHAL** will trade sets with jazz guitarist **JIMMY PONDER**; Wednesday, April 1, will belong to folk-rock singer and songwriter **STEVE FORBERT**; and Thursday through Saturday, April 2-4, **DAVE VAN RONK**, a bearlike lumberjack of a folksinger, will do affectionate raspy-voiced renditions of songs by Mississippi John Hurt, Jelly Roll Morton, and Joni Mitchell. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. On Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER'S** band plays bouncy dance music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Sort of a big bustling rec room with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, curled-cast-iron ice-cream-parlor chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom; the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up for in occasional big names. The schedule: Wednesday, March 25, **STEVE FORBERT**; Thursday, March 26, Sic F*cks, 4-Skins, and Minors Aloud; Friday, March 27, Simple Minds and Major Thinkers; Saturday, March 28, Wall of Voodoo and Strange Party; Sunday, March 29, **GEORGE THOROGOOD**, who learned most of his set list listening to Hank Williams, Elmore James, Chuck Berry, and Bo Diddley records; Monday, March 30, Marilyn & the Movie Stars; and Wednesday, April 1, **MAYNARD FERGUSON**, who hits some of the highest notes possible on a trumpet (although the resulting sounds can sometimes be as cloying as a big bowl of grape jelly). Music begins usually after midnight. Dancing.

Rock Lounge, 285 West Broadway, at Canal St. (925-0960)—A two-story rock-and-roll club



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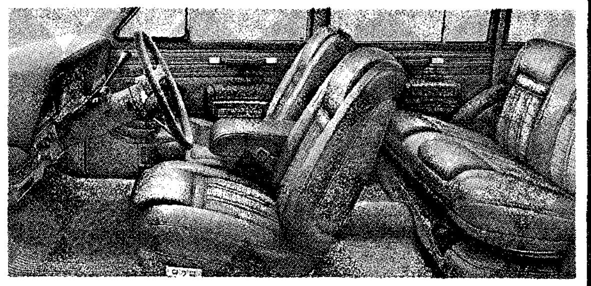

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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that, with its bright-red columns, its d.j.-occupied scaffold, and its chain-link fence around the second-floor viewing area, has just the right ambience—junior high. The ground floor might be a crowded lunchroom, and the second floor brings to mind a playground. Live music Thursdays through Saturdays; sets begin after one. Recorded rock from eleven. Closed Sundays through Wednesdays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, "Thank Heaven for Lerner and Loewe," the latest house tribute, is under way, with Marni Nixon (who gave Natalie Wood a singing voice in "West Side Story"), Steve Elmore, Martin Vidnovic, and Meg Bussert comprising the cast. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor: Wednesday, March 25, trombonist Mike Gibbs and his band; Thursday through Sunday, March 26-29, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN'S** quintet; and Wednesday through Sunday, April 1-5, the riveting bluesy tenor saxophonist **JOHNNY GRIFFIN** and his quartet. Music from ten to two. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—An outlet for first-rate pianists, bassists, and singers. Wednesday and Thursday, March 25-26, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** works with bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY;** on Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, **DAKOTA STATON** will sing with support from pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and his trio; and Wednesday through Saturday, April 1-4, **AL HIBBLER,** who was Duke Ellington's "tonal pantomimer" (Ellington's description) for eight years in the forties, will sing with a trio. Music from nine-thirty. Sundays and Mondays, Johnny (Blue Boy) Perry plays piano from eight to midnight. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. **SCOTT HAMILTON,** who plays swing-era tenor with authentic full-bodied sinuosity, leads a combo through Saturday, March 28; on Mondays trombonist **GROVER MITCHELL** leads a big band; and on Tuesday, March 31, drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** will arrive with his latest quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—Blown-up photographs of famous people from within and without the world of bebop—Max Roach, Stan Getz, Sammy Davis, Jr., Bette Davis, and Joan Crawford—line the wall. Thursday through Saturday, March 26-28, jazz singer and yodeller **LEON THOMAS** heads his group; Mondays through Wednesdays, pianist **HUGH LAWSON'S** trio is in action; and Thursday through Saturday, April 2-4, guitarist **TED DUNBAR** will bring in a quartet. The music begins after ten. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A mostly blues, Chicago-blues, and R. & B. lineup: Friday, March 27, **ROBERT JR. LOCKWOOD;** Saturday, March 28, Chicago blues-woman **KOKO TAYLOR;** Thursday, April 2, the Nighthawks, a blues and rockabilly band from Washington, D.C.; and Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, soul singer and songwriter Don Covay. Tuesdays are the property of the R. & B.-oriented Uptown Horns, and on Wednesdays, guitarist Texas Slim leads a blues band. Shows most nights at nine and midnight.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side: Wednesday, March 25, an evening of comedy, featuring the Nerve; Thursday, March 26, **NONA HENDRYX** & Zero Cool and China Davis; Friday, March 27, the Method Actors, Randy Gun, and Love Tractor; Saturday, March 28, Joey Balin and Steve Lunt; and Tuesday, March 31, Lil' Red. Music every night but Sunday after eleven. Dancing.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa music can be heard in the capacious downstairs room on Mondays from about nine. In the Terrace area, on the ground floor, Terry Waldo plays piano rags Tuesdays through Fridays from nine; on Tuesdays he alternates with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN.**

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor here in the most famous jazz club in the world. Guitarist **JIM HALL** is leading a trio through Sunday, March 29; on Tuesday, March 31, **SONNY FORTUNE,** the driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist, will descend the stairs with a quintet. Mondays are the property of drummer **MEL LEWIS** and sixteen other effusive players. Music from ten.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in Peacock Alley, a quiet sort of passageway with tables, chairs, and banquettes that connects the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the last decade, possesses a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. . . . **RONNY WHYTE,** an energetic baritone and pianist, can be found, if you look hard enough, in a little room (off the 49th Street side of the lobby) called the Hideaway, which looks as though it could have been part of the set for "Lost Horizon." Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Hank Johnson on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and **SADIK HAKIM** Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing and bebop musicians who can still swing. Wednesday through Saturday, March 25-28, will be turned over to tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY'S** quartet; on Sundays, **JAZZ À CORDES,** a convincing hot-jazz quintet, has the floor; on Mondays, ageless drummer **SONNY GREER** takes up with pianist **BROOKS KERR;** Tuesdays now belong to the great **JO JONES,** master of the ride cymbal, the hi-hat, and bass-drum bombs. Steam-table dining.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Preservation Hall Jazz Band—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, March 27, at 8.

Muddy Waters—With Johnny Winter, and the James Cotton Band. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, March 28, at 8.)

Jean Sablon—Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, March 28, at 8:30.

Connie Haines and the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, April 2, at 8.

Firesign Theatre—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, April 3, at 8.

Enrico Macias—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, April 4, at 8, and Sunday, April 5, at 7:30.

Irving Plaza—Saturday, March 28: Polyrock. . . . ¶ Friday, April 3: The Damned. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows begin after 11:30.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday and Thursday, March 25-26, at 10: Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, March 27-29, at 10: Cedar Walton quartet. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Jazz Gallery—Friday, March 27, at 8: Ralph Dorsey quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 28, at 8:30: James Jabbo Ware and the Me We & Them Orchestra. (Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, March 25, at 9: Sonny Sharrock. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 26, at 8:30: Dennis Charles & Joe Ruddick. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 2, at 8:30: Marilyn Crispell. . . . ¶ Friday, April 3, at 8:30: Jeanne Lee. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 8:30: The third in a series of monthly jazz films from David Chertok's collection, this one featuring jazz dancers Bill Robinson, John Bubbles, and Whitey's Lindy Hoppers. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Elise Asher—Expressionist landscapes in oil on Plexiglas. Through April 8. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Billy Al Bengston—This artist is now cutting jagged sections out of his watercolors with an X-Acto knife and using some of the excisions as collage. Through Tuesday, March 31. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Dash—Quiet views of Long Island landscapes and waterways. Through Saturday, March 28. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

John Evans—The artist kept a collage diary in 1980; twenty-six of the works are in this show—each appointed with the artist's usual row of ducks' heads. Through Saturday, March 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

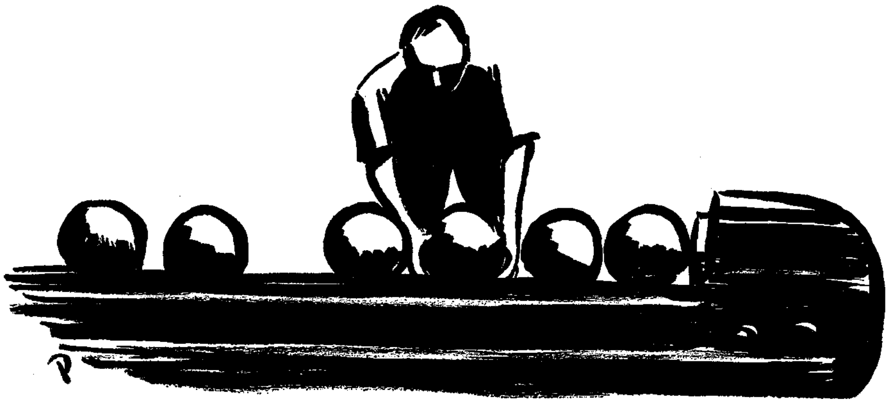
Herbert Ferber—Two layers of canvas are involved in these works, each layer painted a different color. The artist makes a triangular slash in the top one and rolls it back, exposing the color underneath. Through Thursday, April 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Igor Galanin—Fantastic paintings. Through April 25. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Salvatore Grippi—Paintings. Through April 11. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jim Houser—Realist landscape paintings in the Precisionist mode. Through Saturday, March 28. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Masami Kodama—Geometric conjoining forms, carved from variously colored marble.



Through Saturday, April 4. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Anna and Wolfgang Kubach-Wilmsen—Book shapes formed out of African blue granite, Turkish marble, onyx, and other stones. Through Saturday, March 28. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Abby Leigh—Stylized landscapes and cityscapes by a young actress lately turned painter, whose work reflects her tutelage under Will Barnet. Through Saturday, April 4. (A.M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Reginald Marsh (1898-1954)—Oils, temperas, and works on paper. Through Saturday, April 4. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Joan Mitchell—An exuberant four-panel painting, more than twenty-three feet long; other oils; and thirteen lively pastels. Through Saturday, March 28. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Mel Pekarsky—Small landscapes, ranging from Italy to the Sierras, sometimes as many as nine of them occupying the same canvas comfortably. Through Saturday, April 4. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Ellen Phelan / David Strome—Five constructions of shaped canvas or painted wood, two of them freestanding and the others wall pieces. / Abstract paintings—diptychs, with clean-cut emblematic forms seen against contrasting backgrounds. Through Saturday, March 28. (Art Latitude, 29 E. 73rd St.)

Serge Poliakoff (1906-69)—Abstract gouaches. Through April 11. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Paul Resika / Henry Glintenkamp (1887-1946)—Landscapes of Cape Cod dunes and the countryside of France and Italy. Through April 17. / Paintings and drawings by an artist whose early works were influenced by his teacher Robert Henri. Through May 16. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Norman Rockwell (1894-1978)—Paintings and drawings (fourteen in all) dated from 1916 to 1976 and nearly all in the *Saturday Evening Post* mainstream. Through Saturday, March 28. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Seymour Rosofsky / Helen Oji—Fantasies derived from the world of the underprivileged. The artist is an elder of the Chicago Imagist school who works in oil on canvas. / Stylized kimono shapes encrusted with shiny acrylic, Rhoplex, and glitter. Through Wednesday, April 1. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Syd Solomon—Abstract paintings based on the artist's studies of flora and fauna and rock strata in the Galápagos Islands. Through April 18. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St. Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.)

May Stevens—Paintings. Through Tuesday, March 31. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

J. M. W. Turner (1775-1851)—Thirty drawings and watercolors dated 1828-50. Through April 25. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Utamaro and Hokusai—Colored wood-block prints by these masters of Japanese art. Through Saturday, April 4. (Tsuru, a new gallery at 29 E. 61st St.)

Daisy Youngblood—Severely stylized sculptures of bird and animal heads, mostly, done in unglazed fired clay. Through Saturday, April 4. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **arsenal gallery,** 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs depicting animals, often whimsically. Anne Arnold, Ed McGowin, Don Nice, and Betty Tomkins are among the fifty-seven artists. Through April 28. (Open until 4:30 Mondays through Fridays.) . . . **davis & langdale,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: A loan of drawings and watercolors by English and American artists of the eighteenth to twentieth centuries. Among the leading names are George Bellows, Maurice Prendergast, and Gwen John. Through Saturday, March 28. . . . **paul rosenberg,** 20 E. 79th St.: Sixteen Old Master drawings. Through April 24. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sculpture—Eleven artists from New Orleans. Through April 15. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Siah Armajani / Sol LeWitt—Architectural details (doors, windows, steps), made of wood and metal, that serve as notations in what this sculptor calls his "Dictionary of Architecture," plus drawings and models. / Isometric drawings of four large geometrical figures, done on the gallery walls. Through Saturday, April 4. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

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Victoria Barr—The artist's travels in Bali, Java, India, and the Caribbean are reflected in these more or less abstract landscapes. Through Saturday, March 28. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Barton Lidicé Beneš—Cartoonlike works in mixed mediums in which the aspirations of inanimate objects are surveyed—for instance, a penny dreams of being a drachma, a nail wants to be a hammer. Through Saturday, April 4. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Birmelin—Realist paintings of crowded streets (with special attention to sidewalk litter), plus cityscapes, one of them a large depiction of a stadium at night. Through April 10. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Victor Brauner (1903-66)—Paintings of the fifties and sixties by one of the earliest Surrealists. Through Saturday, April 4. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Cynthia Carlson—A tongue-in-cheek installation (the target is decorative painting) that involves floral patterns on the wall. The mediums are ceramic and acrylic. Through Saturday, March 28. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Enrique Castro-Cid—Paintings of female figures. Through April 8. (Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

William Conlon—Nonobjective paintings. Through April 11. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

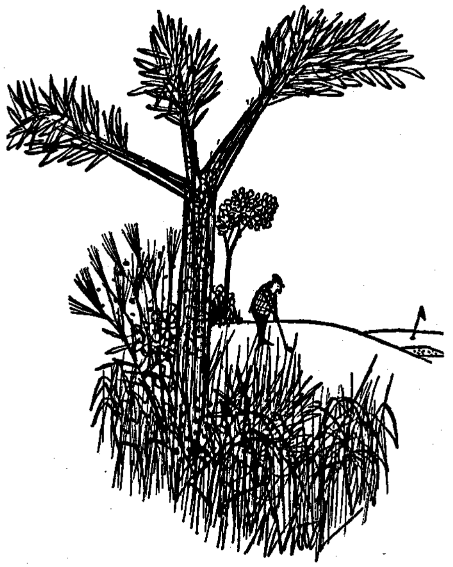
Ralph Fasanella—Recent primitive paintings. Through Saturday, March 28. (Johnson, 72 E. 56th St. Opens weekdays at noon.)

Buckminster Fuller—Sculptures and prints. Through May 2. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sam Gilliam / Austé—Color-field paintings. / Drawings: Day-Glo paint and pencil. Through Saturday, March 28. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Phoebe Helman—Freestanding wood sculptures, painted black, and drawings. Through Saturday, April 4. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Steve Keister—About a dozen hanging plywood constructions painted with Day-Glo or covered with fluorescent Plexiglas, all of them gleaming with reflected gallery light. There is also a large freestanding piece, similarly aglow. Through Saturday, April 4. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)



Ed Kerns—Rude architectural forms set down on canvas with paint or pieces of canvas, and then stitched and laced and painted over and generally worried until a satisfactorily time-worn quality is achieved. Through Saturday, March 28. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lee Krasner—New paintings and collages. Through April 18. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Eugene Leake—Maryland landscape paintings. Through Saturday, March 28. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Marisol—Portrait heads hacked from massive pine timbers and provided with rudimentary bodies and sculptured hands—sometimes four hands. The twelve subjects include O'Keeffe, Virgil Thomson (at an all-wood piano), Picasso, Martha Graham. Through Saturday, April 4. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Eugène Mihaesco—Pen-and-ink drawings and pastel sketches by an artist whose work often appears in the pages of this publication. First one-man show in New York. Through April 11. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Donn Moulton / Alexander Hollweg—Outsize beach pebbles made of lacquered fibre glass and hung as wall pieces. / Watercolors of skiing scenes in the French Alps. Through April 11. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Pace—Paintings of horses, motorboats, waterfronts in Maine, and a group of giraffes. Through Thursday, April 2. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Abraham Rattner (1895-1978)—Fifty watercolors. Through April 10. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Karen Shaw—Collages using cutouts of art reproductions and unified by means of the artist's usual alphabet code. Through Saturday, March 28. (Urdang, 29 W. 57th St.)

Hollis Sigler—A series of nine related paintings of rooms, from which a story of sorts emerges. Through Saturday, March 28. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Robert Sivard—Paintings in which turn-of-the-century artists (Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec) and writers (Oscar Wilde) are seen in their respective haunts. Through Saturday, March 28. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Athena Tacha—Models for outdoor sculptures. Through April 25. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Horacio Torres (1924-76)—Classical nudes painted in the classical manner. Through Thursday, April 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Neil Welliver—Maine landscapes (long vistas, deep forests, and an occasional surprised deer) in oil on canvas. Through Wednesday, April 1. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lynton Wells—Graphite drawings, some with collage. Through Wednesday, April 1. (Holly Solomon, 24 W. 57th St.)

Kim Whanki (1913-74)—Large paintings in which a small, freehand grid pattern is filled in, dot by dot, on raw canvas, plus fragile-looking vases, bowls, and abstract objects made of papier-mâché. Through Friday, March 27. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Yasuda—Large solid-color wall pieces, some done in ceiling-height aluminum, some on shaped canvas, and one painted directly on the wall. Through Saturday, March 28. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Francisco Zuñiga—Charcoal drawings and pastels, plus a couple of life-size bronzes, by this artist, whose life work seems to be the depiction of Mexican peasant women. Through Saturday, March 28. (Brewster, in new quarters at 41 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **alexander,** 20 W. 57th St.: New Image paintings by Richard Bosman, Ken Goodman, Dennis Kardon, and Richard Mock. Through Saturday, March 28. . . . **associated american artists,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: The complete lithographs of Grant Wood as well as prints (all dating from 1920 to 1940) by Hopper, Sheeler, Bellows, and others. Through April 11. (Open Mondays.) . . . **del re,** 41 E. 57th St.: A loan show of sculptures (and preparatory drawings for them) by thirty-three twentieth-century artists—Jean Arp, Louise Bourgeois, and Isamu

Noguchi among them. Through Tuesday, March 31. . . . **PEARL,** 29 W. 57th St.: "Charmion von Wiegand and Her Circle," gouaches and collages from the forties to the sixties by the artist herself; three drawings of her (by John Graham, Hart Crane, and Mark Tobey); and works by Mondrian, Sonia Delaunay, and Carl Holty from the artist's own collection. Through Saturday, March 28. . . . **SUTTON,** 29 W. 57th St.: A single work each by eleven of the gallery's stable, including Bernard Dreyfus, Amalia Hoffman, and Rudolfo Abularach. Through April 18.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Nicholas Africano / Brad Davis—A selection of paintings from a series of thirty that follow the narrative of Puccini's opera "The Girl of the Golden West." / New paintings. Through April 11. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Laddie John Dill—Sombre abstractions composed of pigmented cement and plate glass on plywood. Through Saturday, March 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Anne Healy—Small-scale wall reliefs (cardboard colored with pastels) suggested by Celtic illuminated manuscripts. Through Saturday, March 28. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Penelope Jencks / Emily Mason—Life-size painted-terra-cotta nudes in surroundings that suggest a beach. / Abstract oils on paper. Through Thursday, April 2. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Norman Laliberté—Appliquéd banners (as is this artist's custom), plus painted-wood constructions and collages. Through Tuesday, March 31. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Open Sundays.)

Steve Linn / Greg Constantine—Realistic sculptures (in natural wood and bronze) duplicating furniture and other objects. / Official-looking automobile license plates appropriate to the peculiarities of thirty or so artists; for instance, Dali's plate is limp, Chamberlain's is crumpled, and Christo's is wrapped. Through Saturday, March 28. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Charles Luce—Two installations, each with text; one consists of a hundred arrows piercing a painted wall. Through Saturday, March 28. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Judy Penzer—Portraits in watercolor. Through April 15. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Royden Rabinowitch—Polygons made up of several thicknesses of sandblasted steel plate laid out flat on the floor. Through Tuesday, March 31. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

David Salle—Figurative paintings, mostly diptychs in which a sleeper is depicted on one side and a dream on the other. Through Thursday, April 2. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

Richard Serra—A real-life Iron Curtain (made of Corten steel), ten feet tall and a hundred and twenty feet long, that stretches in an arc across this large exhibition space. Through Saturday, April 4. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Thomas Shannon / Todd Siler—A surprising display in which a twenty-four-foot magnesium needle floats about an inch above a shallow aluminum dome, thanks to mutually repellent magnets concealed in the works. / A deceptively practical-looking reactor assembly, thirty-two feet long and housed under a clear plastic tent, which the artist calls a Cerebreactor. Through April 11. (Feldman, 31-33 Mercer St., between Grand and Canal Sts.) . . . ¶ Drawings related to the Cerebreactor. Through Saturday, April 4. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Leon Polk Smith—Large shaped canvases done in solid colors and grouped together by an artist, a Cherokee, who took his direction from Mondrian. Through May 2. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Drawings and crisp-looking works on paper by the same artist. Through Saturday, April 4. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Robert Tannen—This artist and urban planner helped reconstruct the Gulf Coast after Hurricane Camille, and his show is a thick gumbo of exhibits relating to that experience, ranging from a lot of tawdry pottery to sculptural works based on the "shotgun" architecture indigenous to the bayou country. Through April 11. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Paul Waldman / Laura Grisi—Solid-color tondo paintings (for the most part) with peripheral insets depicting details of female anatomy. / Two triangular works, each made up of a hundred and twenty-one interior triangles, some containing photographs of birds and some patterns of numbers. Through Saturday, March 28. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Margaret Wharton—Chairs that have been dismembered, sometimes sawed into splinters, and reassembled into antic versions of glorified chairdom, all bedecked with paint and glitter. Through April 11. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Tino Zago / Humberto Chavez—Paintings of rocky crags thrusting up from clear water—a merging of scenes familiar to the artist in Nova Scotia and the Dolomites. / New constructions and collages. Through Saturday, March 28. (Marino, 489 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Sculptors' Drawings Over Six Centuries (1400-1950)—A hundred and forty drawings, practically all of them prefiguring works of sculpture. The artists range from Bernini and Canova to David Smith and Noguchi. Through June 20. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

John Baldessari—Printed aphorisms, manifestos, and self-styled "gnomic expressions," plus photographs, all more or less concerned with art. Through Saturday, April 4. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Arata Isozaki—Seven designs for homes by the Japanese architect who has been given the commission to design the proposed Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles. Through April 25. (Spaced, 165 W. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Don Johnson / Bruce Patterson—Sculptures (encaustic over hardware cloth) representing buildings and landscapes. / Blueprint paper collaged with photographs, painted masking tape, and so forth. Through April 11. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Gerhardt Liebmann—Paintings and drawings dating from 1969 to the present by a surrealist. Through Saturday, March 28. (Carlson, 33 Bleecker St., between Bowery and Lafayette St.)

Donald Lipski—A sculpture installation called "Passing Time." Through April 11. (Braathen-Gallozzi, 76 Duane St., between Broadway and Lafayette St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 11 to 4.)

Giuseppe Penone—A drawing and two sculptures, one in bronze and the other in wood. Through April 25. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Italian Drawings 1788-1898—A loan show of just over a hundred drawings that exemplify the dominant movements of the period. Through April 11. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB,** 15 Gramercy Park S.: The thirty-ninth annual Audubon Artists show of paintings, sculptures, and graphics. Through April 21. (Daily, 1 to 5.) . . . **2 COLUMBUS CIRCLE** (the old Huntington Hartford Museum): An exhibition entitled "The Working Process" comprises paintings and sculptures by seventeen artists, including a geometric abstraction by Benjamin Grubler; papier-mâché wall pieces by Rebecca Martin; and an abstract encaustic on canvas by Valentina Dubasky. Through May 1. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Peter Campus—Photographs of interiors and landscapes. Through Saturday, March 28. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Alfred Eisenstaedt—A hundred or so photographs taken in Germany at periods some forty years apart—in the twenties and thirties and in 1979-80. The prints on view include landscapes, portraits, crowds, and concerts. There are portraits of Leni Riefenstahl and Max Schmeling from both periods. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.). . . ¶ In another gallery at the Center: Spanish Civil War photographs by Robert Capa, Gerda Taro, and David Seymour (Chim). Both shows through Sunday, March 29.

Frank Gohlke / Linda Connor—Photographs of

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the architecture and landscape of the rural Midwest and Texas. / Sharp-focus photographs of Nepal and India and other Asian countries. Through Saturday, March 28. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Timothy Greenfield-Sanders—Recent photographs of New York School artists, primarily, made with a seventy-five-year-old view camera. Through April 24. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

W. Eugene Smith (1918-78)—Prints dated 1953 to 1978, including such picture essays as "Minamata" and "Pittsburgh." Through Saturday, April 4. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Paul Strand (1890-1976)—Photographs representing his entire career. Through Saturday, March 28. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Josef Sudek (1896-1976)—Photographs by the Czech artist, many of which have not been seen in New York before. Through April 11. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Jean-Pierre Sudre—Still-life photographs. Through Saturday, March 28. (French Institute / Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 10 to 1:30.)

Baron Wilhelm Von Gloedon (1856-1931)—Stylized photographs, chiefly of young men posed in the gardens and courtyards of Sicily. Through Saturday, March 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **castelli photographs,** 4 E. 77th St.: Works by Robert Adams, Eve Arnold, and Michael Smith. Through Saturday, April 4. . . . **witkin,** 41 E. 57th St.: A large exhibition, with examples by Félix Bonfils, Eliot Porter, Betty Hahn, and others. Through April 18. (Closed Tuesdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Leonardo da Vinci: Nature Studies from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle," a show of fifty drawings—landscapes, botanical studies, and designs for waterways. Through June 7. . . . ¶ An exhibit of the Lehman Collection's nearly two hundred eighteenth-century Italian drawings, with its indispensable Canalettos, Guardis, and Tiepolos (father and son), representing every significant school of that period. Starts Thursday, March 26. . . . ¶ A loan show of seventy-three European terra-cotta sculptures which chronicles the practice of clay modelling from the Renaissance to modern times. . . . ¶ A show of more than fifty works by John Marin, nearly all of them watercolors. Through Sunday, March 29. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"New Work on Paper I," an exhibit that launches a series of recent works on paper. The eight artists participating in this show are Jake Berthot, Dan Christensen, Alan Cote, Tom Holland, Yvonne Jacquette, Ken Kiff, Joan Snyder, and William Tucker. Through April 21. . . . ¶ A show of recently acquired drawings by Cézanne, Matisse, Léger, Lois Lane, James Biederman, and numerous others. Through June 2. . . . **photography:** "American Children," an exhibit of sixty photographs from the museum's collection; the works cover a hundred-year period starting with the eighteen-sixties. Through Sunday, March 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of sixty-five paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by American artists, notably Mark Rothko's "Violet, Black, Orange, Yellow on White and Red;" Claes Oldenburg's "Soft Pay-Telephone;" and two untitled watercolors by Agnes Martin. All are recent gifts to the museum's collection of contemporary art. Through April 12. . . . ¶ "19 Artists—Emergent Americans," a show of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and videotapes which introduces relatively unknown artists. One work by each artist will be purchased for the museum's collections. Through April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

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Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The 1981 biennial survey of paintings, sculptures, photographs, videotapes, and films produced in the past two years occupies the top three floors of the museum. Through April 5. . . . ¶ A show of more than forty works by Alexander Calder, including several recent acquisitions to the museum's collection. Through May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Nearly seventy paintings and sculptures by American artists (Stuart Davis, Marsden Hartley, John Marin, Georgia O'Keeffe, John B. Flannagan, and others), collected by Edith and Milton Lowenthal over a twenty-year period beginning in 1930. . . . ¶ A show of nineteenth-century French realist paintings and drawings—genre scenes, still-lifes, portraits, and landscapes—by little-known and well-known artists, among them Courbet, Degas, and Millet. Both shows through May 10. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—On display: The seventy-pound man-powered aircraft "Gossamer Albatross," which Bryan Allen pedalled across the English Channel in June, 1979. Through May 31. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45; and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of paintings and sculptures by twenty-eight contemporary American artists who are candidates for the Academy-Institute's art awards. Through April 5. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—"The Clay Figure:" Works by twelve sculptors, among them Mary Frank, Robert Arneson, and Richard Shaw. Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of almost sixty Northern Chinese Tz'u-chou vessels, a pottery whose white slip is customarily decorated with animals, birds, and flowers. The pieces date from the tenth century to the sixteenth. Through May 24. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Innovative Furniture in America," forty-seven pieces that are examples of technique (bentwood), comfort (a Morris chair), materials (Saarinen's plastic "Womb" chair), portability (a Bonner chair), and dual function (a sofa bed). Through May 10. . . . ¶ A show of laminated carved furniture made in the shop of the New York cabinetmaker John Henry Belter between 1844-63. Through May 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—"One Thousand Years of Japanese Art (650-1650)," a loan show from the Cleveland Museum, which has in its holdings objects of both religious significance (a seventh-century Buddhist sculpture, "Miroku in Meditation") and secular decoration (tea-ceremony utensils, Nō masks, paintings, scrolls, and screens). Through May 17. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A survey of twentieth-century Israeli art, showing more than a hundred works by thirty-six major artists. . . . ¶ A loan show of European prints derived from stories in the Hebrew Scriptures; the artists include Dürer, Rembrandt, Blake, Pascin, and Chagall. Through June 21. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of more than a hundred drawings by European draftsmen, spanning the years 1375-1825. These are not just any draftsmen, however; Botticelli, Raphael, Dürer, Hogarth, Rembrandt, Ingres, and Goya (to name, literally, just a few) are among them. . . . ¶ From roughly the same period, these artists' literary counterparts are also featured: first editions of poetry, novels, and plays by Molière, Voltaire, Goethe, Sir Thomas More, and Cervantes. Also the manuscript and corrected galley proofs of Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet." Both shows through May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display of prints, paintings, and photographs, primarily landscapes and architecture, acquired by the museum as records of New York life: City Hall is seen when it represented uptown (in an 1812 print) and again when it represented midtown (in an 1874 photograph). The contemporary skyline is shown in pictures of the World Trade Center, among other buildings. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-fifty-sixth annual juried exhibition: paintings, sculptures, and graphics by more than two hundred artists. Among the prize-winners are Karl Schrag, Lennart Anderson, Anne Poor, Paul Georges, and James Lechay. Through Sunday, March 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of drawings, renderings, and scale models for eleven visionary projects commissioned by the Architectural League of New York in recognition of its centenary. Each project is the work of an architect-artist team; some of the pairings are Richard Meier and Frank Stella; Emilio Ambasz and Michael Meritet; and Susana Torre and Charles Simonds. Through June 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—A retrospective of set and costume designs for the opera by Beni Montresor. In addition, the actual costumes worn by such stars as Sherrill Milnes, Grace Bumbry, and Renata Tebaldi. Through April 11. (Open daily except Sundays and Wednesdays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Creative Time, First Precinct House, 48 Old Slip, between Water and South Sts., one block south of Wall St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.—Six installations evoking the jailhouse-police-station atmosphere of the building's former life. Vito Acconci, Stephen Antonakos, Marianne Edwards, Jerry Jones, Pedro Lujan, and Tom Rankin are the artists. Through Saturday, April 4.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Frederic Rzewski (music), Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, at 8:30. Exhibition: Portraits—in pastel by Anne Doran, in large-format Polaroid photographs by Mark Magill and Mary Heilmann, and on videotape by Joan Logue; through Saturday, March 28.

P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Works by more than a hundred artists are on view in the main show, an homage to New Wave culture, including fourteen mounted metal panels painted by graffiti artists who consider themselves masters of their craft. Also paintings, drawings, and photographs, similarly inspired. Through April 5.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 25, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Giuliano Ciannella, Pablo Elvira, Renato Capecchi, and Philip Creech; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 26, at 8: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Morley Meredith; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, March 27, at 8: "Salome," with Grace Bumbry, Gwynn Cornell, Robert Nagy, Timothy Jenkins, and Bernd Weikl; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 28, at 1:30: "La Traviata," with Ileana Cotrubas, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Ariel Bybee, and Geraldine Decker; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 28, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Giuliano Ciannella, Pablo Elvira, Renato Capecchi, and Philip Creech; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, March 30, at 8: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Morley Meredith; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 31, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Giuliano Ciannella, Pablo Elvira, Renato Capecchi, and Philip Creech; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 1, at 8: "La Traviata," with Ileana Cotrubas, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Ariel Bybee, and Geraldine Decker; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 3, at 8: "Fidelio," with Roberta Knie, Jon Vickers, Simon Estes, John Macurdy, and Patricia Craig; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 2: "Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Morley Meredith; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Giuliano Ciannella, Pablo Elvira, Renato Capecchi, and Philip Creech; Thomas Fulton.

New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, March 25: "Giulio Cesare," with June Anderson, Mimi Lerner, Justino Díaz, and Charles Roe; conducted by Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 26: "Maria Stuarda," with Ashley Putnam, Marisa Galvany, Jane Shaulis, Barry McCauley, and William Justus; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 27: "Falstaff" (in English), with Martha Sheil, Janice Hall, Spiro Malas, and Bruce Reed; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 28: "Madame Butterfly," with Suzanne Sonnenschein, Diane Curry, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert McFarland; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 28: "Maria Stuarda," with Ashley Putnam, Marisa Galvany, Jane Shaulis, Barry McCauley, and William Justus; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 29: "Carmen," with Judith Forst, Inga Nielsen, Garry Grice, and Robert Hale; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 29: "La Bohème," with Diana Soviero, Elizabeth Hynes, Vinson Cole, and Alan Titus; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 31: "Maria Stuarda," with Ashley Putnam, Maralin Niska, Jane Shaulis, Joseph Evans, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 1: "Tosca," with Marilyn Zschau, Jacque Trussel, and Justino Díaz; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 3: "Falstaff" (in English), with Martha Sheil, Janice Hall, Spiro Malas, and Bruce Reed; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 4: "Tosca," with Marilyn Zschau, Jacque Trussel, and Justino Díaz; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 4: "Madame Butterfly," with Suzanne Sonnenschein, Diane Curry, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert McFarland; David Effron. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, April 26.)

Bel Canto Opera—Henry Shek conducting performances of Rossini's "Otello," staged by Gary Filsinger. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturday, March 28, at 7:30, and Sunday, March 29, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

New York Light Opera—Presenting Offenbach's "The Cat Who Turned Into a Woman" and "Hooray for Herbert: A Musical Bouquet." Opens Wednesday, April 1, and will run through Sunday, May 3. (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 691-1630. Wednesday, April 1, at 8; thereafter, Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Rafael Kubelik conducting—Wednesday and Thursday, March 25-26, at 8; Friday, March 27, at 2; and Tuesday, March 31, at 7:30: An all-Bartók program, with Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano, and Siegmund Nimsgern, baritone. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 2, at 8; Friday, April 3, at 2; Saturday April 4, at 8; and Tuesday, April 7, at 7:30: The première of Mr. Kubelik's "Music in Three Movements" and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4; no soloists.

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Antal Dorati conducting—Wednesday, March 25, at 8: An all-Bartók program, with Yehudi Menuhin, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, March 27, at 8: A performance of Beethoven's First and Ninth Symphonies, with Linda Zoghby, soprano; Lorna Myers, mezzo-soprano; Curtis Rayam, tenor; Victor Von Halem, bass; and the University of Maryland Chorus.

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Håkan Hagegård, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 26, at 8.)

Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra—Karl Münchinger conducting, with Andras Schiff, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 29, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Colin Davis conducting, with Maurizio Pollini, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 1-2, at 8.)

Bach Society Orchestra of Harvard University—James Ross conducting. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Thursday, March 26, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Concert Royal—James Richman directing a chamber orchestra in two programs of Bach cantatas, with Ann Monoyios, soprano; Charles Osborne, tenor; other vocal soloists; instrumental soloists; and the Choir of Men and Boys of St. Paul's, Westfield, N.J. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Friday, March 27, and Thursday, April 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 662-8829.)

String Revival—Howard Shanet conducting a string orchestra, with the Primavera String Quartet. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 28, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Queens Symphony Chamber Orchestra—David Katz conducting, with Marya Martin, flute. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, March 29, at 3. For tickets, call 275-5000.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting a Beethoven-Richard Strauss program, with Janos Starker, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, at 8, and Sunday, April 5, at 3.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Joshua," with Ellen Irene Goff, soprano; Glenda Maurice, mezzo-soprano; David Britton, tenor; and Jan Opalach, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 30, at 8.)

92nd Street Y Chorale—Amy Kaiser directing a program entitled "Music from the Court of Mantua," with Carolann Page, soprano; Drew Minter, countertenor; Robert Guarino, tenor; and Phillip Sneed, bass. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, March 31, at 8.)

Canby Singers—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a program of a-cappella music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 4, at 8:30. Admission is free, but contributions are accepted.)

RECITALS

Shura Cherkassky—Piano, in the first two in a series of three recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 25, at 8, a varied program, and Wednesday, April 1, at 8, an all-Chopin program.)

Guarneri Quartet—The second of two concerts presenting the Bartók quartets. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 25, at 8.)

Leigh Howard Stevens—Marimba, with Guillermo Figueroa, violin. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 25, at 8.)

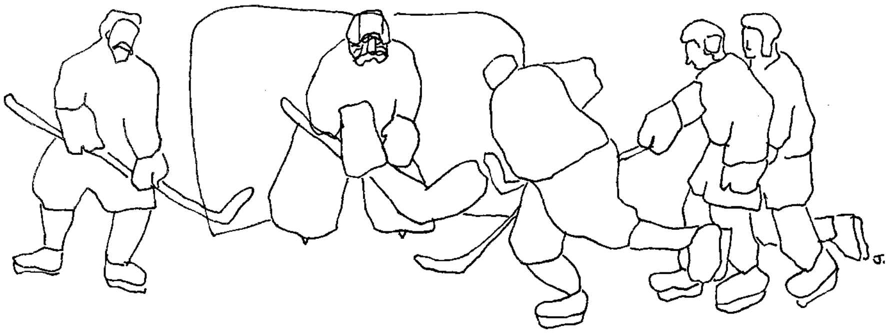
Eugene Gratovich—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 25, at 8.)

Tafelmusik—Four musicians performing a program of twentieth-century chamber music. With assisting artists. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Wednesday, March 25, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Carlos Barbosa Lima—Classical guitarist, with the Orford String Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 26, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 26, at 8. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 5, at 2.)

Manhattan Brass Ensemble—Robert Nagel conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music. 120 Claremont Ave., at



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

122nd St. Thursday, March 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The first in a series of three concerts presenting the complete Bartók cycle of string quartets, as well as quartets by Brahms. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 28, at 3.)

Eunmee Lee—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 28, at 5:45.)

Martha Argerich—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 28, at 8.)

Judith Blegen—Soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 28, at 8.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 28, at 8.)

Sequoia String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Bella Davidovich—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 29, at 3.)

Janet Millard—Flute, with Emily Mitchell, harp, and Marc Neikrug, piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, March 29, at 3.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 29, at 3.)

Emanuel Ax—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 29, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—A program of music for brass instruments from sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Germany, performed by the New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, March 29, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Gary Steigerwalt—Piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, March 29, at 8.)

Eastman School of Music Series—The last in a series of concerts, this one performed by the Eastman Brass. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 29, at 8.)

Sheila Schonbrun and Jerry Willard—Soprano and classical guitarist/lutenist. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Monday, March 30, at 5:30. For information about tickets, call 777-3240.)

Ann Schein—Piano, in the last in a series of all-Chopin recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 30, at 8.)

Evalyn Steinbock—Cello. (Abraham Goodman House. Monday, March 30, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Harpsichord. (Medieval Court, Metropolitan Museum. 570-3949. Monday, March 30, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—A program that includes the première of William Schuman's "American Hymn." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 30, at 8.)

Besse Welsh—Flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 31, at 8.)

Parnassus—A program of music of our time, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. (Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, March 31, at 8.)

Nico Castel—Tenor, in a program of Jewish songs. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 1, at 8.)

Northwood Symphonette—A program including the première of Lukas Foss's "Night Music," performed with the Canadian Brass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 1, at 8.)

Diana Kacso—Piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, April 2, at 8.)

Phyllis Bryn-Julson and Ned Rorem—Soprano and composer/pianist in a program that includes works by Mr. Rorem. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 2, at 8.)

Pamela Frame—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 2, at 8.)

Evelyn Lear—Soprano, in a program of works by Korean composer Lyun Joon Kim. With a chamber orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 3, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Cho-Liang Lin and Daniel Phillips, violin; Toby Appel and Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Alvin Brehm, bass; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; André-Michel Schub, piano; and Christopher Kendall, conductor. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 3, at 8, and Sunday, April 5, at 5.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

Waverly Consort—The last in a series of concerts, this one devoted to the music of Elizabethan and Jacobean England. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, April 3, at 8.)

Sonic Union—A program of new music for instruments, voices, and tape by Milton Babbitt, Eric Chasalow, Arthur Krieger, David Olan, and Albert Sarko, with Judith Bettina, soprano; Jim Pugles, steel drum; the Contemporary Ensemble of the Manhattan School of Music, conducted by Harvey Sollberger; and others. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, April 3, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Beethoven Society—An all-Beethoven program performed by Eugenia Zukerman, flute. With assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 4, at 3.)

Mstislav Rostropovich—Cello, with Samuel Sanders, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 4, at 8.)

David Bar-Illan—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 4, at 8.)

André Watts—Piano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, April 4, at 8.)

David Golub—Piano. (WQXR Auditorium, New York Times Building, 229 W. 43rd St. Saturday, April 4, at 8. A limited number of free tickets are available thirty minutes before concert time on a first-come, first-served basis, in the lobby of the New York Times Building.)

Young-Uck Kim and Minoru Nojima—Violin and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 4, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Frances Veri and Michael Jamanis—Duo piano, in an all-Gershwin program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 4, at 8.)

Amici Cantanti—A twenty-two member early-music ensemble. (St. Ignatius Loyola Church, Park Ave. at 84th St. Saturday, April 4, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

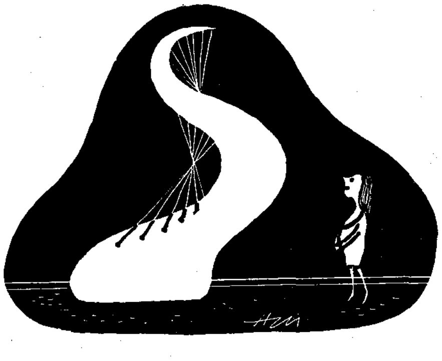
MISCELLANY

Roger Sessions Tribute—A program of his works, performed by Continuum, a group including Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Curtis Macomber, violin; Chris Finckel, cello; Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, piano; and the Sine Nomine Singers. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 28, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Nets, Sunday, March 29, at 8:35. . . . **rutgers university athletic center:** Nets vs. Boston, Wednesday, March 25, at 8:05. . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Saturday, March 28, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 1-201 935-8888.)



Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Monday, March 30, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Friday, April 3, at 8:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, March 28, at 5:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Thursday, April 2, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, April 4, at 5:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 18. The Westchester Handicap, Saturday, March 28, and the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Saturday, April 4.

Running—The Perrier Ten-Kilometer Run will start at noon on Sunday, March 29, at Central Park's East Drive at 69th Street, travel west across 72nd Street, turn north to 110th Street, and continue circling the Park to finish near the Tavern-on-the-Green.

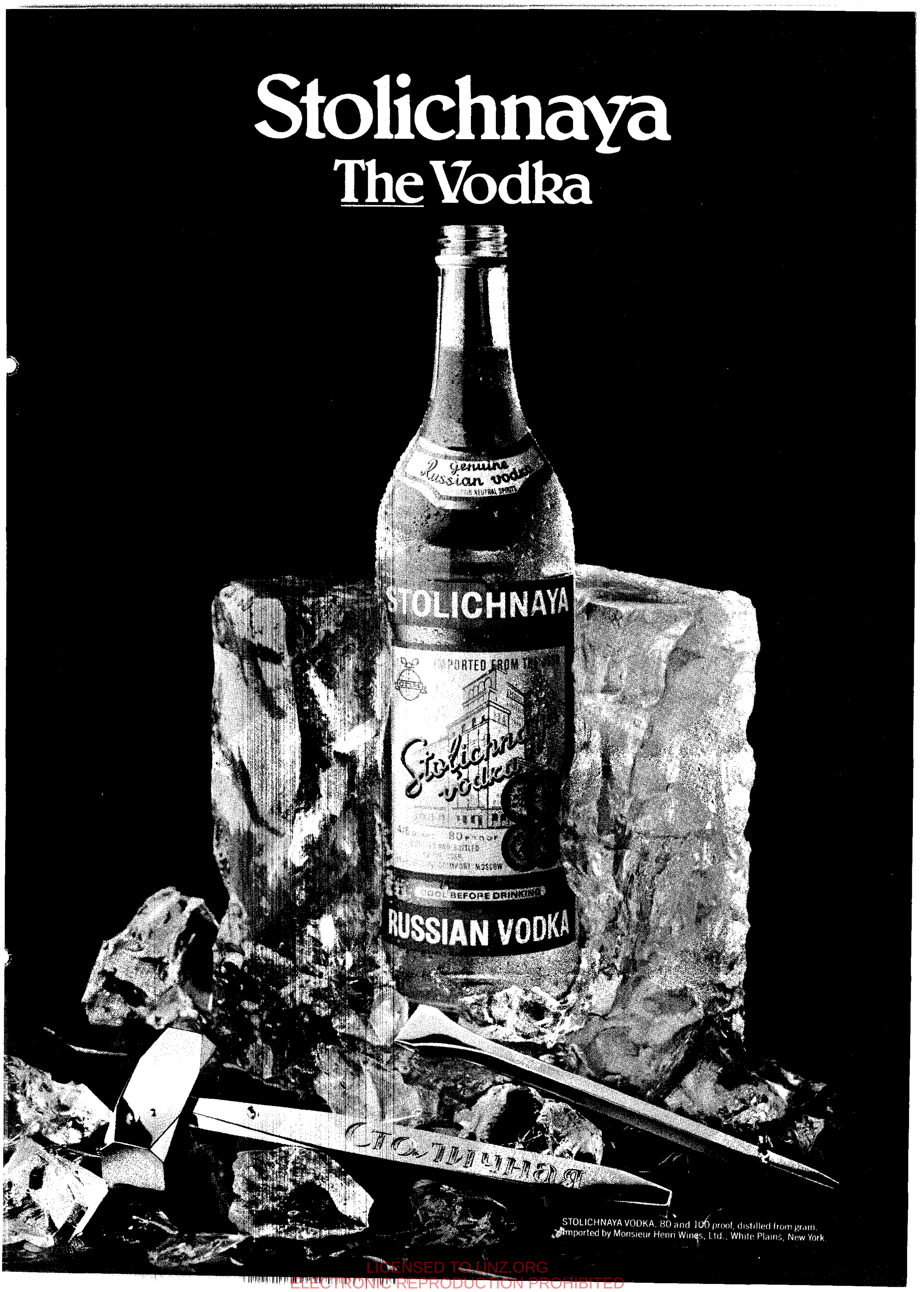
Tennis—Avon Championships: Leslie Allen, Bettina Bunge, Sylvia Hanika, Andrea Jaeger, Hana Mandlikova, Martina Navratilova, Barbara Potter, and Pam Shriver. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, March 25, at 10 a.m.; Thursday and Friday, March 26-27, at 6; semifinal singles matches and final doubles match, Saturday, March 28, at noon; and final singles matches, Sunday, March 29, at noon.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 4. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Robert Bly and Galway Kinnell reading from the poetry of James Wright. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, March 26, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Dan Pagis and Harvey Shapiro reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, March 30, at 8.) . . . ¶ Roy Blount, Jr., Veronica Geng, and Mary Mackey reading from their own prose. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Monday, March 30, at 8.) . . . ¶ Laurence Lieberman and Paul Zweig reading from their own poetry. (Wollman Auditorium, Engineering Building, Third Ave. at 8th St. Wednesday, April 1, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, April 2, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 28. . . . **sotheby's york avenue galleries,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, March 26, at 10:15 (continuing all day): Decorative works of art. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday and Friday, March 26-27, at 10 and 2: American prints, drawings, and watercolors, including works by James A. M. Whistler, Thomas Hart Benton, and Reginald Marsh. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 28, at 10 and 2: English and Continental furniture and objects of art. . . . **phillips,** 525 E. 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Thursday, March 26, at 11: Books. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 31, at 11: Furniture and decorations. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 28. . . . **phillips,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Saturday, March 28, at 2: The eighteenth-century gilded copper weathervane purported to be the one referred to in Longfellow's poem "Paul Revere's Ride;" from the estate of James P. Kinneen.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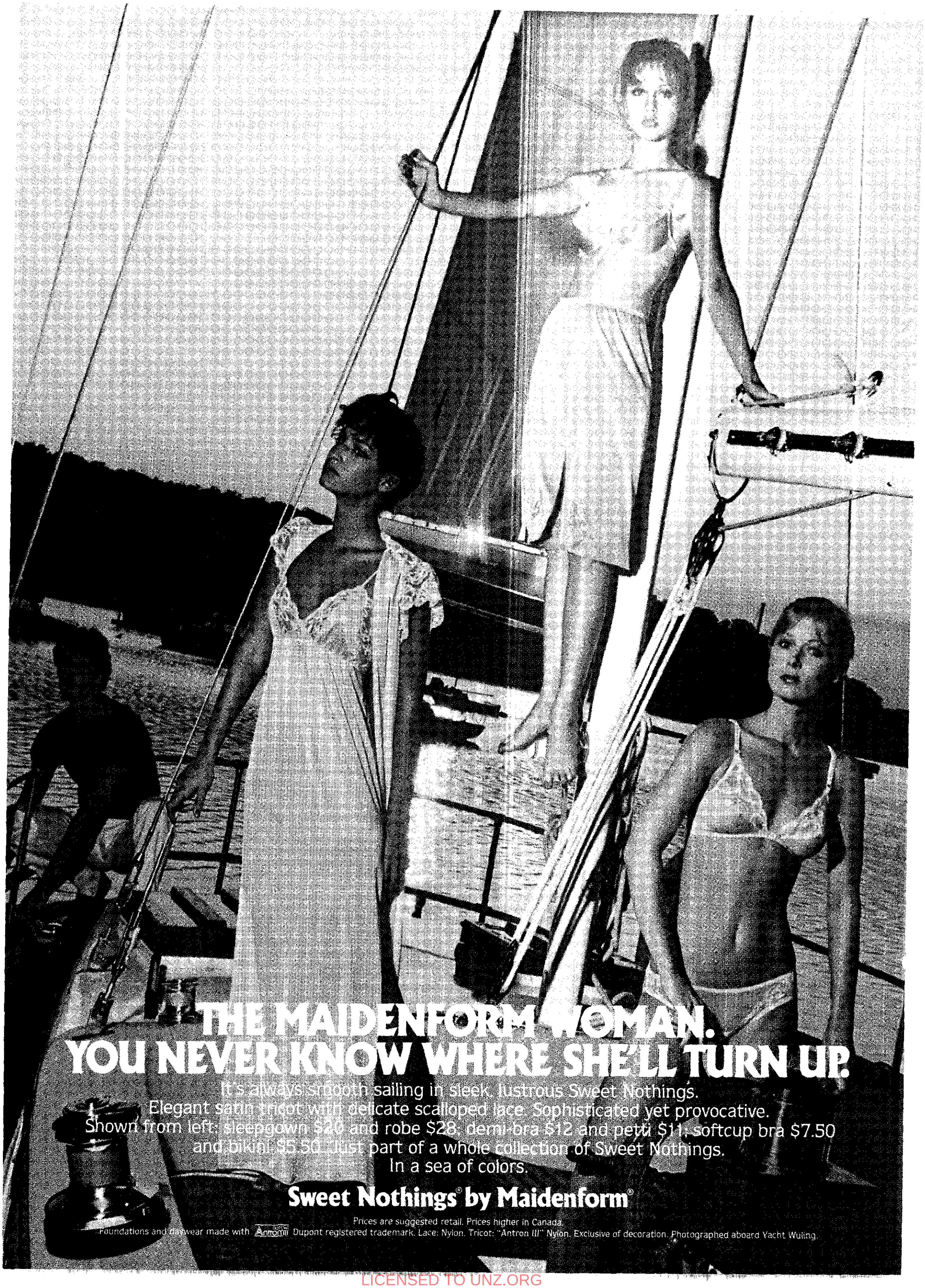
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Bellissima" (†); and "The Lady Without Camelias" (1953; directed by Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Lucia Bosè. (No performances on Monday, March 30.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through March 26: "The Wobblies" (Stewart Bird and Deborah Shaffer), a documentary film.
March 27-28: "Joe and Maxi." (†)
From March 29: "The Dozens" (Christine Dall and Randall Conrad), with Debra Margolies and Edward Mason.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 26: "Altered States" (†); and "Motel Hell" (Kevin Connor), with Rory Calhoun.
March 27-April 2: "The Jazz Singer" (Richard Fleischer), with Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier; and "Dracula." (†)
From April 3: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through March 26: "The Dogs of War." (†)
From March 27: "Raging Bull." (†)

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through March 26: "Resurrection." (†)
From March 27: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Back Roads" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Raging Bull." (†)

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through March 31: "Back Roads" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones.
From April 1: "Glen or Glenda."

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Eyewitness." (†)

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through March 31: "The Dogs of War." (†)
From April 1: "Back Roads" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones.

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Image Before My Eyes" (Josh Waletsky), a documentary about pre-Second World War Jewish Poland.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Melvin and Howard." (†)

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Postman Always Rings Twice" (Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Great Santini." (†)

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill.

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through March 26: "Altered States." (†)
From March 27: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.

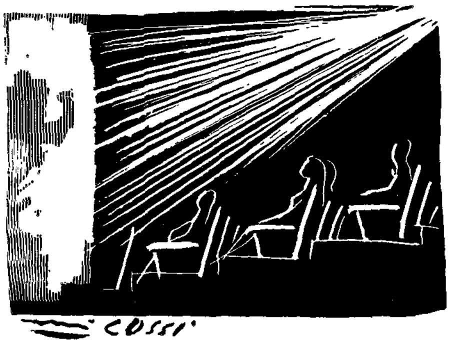
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through March 26: "Cutter and Bone" (Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges and John Heard.
From March 27: To be announced.

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Elephant Man." (†)

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through April 2: "All Night Long." (†)
From April 3: "Atlantic City" (Louis Malle), with Burt Lancaster, Susan Sarandon, and Kate Reid.



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29	30	31	1	2	3	4

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 21.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through March 26: "The Jazz Singer" (Richard Fleischer), with Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier.
March 27-April 2: "Nine to Five." (†)
From April 3: (tentative): "The Elephant Man." (†)

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through April 2: "Nine to Five." (†)
From April 3: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 26: "The Devil and Max Devlin" (Steven Hilliard Stern), a Disney film, with Elliott Gould and Bill Cosby.
From March 27: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Howling" (Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through March 26: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)
From March 27: "Eyes of a Stranger" (Ken Wiederhorn), with John Di Santi and Peter Du Prés.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 26: "Raging Bull." (†)
From March 27: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill.
Theatre 2: Through March 26: "The Funhouse" (Tobe Hooper), with Elizabeth Berridge and Cooper Huckabee. From March 27: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Howling" (directed by Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through April 2: "Cutter and Bone" (Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges and John Heard. From April 3 (tentative): "The Elephant Man." (†)
Theatre 2: "Ordinary People." (†)
Theatre 3: "Nine to Five." (†)
Theatre 4: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Fantasia." (†)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Resurrection." (†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"La Cage aux Folles II." (†)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Tess." (†)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through March 26: "Cutter and Bone" (Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges and John Heard.
From March 27: To be announced.

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Days of Heaven." (†)

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Confidence" (István Szabó; in Hungarian), with Péter Andorai and Ildikó Bánsági.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Ordinary People." (†)
Theatre 2: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Oleg Tabakov and Yelena Solovei.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through March 26: "Altered States." (†) From March 27: "Raging Bull." (†)
Theatre 2: Through March 26: "The Devil and Max Devlin" (Steven Hilliard Stern), a Disney film, with Elliott Gould and Bill Cosby. From March 27: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through March 26: "Nine to Five." (†) From March 27: To be announced.
Theatre 4: "American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The Howling" (Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The Elephant Man." (†)

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through March 26: "Nine to Five." (†) From March 27: "Kagemusha (The Shadow Warrior)." (†)
Theatre 2: Through March 26: "Altered States." (†) From March 27 (tentative): "American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.
Theatre 3: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "The Final Conflict" (directed by Graham Baker), with Sam Neill.
Theatre 2: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)
Theatre 3: "Eyewitness." (†)
Theatre 4: "Raging Bull." (†)
Theatre 5: Through March 26: "The Jazz Singer" (Richard Fleischer), with Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier. From March 27: "All Night Long." (†)
Theatre 6: "Back Roads" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Elephant Man." (†)
Theatre 3: "The Dogs of War." (†)
Theatre 4: "The Competition." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"The Devil and Max Devlin" (Steven Hilliard Stern), a Disney film, with Elliott Gould and Bill Cosby.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Altered States." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"The Postman Always Rings Twice" (Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange.

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through March 26: "All Night Long." (†)
From March 27: "Eyes of a Stranger" (Ken Wiederhorn), with John Di Santi and Peter Du Prés.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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"Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through March 26: "The Funhouse" (Tobe Hooper), with Elizabeth Berridge and Cooper Huckabee.
From March 27: To be announced.

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"The Howling" (Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through March 26: "American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.
From March 27: "Thief" (Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.

REVIVAL HOUSES

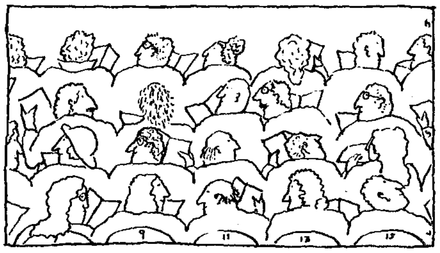
Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 25: "Unmade Beds" (1976) and "The Foreigner" (1977), both directed by Amos Poe.
March 26: "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish), with Zbigniew Cybulski; and "Kanal" (1956; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).
March 27: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972) and "Bananas" (1971), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
March 28: "Rude Boy" (1980), with the Clash.
March 29: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.
March 30: "Open City" (1945; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi, and Maria Michi; and "Fellini's Roma." (†)
March 31: "Ninjutsu-Secret Yagyu Scrolls, Parts 1 and 2" (1957-58; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
April 1: "THX 1138" (1971; George Lucas), with Donald Pleasence, Robert Duvall, and Maggie McOmie; and "Fahrenheit 451." (†)
April 2: "Beautiful Duckling" (1965; Li Hsing; in Chinese); and "Love of the White Snake" (1978; Szu-Ma Ke and Li Hung Hsing; in Chinese).
April 3: "The Little Match Girl" (1928; Jean Renoir; a French silent film); and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.
April 4: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through March 31: A seven-day festival of thirteen films that used the music of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart: "Evergreen" (1935; Victor Saville), with Jessie Matthews and Sonnie Hale; "On Your Toes" (1939; Ray Enright), with Zorina, Eddie Albert, and Donald O'Connor; "Love Me Tonight" (1932; Rouben Mamoulian), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald; "Words and Music" (1948; Norman Taurog), with Tom Drake and Mickey Rooney; "Dancing Lady" (1933; Robert Z. Leonard), with Fred Astaire, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable; "I Married an Angel" (1942; W. S. Van Dyke), with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and Binnie Barnes; "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" (1933; Lewis Milestone), with Al Jolson and Harry Langdon; "Pal Joey" (1957; George Sidney), with Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra, and Kim Novak; "Mississippi" (1935; Edward Sutherland), with W. C. Fields, Bing Crosby, Joan Bennett, and Gail Patrick; "Jumbo" (1962; Charles Walters), with Doris Day, Stephen Boyd, and Jimmy Durante; "Babes in Arms" (1939; Busby Berkeley), with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney; "Too Many Girls" (1940; George Abbott), with Lucille Ball, Richard Carlson, Ann Miller, and Desi Arnaz; and 'The Boys from Syracuse" (1940; Edward Sutherland), with Allan Jones, Joe Penner, Charles Butterworth, and Rosemary Lane. They will be shown in different daily combinations of five or six. Call theatre for schedule of day and times.
April 1: "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (†); and "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1920; Rex Ingram; a silent film), with Rudolph Valentino, Alice Terry, and Wallace Beery.
April 2 (afternoon only): "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.
April 2 (evening only): "Subway Riders" (1981; Amos Poe). Mr. Poe will be present.
April 3: "Soldier of Orange." (†)
April 4: "Lolita."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 26: "Red Desert" (1965; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris; and "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Lea Massari.
March 27-28: "Play It Again, Sam" (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen; and "The Front" (1976; Martin Ritt), with Woody Allen, Zero Mostel, and Herschel Bernardi.
March 29-30: "Lenny" (†); and "The Rose" (1979; Mark Rydell), with Bette Midler, Alan Bates, and Frederic Forrest.
March 31: "Through a Glass Darkly" (†); "Winter Light" (†); and "The Silence." (†)
April 1-2: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Carole Laure, Michel Serrault, and Riton; and "Maîtresse" (1976; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu.
April 3-4: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
March 25: "Halloween" (1978; John Carpenter), with Donald Pleasence, Jamie Lee Curtis, and P. J. Soles; and "Eyes of Laura Mars" (1978; Irvin Kershner), with Faye Dunaway and Tommy Lee Jones.
March 26-28: "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen; and "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.
March 29-30: "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "The Day of the Locust" (1975; John Schlesinger), with Donald Sutherland, Karen Black, Burgess Meredith, Billy Barty, and William Atherton.
March 31-April 1: "The Way We Were" (1973; Sydney Pollack), with Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford; and "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann.
April 2-4: "All the President's Men" (†) and "M*A*S*H." (†)

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)
March 25: "Love Story" (1970; Arthur Miller), with Ali MacGraw and Ryan O'Neal; and "Goodbye, Columbus" (1969; Larry Peerce), with Richard Benjamin, Ali MacGraw, and Jack Klugman.
March 26-28: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "The Last Tycoon" (1976; Elia Kazan), with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, and Jeanne Moreau.



March 29-31: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson; and "A Safe Place." (†)
April 1-3: "Darling" (†) and "Puzzle of a Downfall Child." (†)
From April 4: "Shampoo" (1975; Hal Ashby), with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn; and "Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
March 25: "Interrupted Melody" (1955; Curtis Bernhardt), with Eleanor Parker, Glenn Ford, and Roger Moore; and "The Great Caruso" (1951; Richard Thorpe), with Mario Lanza and Dorothy Kirsten.
March 26-28: "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940; Ernst Lubitsch), with Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart; and "Woman of the Year" (1942; George Stevens), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, and William Bendix.
March 29-31: "Rasputin and the Empress" (†) and "Arsène Lupin." (†)
April 1-4: "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through March 26: "You Are Not Alone" (1979; Lasse Nielsen; in Danish); and "If . . ." (1969; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.
March 27-28: "You Are Not Alone;" and "Zero for Conduct" (1933; Jean Vigo; in French).
March 29: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).
March 30: "Max Havelaar" (1976; Fons Rademakers; in Dutch).
March 31: "Carrie" (†) and "The Desperate Hours." (†)
April 1: "Operation Petticoat" (1959; Blake Edwards), with Cary Grant, Tony Curtis, and Dina Merrill; and "Houseboat" (1958; Melville Shavelson), with Cary Grant, Sophia Loren, Martha Hyer, Harry Guardino, and Eduardo Ciannelli.
April 2: "The Grass Is Greener" (1960; Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum, and Jean Simmons; and "Mr. Lucky." (†)
April 3-4: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Variety Lights" (1949; Federico Fellini and Alberto Lattuada; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, and Carla del Poggio.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
March 25: "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale.
March 26: "You Can't Take It with You" (1938; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold; and "The More the Merrier" (1943; George Stevens), with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn.
March 27-28: "Ministry of Fear" (1945; Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1949; Carol Reed), with Ralph Richardson and Michèle Morgan.
March 29: "Hail the Conquering Hero" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Eddie Bracken, Ella Raines, and William Demarest; and "The Great Moment." (†)
March 30: "Arabesque" (1966; Stanley Donen), with Gregory Peck and Sophia Loren; and "To Kill a Mockingbird." (†)
March 31: "Marked Woman" (†); and "Bordertown" (1935; Archie Mayo), with Paul Muni, Bette Davis, and Margaret Lindsay.
April 1: "The Secret of the Blue Room" (1933; Kurt Neumann), with Lionel Atwill, Gloria Stuart, Paul Lukas, and Edward Arnold; and "The Uninvited" (1944; Lewis

Allen), with Ruth Hussey, Ray Milland, and Gail Russell.

April 2: "Easy Living" (†) and "History Is Made at Night." (†)

April 3: "The Stranger" (†), and "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn.

From April 4: "Charlie Chan in the Secret Service" (1944) and "Jade Mask" (1945), both films directed by Phil Rosen, with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—The first programs in a series of documentary films produced at the National Film Board of Canada: March 26 at 2:30: "Self-Portrait" (1961), excerpts from forty-one films made between 1939 and 1960 at the NFBC. . . . March 26 at 6: "Volcano: An Inquiry Into the Life and Death of Malcolm Lowry" (1976; directed by Donald Brittain). Mr. Brittain will be present. . . . March 26 at 8:30: "Grierson" (1972; Roger Blais) and "Bethune" (1964; Donald Brittain). . . . March 27 at 2:30: "Volcano: An Inquiry Into the Life and Death of Malcolm Lowry." . . . March 27 at 6: "Self-Portrait." . . . March 28 at noon: "I'll Find a Way" (1977; Beverly Shaffer), "My Name Is Susan Yee" (1975; Beverly Shaffer), "Saskatchewan –45° Below" (1971; Larry Kent), and "The Manhattan Odyssey" (1970; Bernard Gosselin). . . . March 28 at 2:30: "Grierson" and "Bethune." . . . March 28 at 5: "Never a Backward Step" (1966; Donald Brittain, Arthur Hammond, and John Spotton) and "Van's Camp" (1974; Les Rose and Donald Brittain). . . . March 29 at noon: "I'll Find a Way," "My Name Is Susan Yee," "Saskatchewan –45° Below," and "The Manhattan Odyssey." . . . March 29 at 2:30: "The Dionne Years" (1979; Donald Brittain). . . . March 30 at noon: "High Grass Circus" (1976; Torben Schioler and Tony Ianzelo). . . . March 30 at 2:30: "A Day in the Night of Jonathan Mole" (1959; Donald Brittain) and "Saul Alinsky Went to War" (1968; Peter Pearson and Donald Brittain). . . . March 31 at noon: "High Grass Circus." . . . March 31 at 6: "North China Commune" (1980; Boyce Richardson and Tony Ianzelo). . . . April 2 at 2:30: "Memorandum" (1965) and "Fields of Sacrifice" (1964), both films directed by Donald Brittain. . . . April 2 at 6: "Never a Backward Step" and "Van's Camp." . . . April 2 at 8:30: "The Dionne Years." . . . April 3 at 2:30: "King of the Hill: Ferguson Jenkins" (1974; Donald Brittain and William Canning) and "Henry Ford's America" (1976; Donald Brittain). . . . April 3 at 6: "A Day in the Night of Jonathan Mole" and "Saul Alinsky Went to War." . . . April 4 at noon: "How to Build an Igloo" (1950; Doug Wilkinson), "Eskimo Artist—Kenojuak" (1964; John Feeney), "The Netsilik Eskimo Today" (1972; Gilles Blais), and "Bighorn" (1970; Bill Schmalz). . . . April 4 at 2:30: "King of the Hill: Ferguson Jenkins" and "Henry Ford's America." . . . April 4 at 5: "Memorandum" and "Fields of Sacrifice." . . . ¶ Other, non-NFBC, films scheduled during this period: March 29 at 5: "Captain Cowboy" (1929; J. P. McGowan, a silent film), with Yakima Canutt and his horse, Boy. . . . March 30 at 6: A program of films by Robert Russett. . . . March 31 at 2:30: "Captain Cowboy." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (288-9601)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—March 25 at 3: A video program. . . . ¶ March 25 at 8: "Au Hasard Balthazar" (1966; Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 26 at 8: A program of six films by Ernie Gehr. . . . ¶ March 27 at 8: A program of films by Willie Varela. . . . ¶ March 28 at 2: A video program by Juan Downey. . . . ¶ March 28 at 8: "Mouchette" (1967; Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 29 at 7: "Un Chien Andalou" (1928) and "L'Age d'Or" (1930), both French films directed by Luis Buñuel. . . . ¶ March 31 at 8: A video program by Stephen Beck and Woody and Steina Vasulka. . . . ¶ April 1 at 3: A video program by Richard Foreman. . . . ¶ April 1 at 8: A program of films by six British avant-garde filmmakers. . . . ¶ April 2-3 at 8: A program of films by Robert Fulton. . . . ¶ April 4 at 8: A program of films by David Gerstein, Abigail Child, Dan Perz, and Betzy Bromberg.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All Night Long—This sophisticated slapstick romance starring Gene Hackman and Barbra Streisand is a happy surprise. Hackman, doing the kind of comic acting that rings true on every note, plays a Los Angeles business executive who gives up the phony obligations he has accumulated, drops out, and tries to find a way to do what he enjoys. Streisand plays a soft-spoken bleached blonde—intuitive and cuddly—who joins him. Directed by Jean-Claude Tramont and written by W. D. (Rick) Richter, it has a distinctive comic sensibility; at times it suggests Tati, at other times W. C. Fields, and then, maybe, Lubitsch or Max Ophuls. With Dennis Quaid as Hackman's muscular, inarticulate son; Diane Ladd as Hackman's wife; Kevin Dobson as Streisand's husband; and William Daniels as a lawyer. The poignant music that is heard is José Padilla's "La Violetera," which was also heard in Chaplin's "City Lights." (Reviewed in our issue of 3/9/81.) (Loews State 2; through March 26. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through April 2. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting March 27.)

All the President's Men (1976)—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors; Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (8th St. Playhouse; April 2-4.)

Altered States—An aggressively silly head-horror movie, the result of the misalliance of two wildly different hyperbolic talents—the director Ken Russell and the writer Paddy Chayefsky. The picture deals with the efforts of a psychophysiologist (William Hurt), who has lost his belief in God, to find the source and meaning of life by immersing himself in an isolation tank and ingesting a brew of blood and sacred mushrooms. Chayefsky's dialogue is like a series of position papers. Russell uses a lot of tricks to spare you the misery of hearing the words declaimed straight, but no matter how hopped up the delivery is, you can't help feeling that you're in a lecture hall and that the characters should all have pointers. There are some effectively scary Jekyll-and-Hyde devices, and Hurt, making his movie début, brings a cool, quivering untrustworthiness to his revved-up mad-scientist role; this young scientist is neurasthenic, charismatic, and ready to try anything. But Russell clomps from one scene to the next, the psychedelic visions come at you like choppy slide shows, and the picture has a dismal, tired humanistic ending. With Bob Balaban and Charles Haid, and with Blair Brown in an updated version of the thankless role of the worrying, hand-wringing wife. She's an anthropologist with a job at Harvard, but all she does is fret. (1/19/81) (Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Gemini 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia; through March 26.)

Arsène Lupin (1932)—John Barrymore as a suave gentleman thief who poses as a duke in Paris in order to fleece the rich; his techniques are unconvincingly easy—at one point he saunters out of the Louvre with the Mona Lisa tucked under his arm, wrapped around an umbrella. Lionel Barrymore plays an agonized, limping detective on the lighthearted thief's trail. The contrast should be more entertaining than it is. This was the Barrymore brothers' first film together, and John gets to show a little of his humor but Lionel was already making a profession out of crankiness. The movie is mildly amusing in spots, but it isn't much fun. Directed by Jack Conway, for M-G-M. From the play by Maurice Le Blanc and Francis de Croisset (which had already done service in the silent period), adapted by Carey Wilson, with dialogue by Bayard Veiller and Leonore Coffee. With Karen Morley, John Miljan, and Tully Marshall. (Regency; March 29-31.)

Bellissima (1951)—It is said that this Luchino Visconti film (it was his third) was conceived when the director was looking for a child actress for a different production and found himself surrounded by four thousand mothers, each shouting "Mine is *bellissima!*" The film is a satirical view of the movie-studio world of Cinecittà, and is also perhaps Visconti's warmest comedy. It's full of contradictory impulses, and is marred by a too pat ending glorifying the wisdom of the common people, but at its center is the great Anna Magnani as a screen-struck mother, determined to make a star of her plain little five-year-old (Tina Apicella). There is a devastating sequence when the mother, who has finagled her way into the screening room where her daughter's screen test is being run, is listening to the laughter. Magnani is at her most extraordinary. With Alessandro Blasetti, a highly respected director and a precursor of neorealism, playing himself, but with overtones of Visconti. And also with Walter Chiari as Magnani's husband. From a script by Suso Cecchi d'Amico, Francesco Rosi, and Visconti, based on a story by Cesare Zavattini. The assistant directors were Rosi and Franco Zeffirelli. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, March 30.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai (1957)—David Lean's big and engrossing Academy Award winner, adapted from Pierre Boulle's novel about prisoners of war held in Burma by the Japanese. The film is rather misshapen, particularly in the sections featuring William Holden, and the action that detonates the explosive finish isn't quite clear. However, Alec Guinness is compelling as the English Colonel Nicholson, a stickler for rules, who courageously defies the Japanese by legalistic means, and then goes haywire and restores morale among the men in the prison camp by putting them to work building a bridge for their captors—a bridge that will enable the Japanese to bring up troop reinforcements. With Sessue Hayakawa, Jack Hawkins, and James Donald. Produced by Sam Spiegel; cinematography by Jack Hildyard; the screenplay was by Boulle, with the uncredited collaboration of the blacklisted Carl Foreman and Michael Wilson. Filmed in Ceylon. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 1.)

La Cage aux Folles II—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (by Edouard Molinaro, who also did the first). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. The movie is most inventive when they're in Italy and Albin, dressed as a peasant woman, is toiling in the fields among the women; he looks youthful and radiantly fulfilled—he really believes that he is one of them. Albin doesn't see what we can see: wherever he is and however he's dressed, he's so far into his fantasy that he looks like no one else. This film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. And maybe it's only in this exaggerated form that a movie about the ridiculousness and the tenderness of married love can be widely accepted now. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. (3/23/81) (68th St. Playhouse, Greenwich Playhouse 2, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

Carrie (1952)—William Wyler's version of Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" is graced by one of Laurence Olivier's finest screen performances. Olivier has always given credit to Wyler for teaching him how to act in the movies when they did "Wuthering Heights" together, but it's in "Carrie" that he showed how much he had learned. As George Hurstwood, the manager of an elegant Chicago grog-and-steak house, who ruins himself for a pretty face (Jennifer Jones), Olivier is so impassioned and so painfully touching that everything else in the movie, including the girl whose story it's meant to be, fades into insignificance. With Miriam Hopkins as the rigidly unforgiving Mrs. Hurstwood, and Eddie Albert as a dry-goods salesman. Adapted by Ruth and Augustus Goetz. (Thalia; March 31.)

The Competition—Amy Irving and Richard Dreyfuss are two of the six finalists in an international piano competition being held in San Francisco. When they fall in love, will Amy, who is rich, sure of herself, and only twenty-one, throw the contest to Richard, who is poor, distraught because of the financial strain he has caused his dying father, and almost thirty? And if Amy doesn't, and *she* wins, will she lose Richard? The picture doesn't rise above this daytime-soap-opera level. Directed by Joel Oliansky, from his own screenplay (based on a story he conceived with the producer, William Sackheim). (1/19/81) (Embassy.)

Darling (1965)—Julie Christie as a mod girl who doesn't feel "complete," in John Schlesinger's modish and spectacularly successful film about how empty we are. (Mini Cinema; April 1-3.)

Days of Heaven (1978)—Terrence Malick wrote and directed this story of adultery, set principally in the wheat fields of the Texas Panhandle just before America entered the First World War. It's both a nostalgic and an anti-nostalgic vision of the American past. Richard Gere plays Bill, who works in a blast furnace in Chicago; he gets into a brawl with the foreman and heads south, taking his girl, Abby (Brooke Adams), and his twelve-year-old sister, Linda (Linda Manz), with him. They find work in the fields of a wealthy young farmer (Sam Shepard), who falls in love with Abby. When Bill learns that the farmer may be dying, he encourages Abby to marry him—so that she can soon be a rich widow. Shot by Nestor Almendros, with additional photography by Haskell Wexler, the film is a series of pictorial effects—some of them, such as a train passing over a lacework bridge, extraordinary—but the overpowering images seem unrelated, pieced together. The movie suffers from too many touches, too many ideas that don't grow out of anything organic. It's an epic pastiche. (Cinema Studio 1.)

The Desperate Hours (1955)—Joseph Hayes' adaptation of his play about three escaped convicts who invade the home of an Indianapolis businessman and make life hell for him and his family. An excellent melodrama, in which Humphrey Bogart and Fredric March distinguish themselves as, respectively, a psychopathic criminal and a shrewd, decent householder. Directed by William Wyler. (Thalia; March 31.)

The Dogs of War—A crisp, tough-minded action film about an international group of mercenaries who stage a coup in a small, decaying West African country run by an Idi Amin-Papa Doc-style despot. The casting of Christopher Walken as Shannon, the leader of the group, gives the film the fuse it needs. Walken, with his pale, flat-faced mask of pain, his glaring eyes and lithe movements, suggests a restless anger. We aren't asked to like the mercenaries, and Shannon kills a spy (set on him by his own employer, who doesn't trust him) in such a horrifying way that we really couldn't like him. But we do want to watch him. This is the first feature film by John Irvin, an English documentarian and TV director ("Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy"); he has studied a master—during the actual raid, some of the most feral images are almost direct quotations from Peckinpah's "The Wild Bunch." With Colin Blakely as a TV journalist who's tenacious about following a story, and Tom Berenger, Paul Freeman, and Jean-François Stevenin. Cinematography by Jack Cardiff; freely adapted from Frederick Forsyth's best-seller by Gary DeVore and George Malko. (3/23/81) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through March 26. . . . ¶ Manhattan 1; through March 31.)

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Dracula (1979)—A decorative, romantic variation on the legend, with roots in the 1927 play. Frank Langella offers a dashing characterization of the popular fiend, opposed in his drive to fulfill himself by Laurence Olivier, who politely plays straight as a Dutch doctor, and Donald Pleasence as the proprietor of a madhouse. Directed by John Badham (who did "Saturday Night Fever") as a melodrama of light and darkness with the emphasis on atmosphere. (7/30/79) (St. Marks Cinema; March 27-April 2.)

Easy Living (1937)—One of the most agreeable of the romantic slapstick comedies of the thirties, and full of surprises. Jean Arthur is the working girl whose life is completely changed when a sable coat, thrown out a millionaire's window, lands on her head. The movie is a wonderful fluke: the script by Preston Sturges is in his manic, everybody-with-something-to-say style; the director, Mitchell Leisen (once De Mille's art director), tempered it with smooth takes and elegant clothes and sets, including a lily-shaped bathtub. The film has impish, sweet moments (such as the half-asleep heroine's delayed reaction after a kiss from the hero—Ray Milland) and at least one classic slapstick sequence (the little glass doors in an Automat fly open and people lunge for the free food). With Edward Arnold (a little louder than necessary—that was always his vice), and Mary Nash, William Demarest, Luis Alberni, Franklin Pangborn, and Esther Dale. From a story by Vera Caspary. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 2.)

The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft, as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (Loews New York 1, New Yorker 2, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Quad Cinema; starting April 3, tentative.)

Eyewitness—The director Peter Yates and the writer Steve Tesich are trying to make a new, more meaningful version of a forties melodrama, but their Manhattan-set thriller bogs down in a tangle of plot. The hero must be a first for a Hollywood hero: he's a janitor in an office building. William Hurt (who plays this janitor) has an entertaining flirtation with Sigourney Weaver, as a TV reporter who comes to film a news item about a murder in the building. In order to pique her interest, he suggests that he may have been an eyewitness, and this fib of his makes the two of them targets for the killers, for those who seek to avenge the killing, for the police, and—it begins to seem—for every passerby. Maybe because of the moviemakers' failure to adapt and modernize forties conventions, something berserk happens: Weaver, Irene Worth, and Christopher Plummer, who are all playing Jews, play them like Nazis. They're intense, drawn, haggard, rich, and highly cultured—a stiff and sinister bunch. The movie is punctuated with frequent, inept cuts to a couple of Vietnamese thugs who sneak around eavesdropping, following people, and boding ill. There are good, funny moments, though, with Hurt, with Weaver (before she gets too pinched), with Morgan Freeman and Steven Hill as a cynical, griping team of lieutenants, with Pamela Reed as the janitor's old girlfriend, and with Kenneth McMillan as the janitor's father. The cast includes James Woods and Albert Paulsen. (3/23/81) (Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Ray Bradbury's story about a future society in which books are forbidden was filmed in England by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. There are charming, childlike moments, but the performers seem listless, and the whole enterprise is a little drab. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 1.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring," garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker Suite" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Ziegfeld.)

Fellini's Roma (1972)—It's an imperial gesture at documentary: a sketchbook about the city of Fellini's imagination, that love-hate dream-nightmare city which is more familiar to us by now than Rome itself. This autobiographical fantasy includes extras painted up as voracious citizens, a high-camp ecclesiastical fashion show, and a mock excavation in a subway which uncovers a Roman villa. Designed by Danilo Donati, who is a magician, and shot by the great Giuseppe Rotunno, the film is like a funeral ode to an imaginary city under purplish, poisoned skies. Some of the images are magisterial and marvellous, like a series of stormy Turners, but whenever there's dialogue or *thought*, the movie is fatuous. Fellini is at the center of the film, played as a young man fresh from the provinces by a toothsome, lusciously handsome actor (dimply Peter Gonzales, from Texas), and then by himself, speaking in English—most of it dubbed—in this version. He interacts with no one; he is the only star, our guide, and like many another guide he often miscalculates our reactions, especially to his arch, mirthless anticlerical jokes. The ambience is least oppressive when he stages a forties vaudeville show—a return to the world of his early movies. The picture reaches its nadir when he goes celebrity-chasing and interviews Gore Vidal, who informs us that Rome is as good a place as any to wait for the end of the world. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 30.)

Fort Apache, the Bronx—It takes a long time for an actor to develop the assurance that the trim, silver-haired Paul Newman has acquired, and there's a bloom on everything he does in the role of Murphy, the veteran of eighteen years on the New York police force, who has spent most of those years in the rotting Forty-first Precinct, in the South Bronx—the most shattered, crime-ridden section of the city. Murphy and his young partner, Corelli (dark-haired, loose-limbed Ken Wahl), do the best they can in dealing with muggers, arsonists, pimps, pushers, and killers—one of them a fellow-officer, Morgan (Danny Aiello), who throws a Puerto Rican teen-ager off a roof. The film is an attempt to show urban crisis *in extremis*, and it's an expression of disgust at racism. But the director, Daniel Petrie, glides over the action, levelling things out, shooting on the hellhole Bronx locations as if he were making a travelogue. Heywood Gould's script, which is based on the accounts of two policemen (Thomas Mulhearn and Pete Tessitore), is an intricately designed mixture of street vaudeville and drama of conscience. The film has many of the ingredients of a shocking, memorable movie, but it's shallow and earnest. Its point is that Murphy's faith in the police is undermined by Morgan's racist action; Murphy can't understand how a cop could do such a horrible thing. For the movie to be really good he would have to understand all too well. It's a mess, with glimmerings of talent and with Newman's near-great performance. With Rachel Ticotin as a Hispanic nurse, Pam Grier as a stoned hooker, Ed Asner in the tired role of the martinet who takes over as commanding officer at the precinct, Miguel Piñero as a drug dealer, and Kathleen Beller as Corelli's girlfriend. (2/23/81) (34th St. East, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum 2; through March 26.)

The Great Moment (1944)—Biography of Dr. W. T. G. Morgan, the dentist who first used ether. More amusing than reverent; written and directed by Preston Sturges, and well played by a standard Sturges cast. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 29.)

The Great Santini (called "The Ace" on Home Box Office)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall in the Bruce Dern role (the military-psychopath father) and Michael O'Keefe in the Richard Thomas role (the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son). Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—the plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keith as a redneck, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (D. W. Griffith.)

History Is Made at Night (1937)—The plot is so preposterously arbitrary that it's as if several scripts had been chopped up and stuck together, yet the director, Frank Borzage, plunges ahead until an ocean liner (with most of the cast aboard) crashes into an iceberg and brings the madness to a halt. Jean Arthur plays a woman in distress. Trying to escape from her rich, powerful, mad husband (Colin Clive), she meets a gallant gentleman (Charles Boyer), who turns out to be a headwaiter. The husband tries to frame the headwaiter for a crime he himself committed. Leo Carrillo and Ivan Lebedeff are also mixed up in this silly melodrama, which is so souped up with demonic passions and tender glances and elegant photography (by Gregg Toland) that it's really quite entertaining. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 2.)

Joe and Maxi (1980)—A disturbing, imperfect documentary about Joe Cohen, a caustic, self-made, self-driven, big-bellied New Jersey storefront entrepreneur, and his relationships with his grown-up children—a daughter and two sons—at a time when it is discovered that he is dying of cancer. The picture, which was made by Joel Gold and Maxi Cohen (Joe's daughter, a professional film-and-video artist), is upsetting because of its intrusions on several lives during a time of intractable difficulties, but it is also moving and absorbing because of its willingness to deal with the hard and irresolute material of daily existence. (3/24/80) (Art; March 27-28.)

Kagemusha (The Shadow Warrior)—Warfare is treated dispassionately in this epic film in color by Kurosawa, which is set during the wars of the clans in sixteenth-century Japan (the period just before the country was unified). Kurosawa seems to be saying that wisdom dictates caution, security, stasis, but that to be alive is to be subject to impulse, to chaos. The film's style is ceremonial rather than dramatic; it's not battle that Kurosawa is interested in here but formations in battle regalia. He appears to see war as part of the turmoil of life, and he asks us simply to observe what he shows us. Perhaps he thinks that this way the horror will reach us at a deeper level. But he's also in love with the aesthetics of warfare—he's a schoolboy setting up armies of perfect little soldiers and smiling at the patterns he has devised. These two sets of feelings may have neutralized "Kagemusha"—put it at a remove and made it somewhat abstract. The film seems fixated on mountains, triangles, threesies. Tatsuya Nakadai plays the warlord known as The Mountain, and he also plays the thieving peasant who has been condemned to death but whose life is spared so that he can serve as the lord's double. In Japanese. (2/2/81) (Olympia; starting March 27.)

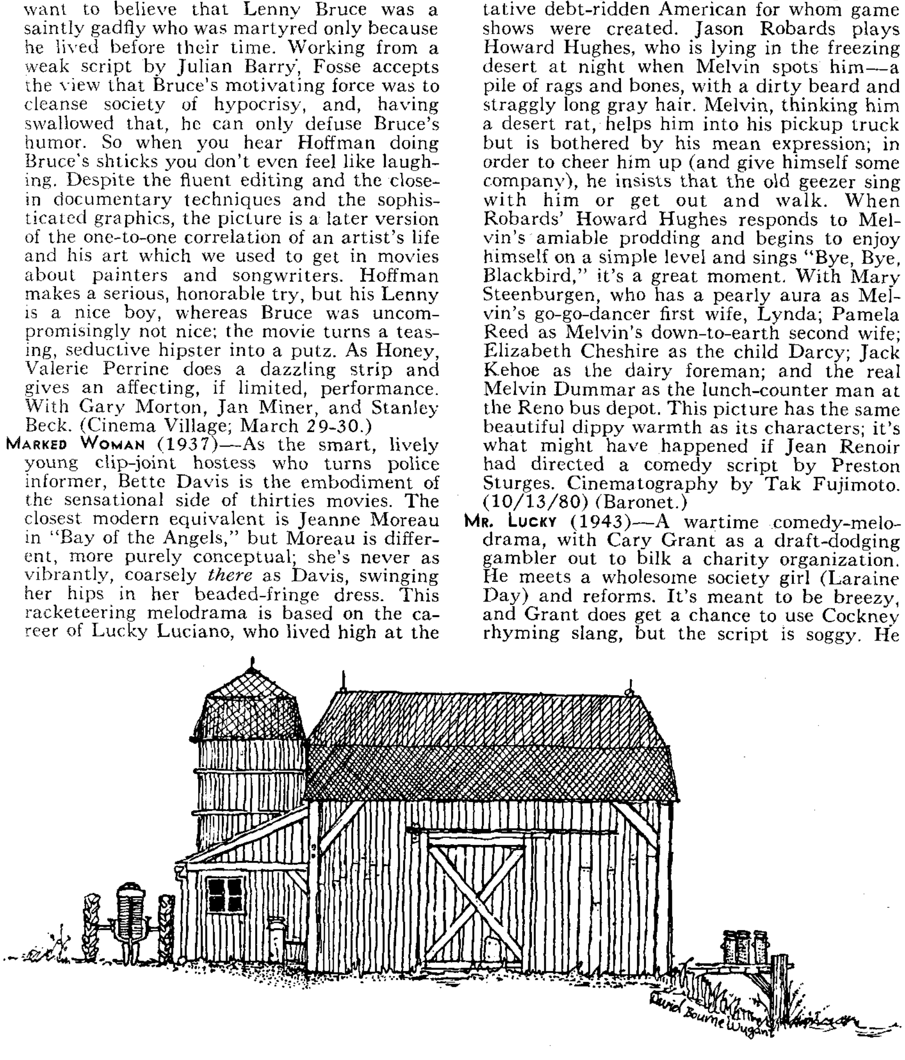
Lenny (1974)—This earnest Bob Fosse film, starring Dustin Hoffman, is for those who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred only because he lived before their time. Working from a weak script by Julian Barry, Fosse accepts the view that Bruce's motivating force was to cleanse society of hypocrisy, and, having swallowed that, he can only defuse Bruce's humor. So when you hear Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Despite the fluent editing and the close-in documentary techniques and the sophisticated graphics, the picture is a later version of the one-to-one correlation of an artist's life and his art which we used to get in movies about painters and songwriters. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but his Lenny is a nice boy, whereas Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice; the movie turns a teasing, seductive hipster into a putz. As Honey, Valerie Perrine does a dazzling strip and gives an affecting, if limited, performance. With Gary Morton, Jan Miner, and Stanley Beck. (Cinema Village; March 29-30.)

Marked Woman (1937)—As the smart, lively young clip-joint hostess who turns police informer, Bette Davis is the embodiment of the sensational side of thirties movies. The closest modern equivalent is Jeanne Moreau in "Bay of the Angels," but Moreau is different, more purely conceptual; she's never as vibrantly, coarsely *there* as Davis, swinging her hips in her beaded-fringe dress. This racketeering melodrama is based on the career of Lucky Luciano, who lived high at the Waldorf-Astoria on the proceeds of a thousand prostitutes. In the film, Eduardo Ciannelli plays the role, with Humphrey Bogart (never at his best when cast on the side of officialdom—but then, who is?) taking over Thomas E. Dewey's function as prosecutor. One of the prostitutes Dewey persuaded to testify was branded—"marked"—as Davis is here. The film has the tawdry simplicities of many of the thirties movies that were built out of headline stories, but it also has more impact than most of the melodramas played out in more elevated surroundings, and when Davis tells Luciano-Ciannelli, "I'll get you if I have to come back from the grave to do it," you believe it. The presence of Allen Jenkins in the cast certifies the film as Warners contemporary. Talented young Jane Bryan plays the heroine's sister, and there are the whores of the Club Intime—Mayo Methot, Lola Lane, Isabel Jewell, Rosalind Marquis—who negate the euphemism "hostesses." Lloyd Bacon directed; Robert Rossen and Abem Finkel wrote the screenplay. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 31.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy about a group of surgeons who try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (8th St. Playhouse; April 2-4.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Demme and Goldman have entered into the soul of American blue-collar suckerdom; they have taken for their hero a chucklehead who is hooked on TV game shows, and they have made us understand how it happened that when something big—something legendary—touched his life, nobody could believe it. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter—the representative debt-ridden American for whom game shows were created. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. Melvin, thinking him a desert rat, helps him into his pickup truck but is bothered by his mean expression; in order to cheer him up (and give himself some company), he insists that the old geezer sing with him or get out and walk. When Robards' Howard Hughes responds to Melvin's amiable prodding and begins to enjoy himself on a simple level and sings "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," it's a great moment. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch-counter man at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Baronet.)

Mr. Lucky (1943)—A wartime comedy-melodrama, with Cary Grant as a draft-dodging gambler out to bilk a charity organization. He meets a wholesome society girl (Laraine Day) and reforms. It's meant to be breezy, and Grant does get a chance to use Cockney rhyming slang, but the script is soggy. He



looks uncomfortable in the role of a brash heel, and his mugging doesn't help. H. C. Potter directed competently; the cast includes Florence Bates, Charles Bickford, Kay Johnson, Paul Stewart, and Vladimir Sokoloff. (Thalia; April 2.)

Nine to Five—A feminist revenge fantasy in which three office workers—Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton (in her film début), and Jane Fonda—each with a complaint against the lecherous petty-tyrant boss (Dabney Coleman), kidnap him, get the business humming, and institute reforms, such as equal pay for equal work, flexible hours, hiring the handicapped, and providing day-care services. Tomlin confirms herself as a star whenever she gets the material, and Dolly Parton's dolliness is very winning, but it's easy to forget that Jane Fonda is around—she seems to get lost in the woodwork. The director, Colin Higgins, is a young fossil who sets up flaccid, hand-me-down gags as if they were hilarious, and damned if the audience doesn't laugh. Written by Patricia Resnick and then reworked by Higgins. (3/9/81) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia; through March 26. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through April 2. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; March 27-April 2.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and, as their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but it is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially. Alvin Sargent adapted the popular Judith Guest novel. With Judd Hirsch, Elizabeth McGovern, and Meg Mundy. (10/13/80) (Quad Cinema, Cinema 3, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1.)

Puzzle of a Downfall Child (1971)—The high-flown chic of soullessness, with Faye Dunaway as a fashion model who falls apart. The script (by Carol Eastman) is reminiscent of her script for "Five Easy Pieces," but Jerry Schatzberg has directed it in a hysterical, fractured style. (Mini Cinema; April 1-3.)

Raging Bull—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro) is a biography of the prizefight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese's and De Niro's trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (12/8/80) (Eastside Cinema, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through March 26. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting March 27.)

Rasputin and the Empress (1932)—The only film with all three Barrymores—John, Ethel, and Lionel—and they all seem to be at their worst. John had played the mesmerist Svengali the year before, so Lionel was decked out in a beard to play Rasputin. The hammiest actor in the family, Lionel, who doddered even in his youth, is so unhypnotic that Ethel, as the Empress, seems less mesmerized than bored stiff. John, as Prince Chegodieff, finally gets to choke his brother, to everyone's immense satisfaction. With Ralph Morgan, as Nicholas, and Diana Wynyard. Richard Boleslavski directed, pompously; the script is attributed to Charles MacArthur. (Regency; March 29-31.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

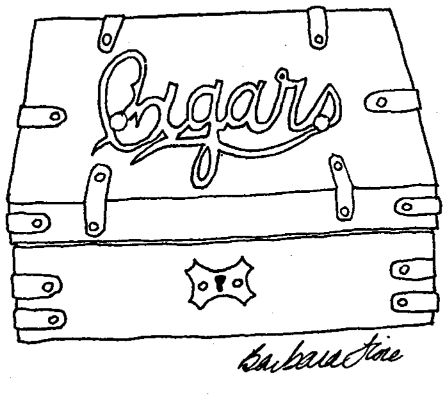
Resurrection—Ellen Burstyn dies, has an "out of body" experience, then returns with the gift of healing through the power of love. The picture is even and smoothly tasteful—a vat of nondenominational caramel custard. Lewis John Carlino was commissioned to write the script for Burstyn, and he shaped it to her; she bestrides the movie, glowing with love and wholesome humor. (Her simulation of beatific ordinariness is a little frightening.) The director, Daniel Petrie, does some very polished, fluid work, but you're always aware of the planning and the calculation. Mysticism doesn't come easy to him. Carlino's script, which attempts to combine holistic healing and feminism, is an amazing fusion of old corn and modern cant. With Sam Shepard, who brings the film some sexy tension as a hell-raising kid whom Burstyn heals after he has been stabbed in a drunken fight, and Richard Farnsworth, Roberts Blossom, Lois Smith, Madeleine Thornton-Sherwood, and Pamela Payton-Wright. And as Burstyn's grandmother, Eva Le Gallienne wrinkles her nose and lifts her head so she can look out of her half-blind eyes, and she spouts homilies as if she'd lived her whole life onstage. Cinematography by Mario Tosi; Maurice Jarre did the music. (12/22/80) (Festival. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through March 26.)

A Safe Place (1971)—Even hardened moviegoers stumble out after a half hour of this one. With Tuesday Weld, Orson Welles, and Jack Nicholson; directed by Henry Jaglom. (Mini Cinema; March 29-31.)

The Silence (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters travelling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Cinema Village; March 31.)

Soldier of Orange (1979)—A true-blue Second World War film from Dutch director Paul Verhoeven, with a fine, thoughtful actor, Rutger Hauer, playing the aristocratic Erik Hazelhoff Roelfzema (a real-life Resistance figure on whose memoirs the film is based). There is great sorrow here, as a band of prewar Dutch university students is gradually decimated, but also some humor—Hauer's tango with a turncoat at a Third Reich party in the midst of a clandestine mission is incongruous but carried off with great éclat. In Dutch and English. (9/17/79) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 3.)

The Stranger (1967)—Marcello Mastroianni plays Meursault, the Camus hero, very simply, with scrupulous intelligence and concentration. Directed by Luchino Visconti, the movie has great passages and is highly effective in suggesting the atmosphere of the novel—the Algerian heat, the sudden, unpremeditated violence. What's missing is the psychological originality that made the book important. The novel was a definitive new vision—a more honest view of human behavior. But by the time the movie was made, that vision had already entered into the modern sensibility, and the concept of alienation had become cut-rate and conventional in movies. And so, although the film is set in the correct period—the thirties—this doesn't help to relate it to what Camus's vision meant in the post-Second World War years, and the movie seems merely a factual account of Meursault's crime and trial. With Anna Karina, Bruno Cremer, and Bernard Blier. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 3.)

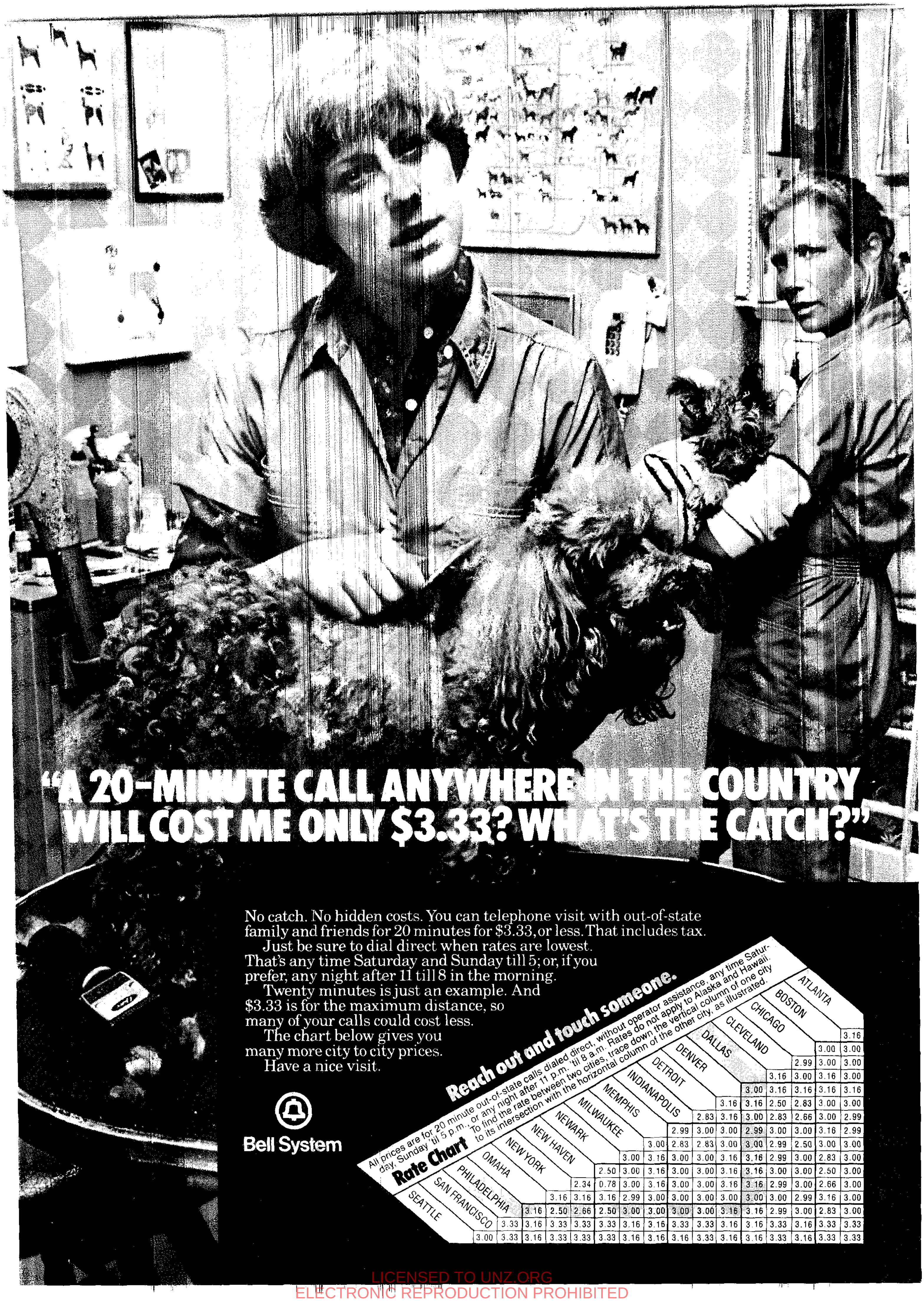


Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. There's a visual passion in Hardy when he describes the Wessex countryside; Polanski's tastefully cropped compositions and unvaried pacing make nature proper. For a reader, the shock of the 1891 book is that Tess isn't simply a woman at the mercy of men, society, and nature; she's also at the mercy of her own passions. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) is strictly a victim of men and social conventions. The film takes a sympathetic, feminist position toward her—in a narrow and demeaning sense. She isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. And Kinski—a soft, European gamine—isn't rooted in the earth of England or any other country; she's a hothouse flower who manages the West Country sounds in a small, uninflected schoolgirl voice. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France, with cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Little Carnegie.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—Ingmar Bergman's chamber film about a girl (Harriet Andersson) who is going mad, and her complex, ambivalent relations with her helpless father (Gunnar Björnstrand), husband (Max von Sydow), and brother (Lars Passgård). In Swedish. (Cinema Village; March 31.)

To Kill a Mockingbird (1963)—When Gregory Peck got the Academy Award for his performance as an upstanding widowed lawyer practicing in a small Alabama town in the early thirties, there was a fair amount of derision throughout the country: Peck was better than usual, but in that same virtuously dull way. (There was a suspicion that Peck was being rewarded because the Lincolnesque lawyer shot a rabid dog and defended an innocent black man accused of raping a white woman.) Robert Mulligan directed, from Horton Foote's adaptation of the Harper Lee Pulitzer Prize novel, and it's all terribly conscientious—the clapboard houses, the slatted porch swings on rusty chains, the Chevy phaetons on dusty streets, the high moral sentiments, the specs on Peck's nose. Mulligan slows the pace down when he wants to suggest the mysteries of childhood or to arouse warm emotions; this works only intermittently. The movie is part eerie Southern gothic and part Hollywood self-congratulation for its enlightened racial attitudes. Brock Peters, who flares his nostrils mightily, is the black man on trial, and Robert Duvall is the brain-damaged Boo Radley, of whom the lawyer's children (Mary Badham and Phillip Alford) are terrified. With John Megna, Ruth White, Rosemary Murphy, James Anderson, Collin Wilcox, William Windom, Alice Ghostley, Crahan Denton, Frank Overton, and Richard Hale. Cinematography by Russell Harlan; music by Elmer Bernstein; art direction by Alexander Golitzen and Henry Bumstead. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 30.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs with simplicity and assurance a bleak tale of a minister (Gunnar Björnstrand) who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Cinema Village; March 31.)



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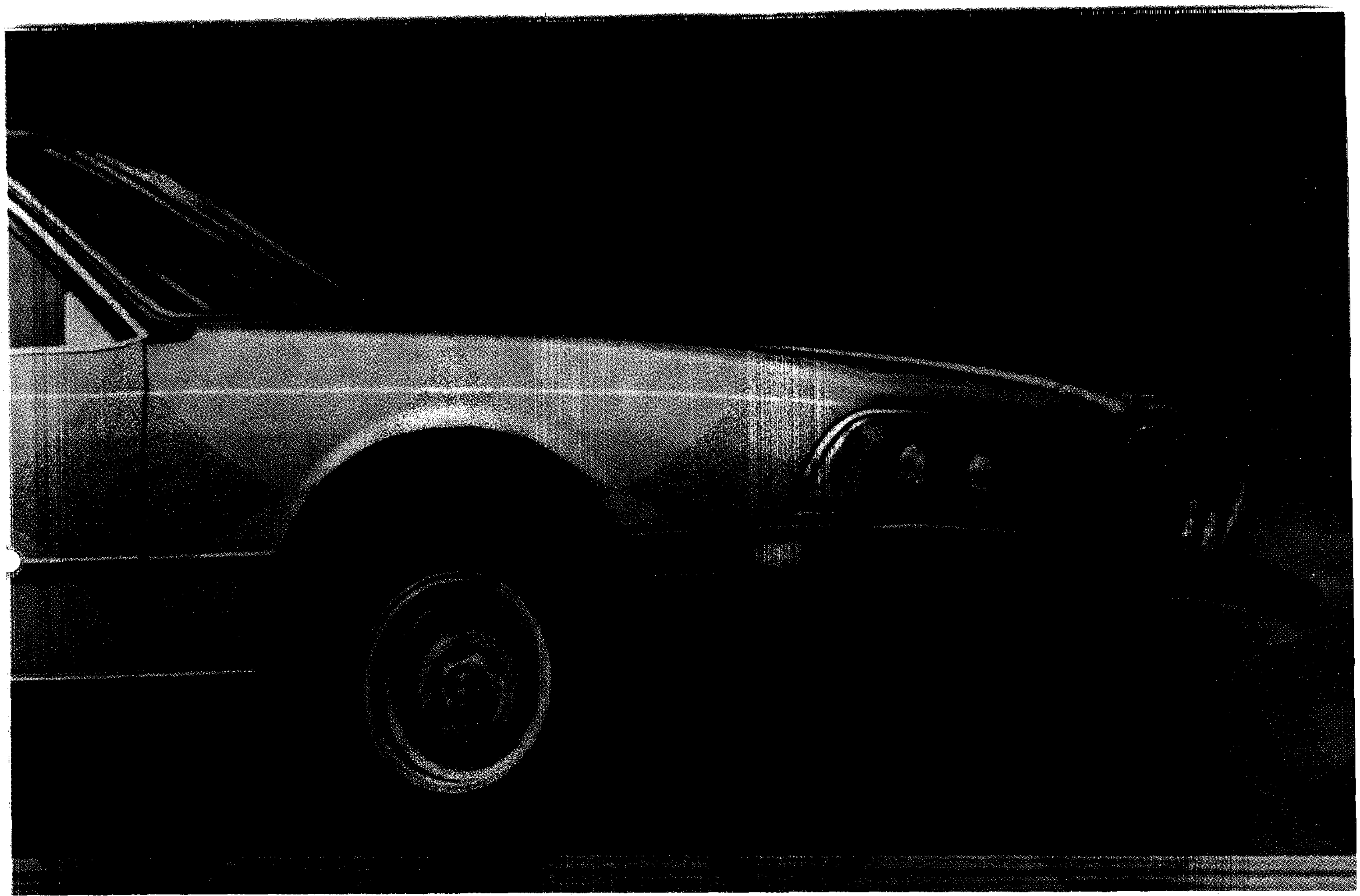
	SAN FRANCISCO	PHILADELPHIA	OMAHA	NEW YORK	NEW HAVEN	NEWARK	MILWAUKEE	MEMPHIS	INDIANAPOLIS	DETROIT	DENVER	DALLAS	CLEVELAND	CHICAGO	BOSTON	ATLANTA
BOSTON																3.16
CHICAGO															3.00	3.00
CLEVELAND														2.99	3.00	3.00
DALLAS													3.16	3.00	3.16	3.00
DENVER												3.00	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.16
DETROIT											3.16	3.16	2.50	2.83	3.00	3.00
INDIANAPOLIS										2.83	3.16	3.00	2.83	2.66	3.00	2.99
MEMPHIS									2.99	3.00	3.00	2.99	3.00	3.00	3.16	2.99
MILWAUKEE								3.00	2.83	2.83	3.00	3.00	2.99	2.50	3.00	3.00
NEWARK							3.00	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	2.99	3.00	2.83	3.00
NEW HAVEN						2.50	3.00	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	3.00	3.00	2.50	3.00
NEW YORK					2.34	0.78	3.00	3.16	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	2.99	3.00	2.66	3.00
OMAHA				3.16	3.16	3.16	2.99	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	2.99	3.16	3.00
PHILADELPHIA			3.16	2.50	2.66	2.50	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.16	3.16	2.99	3.00	2.83	3.00
SAN FRANCISCO		3.33	3.16	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.33	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.16	3.33	3.33
SEATTLE	3.00	3.33	3.16	3.33	3.33	3.33	3.16	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.16	3.16	3.33	3.16	3.33	3.33

PERHAPS THE ONLY LUXURY COUPE WHOSE PERFORMANCE LIVES UP TO ITS PRICE.



Over the last decade, the purchase of a luxury sports coupe has progressively become an investment of diminishing returns.

For, while the prices of some of the most exalted coupes have virtually tripled, their performance capabilities have, to say the least, not kept pace. Debilitated by a myriad of pollution controls and fuel requirements.

With, that is, one well-documented exception. The BMW 633CSi.

A car with an engineering concept so basically sound, it has not merely survived difficult times, but has prospered in them.

A GRAND TOURING COUPE STILL WORTHY OF THE NAME.

While some of the world's most exalted luxury coupes were drastically re-engineered in an effort to make them socially responsible, the mechanical story of the BMW 633CSi has been one—not of radical change—but of considered improvement.

A story of refinement.

It is, therefore, small wonder that in comparing this car—even to its impressive BMW predecessors—Car and Driver magazine said of the 633CSi, "...You lift your driving to its standards. Because it is tighter, sharper, more immediate—and faster in every way."

Indeed, the sole disheartening aspect of the 1981 BMW 633CSi is that, this year, our engineers will produce a mere 900 for the entire continent of North America.

THE BMW POWER PLANT: AN AUTOMOTIVE PARADOX.

In 1975, at a time when the rest of the automotive community seemed forever committed to the carburetor, BMW abandoned it totally, in favor of a computerized fuel injection system.

A replacement of such consequence, it resulted in an apparent mechanical contradiction—an engine which not only performed with more power but with more efficiency as well.

A 6-cylinder engine that generates nearly one horsepower per cubic inch—a ratio almost unheard of in road cars—accelerating the 633CSi even faster than certain coupes equipped with larger, V-8 engines.

LUXURY THAT GOES DEEPER THAN SURFACE AMENITIES.

Even while the BMW 633CSi is a car which embodies all of the amenities, all of the creature comforts one expects in a superlative European automobile—even while it is a car honed and polished to the absolute limits of human finesse—one noted automotive journalist nevertheless insists "...The real beauty of this car is under the sheet metal, hidden in corners that will probably be explored only by your mechanic."

A suspension system considered to be one of the most advanced in the world provides a seemingly magnetic road-holding ability. Even when buffeted by crosswinds, the 633CSi remains comfortingly stable.

A 5-speed manual transmission (inexplicably absent in most other "luxury sport coupes") allows the exhilaration of working in total concert with the car itself. And provides increased highway fuel efficiency as well.* (Automatic is, of course, available.)

The seats of the 633CSi are anatomically correct buckets, covered in wide rolls of supple leather.

AM/FM stereo cassette, electric sunroof, electric windows, electric side-view mirror—even a central locking system that locks both doors, the trunk lid and the gas door with the turn of a single key—are all standard equipment in the BMW 633CSi.

If you find the notion of owning such a car more than a little intriguing, phone your nearest BMW dealer, and he'll arrange a thorough test drive.

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.

BMW, MUNICH, GERMANY.

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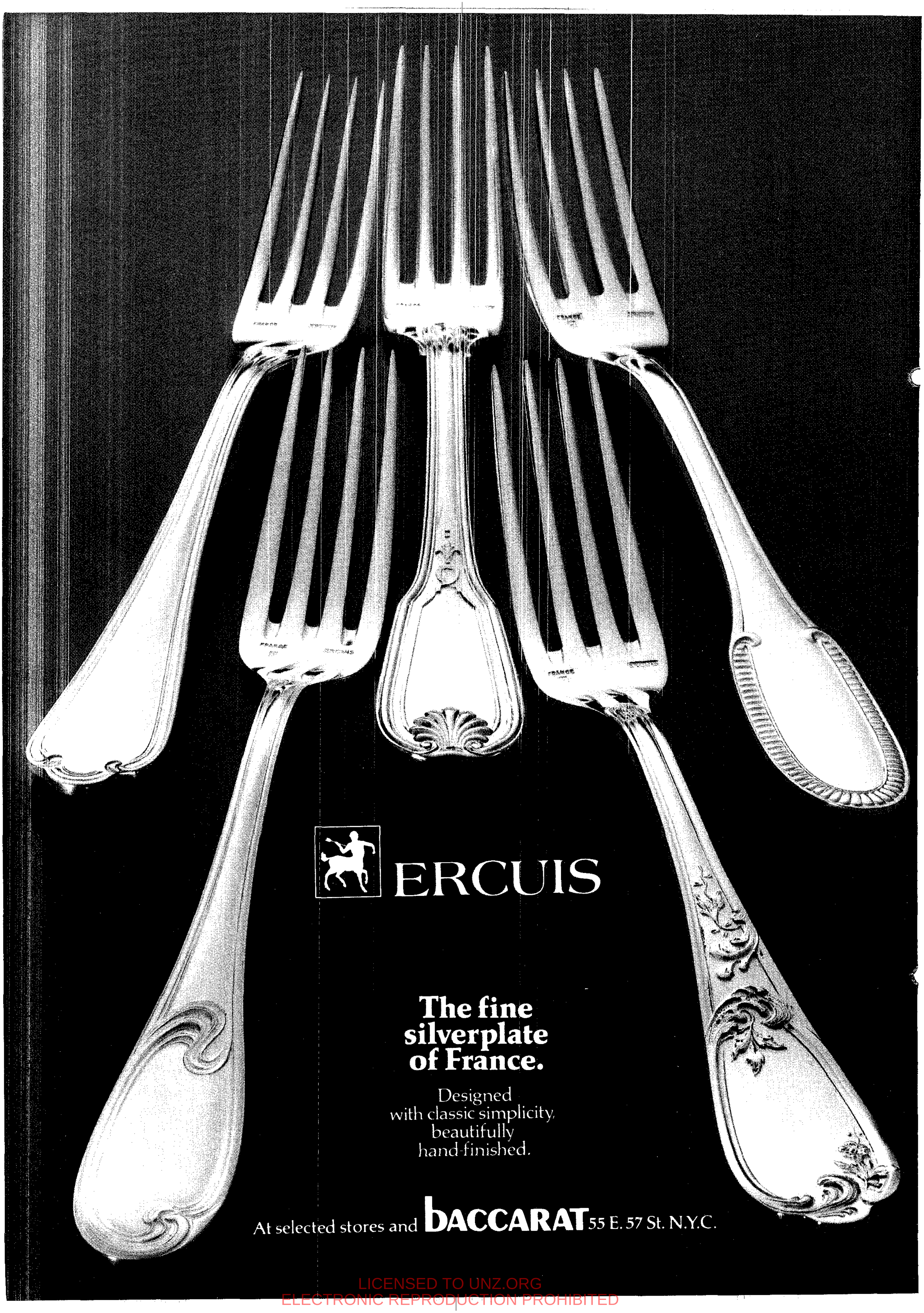
*For example, the 633CSi (with 5-speed standard transmission) now delivers $\boxed{16}$ EPA estimated mpg, 25 estimated highway mileage. (Naturally, our fuel efficiency figures are for comparison purposes only. Your actual mileage may vary, depending on speed, weather and trip length. Your actual highway mileage will most likely be lower.) © 1981 BMW of North America, Inc. The BMW trademark and logo are registered trademarks of Bayerische Motoren Werke, A.G.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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THAT mathematically inclined friend of ours who wrote to us about his chess machine has written to us again. Here is what he has been up to recently:

You may recall that a few months ago I became temporarily obsessed with an electronic chess-playing machine. Well, I still have it, and it is sitting on my desk as I write this note to you. But, having learned to beat it, I have sort of lost interest in it, so I have replaced it with two new obsessions: a Rubik's Cube and a UFO Solar Saucer. I will come to the saucer in a moment—let me first tell you about the cube. The cube, which may turn out to be the most diabolical invention since the quantum theory, was the creation of one Ernö Rubik, a teacher of architecture and design at the School for Commercial Artists in Budapest. He patented it, in Hungary, in 1975, and a year later a similar design was developed independently in Japan by a Japanese engineer, Terutoshi Ishige. The so-called Rubik's Cube, manufactured here by the Ideal Toy Corporation, sells for about nine dollars. I bought mine in a toy store—the fourth toy store I'd visited that day, since the cube had been sold out in the three others. When you buy it, it comes in a lovely plastic package. And each of its six faces—which is made up of nine small squares capable of moving on a variety of "axles" in such a way that either the whole face or segments of it can be twisted into different positions—comes in a different solid color: white, yellow, blue, red, orange, green. Anyone who knows what is good for him will leave things that way. Anyone who does not know what is good for him will begin turning some of the rows of squares, thus scrambling the colors into weird and fascinating patterns. In the March issue of *Scientific American*, Douglas Hofstadter, who wrote a fascinating article about the cube, demonstrates that there are on the order of 10^{19} (one followed by nineteen zeros, or ten quintillion) different patterns one can create. The age of the universe is now thought to be about 10^{18} seconds (that's a mere one quintillion), so if one had made one transformation of the cube each second since the creation of the universe one would not yet have realized all the possible color combinations. But then this is not what one tries to do; rather, one scrambles the cube with a few twists and then tries to restore harmony by lining the original colors up again. Lots of luck!

When I first took my cube out of its package, I just stared at it for a while. Then I took the plunge and twisted a few segments of its faces. The directions warn you, "The cube does not come apart. It may seem stiff when new but will loosen with use and should not be forced." They do not tell you what the cube will do if you throw it out the window—which at times, I can tell you, I have been sorely tempted to do. Hofstadter remarks that Dame Kathleen Ollerenshaw, recently Lord Mayor of Manchester, got a severe case of tendinitis of the thumb—which, according to an article on the front page of the March 5th issue of the *Wall Street Journal*, required surgery—by twisting *her* cube a few times too often. Hofstadter quotes Bernard Greenberg, a scientist at a firm in Cambridge, Massachusetts, that makes computer products, as saying, "If I were solving a cube and somebody yelled 'Fire!' I would finish my transform before clearing out." As for me, I have now learned to divide the day into cube and non-cube periods. I reward myself for a period of hard work by allowing myself a period of cube. My cube progress, I must report, has not been impressive. I can quite readily line up one color on one face—an achievement that, according to the Ideal Toy instruction pamphlet, qualifies me as a "STAR." It is the next step—putting a second face in order—that I can't do, and I am now reduced to making small, careful twists of various segments and recording their effects on sheets of yellow notebook paper. Ideal Toy will sell you the "solution" for two dollars, and "a check or money order will be accepted." But I am not ready to sell out for two dollars and will carry on until I find something.

In the meantime, I have bought a UFO Solar Saucer from the Edmund Scientific Company, the large New Jersey mail-order company that sells various kinds of scientific apparatus. I decided some months back to go slightly solar. I was discussing this with my friend Marvin Minsky, an artificial-intelligence and high-technology expert from M.I.T., and he was kind enough to send me a small sample of solar cells that he had ordered from Edmund's. They are very attractive, but they don't do anything, so when I got the latest catalogue from Edmund's I thought it would be nice to order a solar device that did do something. I hesitated between a solar music box, which plays "Edelweiss" when the sun shines on it, and a UFO Solar Saucer. I finally opted for the saucer, on the ground that it cost less and, besides, how many times can you listen to "Edelweiss"? Also, I was quite taken with the saucer's catalogue description: "Put your imagination into motion. This solar powered kinetic artform creates a whirling, sparkling rainbow of color. When the sun's rays activate the solar cell, the solar saucer begins to spin, gaining incredible speed and hypnotic color." Just the ticket, I thought, and sprang for it for seventeen ninety-five.

In due course, my solar saucer arrived, carefully packed in a cardboard box, but by the time I'd managed to retrieve it from the mail room of my apartment building the sun had set. I then found myself confronted in microcosm with the fundamental dilemma of solar electricity; namely, how to make it work at night. In this case, I was able to solve the problem by holding up my solar saucer—a delightful-looking white plastic hemisphere about five inches in diameter, with a glass array at the top that lets the light in—to an electric light bulb. Sure enough, it began to spin silently at great speed—a wonderful moment. I decided to put it permanently on my windowsill, where it has replaced a small plant. The next day, when the maid came to clean the place and water the plants, I told her about it. The sun was not yet intense enough—my living-room window has a western exposure—to make it spin. I told her to hang on a bit, and, sure enough, about a half hour later she reported that it was going around like crazy. Now when I come into my living room in the late afternoon I see it make its noiseless revolutions and think that one of these years some of its descendants might even help us to solve our energy problem. The nice thing about the saucer is that, unlike my cube, it does not demand any thought. It just spins in the sunshine, silently and with apparent contentment, powered by photons that have journeyed the ninety-three million miles from the sun to my apartment in New York City.

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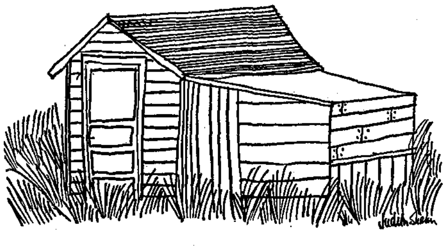
Children

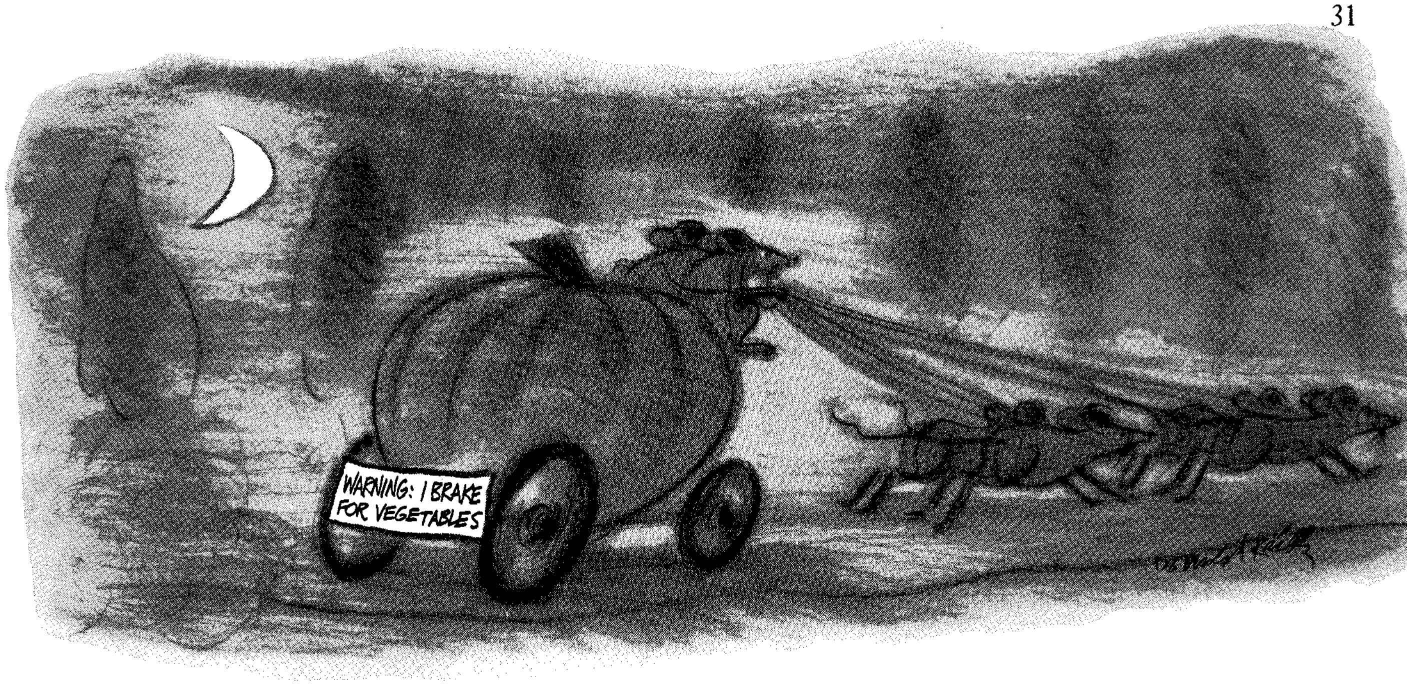
THE trees on the median of Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., Boulevard overhang the pavement, and at night the high street lights shine through the branches in splotches, like street lamps in a small town; it struck us as a great street to play in on spring evenings, if it were always closed to traffic, as it was the other Friday. That night, the air was so warm it seemed fitting for people to bring little children out to the event that had closed the street—a candlelight march and vigil held by the Harlem community to show support for the families of the children killed in Atlanta—and while the area at the corner of 110th Street was filling with people, we saw toddler-size children in canvas-sling strollers, smaller children astride their fathers' shoulders and bobbing above the heads of the crowd, and slightly older children running to climb up on the median and then jump down, or fooling around with midget penlights they'd been given instead of candles. Everyone had a snippet of green ribbon pinned to a lapel, or a length of green tied around a sleeve, armband-style—grosgrain, satin, curling-type gift tie, or heavy-weight yarn—sometimes fastened with a green-lettered pin saying "SAVE OUR CHILDREN." And nearly everyone carried a candle. A loudspeaker somewhere around 111th Street jumbled words into the air unintelligibly, and most people then lit their candles. We overheard three middle-aged neighbor women in dark Sunday coats, all with candles in tall glass tumblers, discussing the latest news from Atlanta in sad and outraged tones; one had heard from a sister there. A pretty black woman wearing a white shirt with a thin green bow at the neck knelt before her eight-year-old son and lit his candle, adjusting it carefully in its glass holder. "Now, you keep this *straight up*," she said.

At about seven o'clock, the mass of people—between ten and fifteen thousand, we learned later—began to move up the boulevard, stopping every few yards as the people ahead paused for traffic lights. Couples walked hand in hand, as if out for a stroll alone, unclasping their hands to cup their palms around their candles when they reached the breeze of the cross streets. Someone pointed up: candles in the windows of the big apartment blocks. After 120th Street, the trees on the median thinned out; at 121st, two women in their twenties stood at the curb, arm in arm and close together, yelling angrily, "Save our children! Save our children!" By the curb of the median, a white man in a maroon down jacket bent over a stroller and held a bottle of formula for his son while the marchers flowed around him in an oxbow. At 126th Street, a woman whose candle had burned down to a nubbin blew it out, walked along while she waited for the wax to cool, then put the stub and the paper it was attached to in her pocket.



At around 132nd Street, a rushing noise came up from behind—people chanting—and soon the words became clear, and the pace quickened. Then the whole crowd was striding up the boulevard, some people clapping their hands and varying the rhythm: "Save our children *now*—save our children! Save our children *now!* Save our children!" Two young men with their elbows linked jostled up from the rear, nearly running, and called their "Now!" each time at the top of their lungs as the crowd wheeled east into 135th Street like a tractor trailer. There it piled up, stopping when it came on the people who were already standing in the street and on the sidewalks, waiting for two mothers who had come from Atlanta to begin to speak. The block was full of the lights of candles, and down at the Lenox Avenue end spotlights were directed at a flatbed truck, where the speakers would stand. On the south side of the street, atop a ten-foot-high chain-link fence that guarded the Y.M.C.A. playground, three teen-age boys balanced, holding a long white banner whose block letters condemned the killings.

Shortly after everyone had gathered, Patrice Wagner, from the Harlem Coalition of Community Organizations to Stop the Murders of Atlanta Children, which had organized the vigil, took her place on the truck bed and welcomed the mothers—Camille Bell, whose son Yusef had been the fourth child to disappear, and Willie Mae Mathis, whose son Jeffrey had been the sixth—and put into words the community's grief and anger; all the candles on the block waved in the air, and she had to call out for a full minute for people to stop the chanting. After that, all the while she and Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Mathis spoke the crowd stayed mostly silent, so it was strange to hear—coming from somewhere, it was hard to tell where—a continuous metallic sound, as if someone with a transistor radio tuned to a ballgame were threading his way up and down the street. As the sound came alongside, we saw what it was. A thin,


WARNING: I BRAKE FOR VEGETABLES

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long-limbed man in an olive-drab jacket and a watch cap strode along the sidewalk, twisting and turning not to bump into anyone, and kept up a steady patter through an electric bullhorn turned to the lowest volume, so you could hear every word distinctly and still hear everything the women up front were saying. "Watch out for your babies," he said, over and over. "We are a multitude, so keep your babies by the *hand*. If you have lost your child, or if you find a child who might be lost, go around to the Schomburg Library, on the corner of Lenox and 136th Street, where a lost-child center has been set up. Keep an eye on your babies." Four kids leaning on a parked car at the curb exchanged glances the first time he went by, and burst out giggling; and we felt off balance, too—all that evening, even when the shouting crowd spun so fast around that corner, we hadn't seen one child look frightened.

Bartók in the Morning

ONE rainy midmorning last week, Benny Goodman arranged a couple of antique music stands alongside the Mason & Hamlin baby-grand piano in the large living room of his apartment high up in Manhattan House. Mr. Goodman, at seventy-one, was suntanned and looked almost exactly as he has looked for decades—the same lip, the same quick grin, the same just about everything, except for a bit of grayness and wispiness of hair. He was wearing a light-blue worsted suit over a khaki safari shirt open at the collar. He cleared the top of the piano, scooping up a half-dozen framed pictures of his family—his late wife, Alice; his daughters, Rachel and Benjie, both now in their early thirties and married, and living in Florence, Italy, and East Deerfield, Massachusetts, respectively; Rachel's daughter, Naomi, one and a half—and put them all on a coffee table, next to a battered and peeling brown leather-covered clarinet case. He lifted the lid of the piano and fixed it open. One of the music stands, which he had placed close to the piano bench, was a double one of oak, early-nineteenth-century French, with candelabra, and with an inlaid edging of birch. The other stand, near the tail of the piano, was of indeterminate age, was painted mostly black, and was inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Mr. Goodman set chairs, taken from around his dining-room table, in front of the stands. Then he tossed worn-looking sets of sheet music onto each of the music stands and onto the piano rack. The sheet music bore the following heading:

BÉLA BARTÓK
Contrasts for Violin, Clarinet and
Pianoforte
Written for and Dedicated to Benny
Goodman and Joseph Szigeti
September 24, 1938

The piece, which takes about twenty minutes to play, was the final one on an all-Bartók program to be presented later that week in Orchestra Hall, Detroit, where the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Antal Dorati, was celebrating the hundredth anniversary of Bartók's birth. Mr. Goodman ambled around the living room picking up, examining, testing, and discarding clarinet reeds. Reeds and more reeds seemed to be scattered all over the place: on the mantel of a fireplace, under a large Vlaminck still-life showing sheets of music, books, a pitcher, a cup, and a boxwood clarinet; on the floor, near a clarinet stand holding a boxwood clarinet just like the one in the painting; on a table holding pre-Columbian sculptures of two drummers and a man playing a clarinetlike instrument; on the shelves of a cabinet displaying some Meissen frogs playing various musical instruments, including the clarinet.

There was a buzz at the front door, and Mr. Goodman opened it to admit his two fellow-performers—the violinist Yehudi Menuhin, in a dark-blue raincoat, and the pianist Paul Coker, in a mustard-colored raincoat who had come for a rehearsal of "Contrasts" in preparation for the concert.

Mr. Menuhin, holding a brown canvas-covered violin case under one arm and supporting the case with the other hand, greeted Mr. Goodman, introduced Mr. Coker, and made a beeline for the piano. "Oh, a Mason & Hamlin!" he said happily, in a light British accent. "Such a good firm, isn't it, Benny?"

"Yeah," Mr. Goodman said. He spoke in his familiar hoarse, drawling voice and added his characteristic hoarse laugh.

"They gave three pianos to my sister and me," Mr. Menuhin said, with a beatific smile.

Looking very serious, Mr. Coker, who is twenty-one and has been a student at Mr. Menuhin's music school near London since he was nine, sat down at the piano and tried it out.

"Lovely," Mr. Menuhin said. He is sixty-four, and his face—now also framed in wispy gray—looked the same as it does in the familiar photographs of the eleven-year-old Yehudi Menuhin, in short pants, making his historic New York début, at Carnegie Hall. Still carrying his violin case, he walked over to the pre-Columbian sculptures. "Oh, I like your figurines here, Benny," he said. "Where do they come from? Are they new or old?"

"Mexico," Mr. Goodman said. "Old."

"Extraordinary," said Mr. Menuhin. "They're in such good condition, Benny. And look at these figurines!" He headed for the display case. "Frogs!" he said, with joy.

"Usually, you see monkeys, in the Meissen," Mr. Goodman said, grinning.

"Frogs make good sense," Mr. Menuhin said.

Mr. Menuhin set his violin case down on a chair and took off his raincoat. He had on a multicolored sports shirt open at the collar and flopping over blue pants, and a heavy royal-blue cardigan with pockets at the bottom. He opened his case and took out his violin, which had been tucked in among assorted handkerchiefs, potions, lotions, and papers, including a passport and many snapshots of children. Mr. Coker, who had on a brown suit with white pinstripes, a tattersall shirt, a necktie, and a brown sweater, took off his jacket and reseated himself at the piano.

"I even got you Szigeti's music stand," Mr. Goodman said, indicating to Mr. Menuhin that he was to take the stand with the candelabra. "I bought it from his wife about thirty years ago, when they had to move away."

"It's a beautiful stand, Benny," Mr. Menuhin said. "Very pretty."

"I use it as an end table," Mr. Goodman said, with his laugh. He took off his jacket and put it around the back of a chair.

"Are we going to sit or stand?" Mr. Menuhin asked.

"I like to stand," Mr. Goodman said.

"So do I, Benny," Mr. Menuhin said. "Do you find you have more breath when you stand?"

"Yeah," Mr. Goodman said.

"With your permission, gentlemen, I'd like to offer a kind word on behalf of John Maynard Keynes."

Mr. Coker, at the piano, sounded the A. Mr. Menuhin put on a pair of heavy horn-rimmed glasses, picked up his violin, and drew his bow over the A string. Mr. Goodman sounded a quick and mellow A and then played a fast run from the top to the bottom register.

"I've got to change violins near the end," Mr. Menuhin said, smiling.

"Yeah," Mr. Goodman said. "At the beginning of the 'Sebes,' the 'Fast Dance,' at the end, Bartók wanted the violin to be deliberately mistuned."

"Fortunately, I just bought a copy of my Guarnerius—of this one, 1742. It's not bad. Not bad."

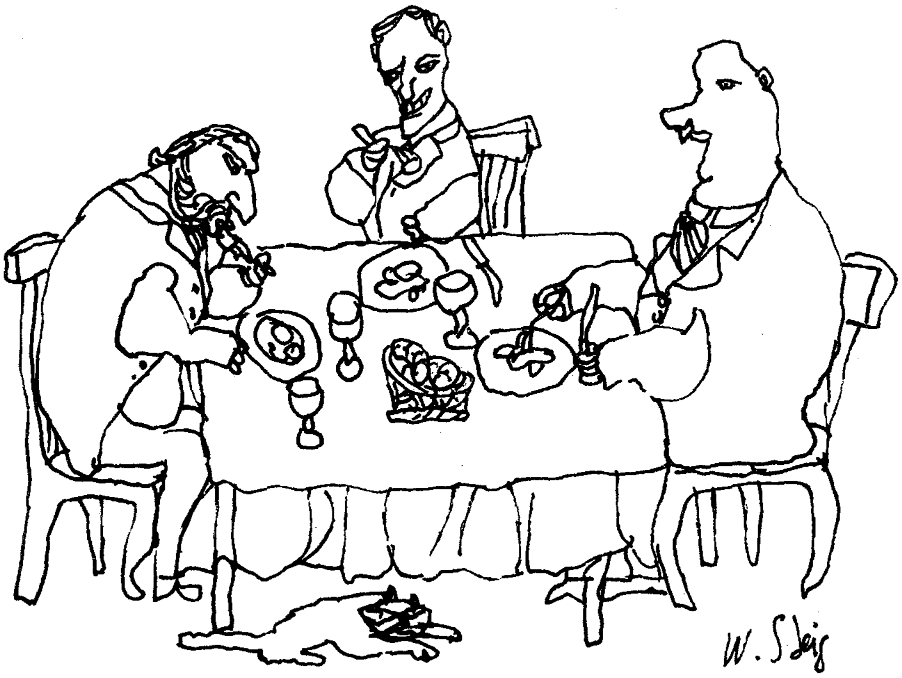
"I've got to change clarinets, too," Mr. Goodman said, picking up the A clarinet and setting the B-flat clarinet, now without a mouthpiece, at the ready on the floor near his feet.

Mr. Coker warmed up with some scales. Mr. Menuhin echoed him on the violin, and Mr. Goodman played a few more runs. They all opened their sheet music to the first movement, titled "Verbunkos," or "Recruiting Dance."

"Shall I set the tempo?" Mr. Menuhin asked. "Hadn't I better begin?"

He started off with a little pizzicato, and then Mr. Goodman sounded the melodic theme, which was picked up by Mr. Coker. They went right at it, stopping now and then to replay some parts. Occasionally, Mr. Menuhin would make a remark, such as "Let's play very quietly, Benny," or "Shall we do the three-two bar together?," or "Once again. I didn't do it right," or "You're only a little late on the third beat," or "That's it! That's it! Perfect!"

Mr. Goodman made most of his remarks by singing them to the others. "Dee-da-da-dee," he would sing to Mr. Menuhin. Mr. Menuhin would respond by playing the passage that way and then saying, "Oh, that's very nice. That's so nice. I like the fingering." He would play it again



Gourmet Club

and then say, "Do you like it, Benny? Or would it be cleaner—" And he would play it another way.

"Daddle, deedle, daddle, da, da," Mr. Goodman would sing to him.

"Wonderful!" Mr. Menuhin would say, and he would play it that way.

After Mr. Goodman played a long, melodious cadenza, Mr. Menuhin responded with a short pizzicato passage that was practically jumping.

"You must have had wonderful experiences working with Szigeti," Mr. Menuhin said when they took a rest. He sat down. "I'm sure if you had recorded your rehearsals with Szigeti you would have had twenty hours of wonderful conversation. Is it a nice hall in Detroit, Benny?"

"Pretty nice," Mr. Goodman said. "We're not playing in the big hall."

"That's good," Mr. Menuhin said. "It must have been exciting, Benny, to play it with Bartók and Szigeti—the experience of playing it for the first time."

"Bartók was a wonderful piano player," Mr. Goodman said. "We made a recording of 'Contrasts' with Szigeti, and with Bartók at the piano. It's interesting to play the piece after all these years. I think I remember what he wanted. I studied the piece so much that I know the whole thing. Jóska—Szigeti—would tell me, 'Play the slow movement the way you would "Body and Soul."' In those days, I was a little bit inhibited. Bartók was very reassuring. He wasn't as fussy as a lot of composers. On one difficult passage, I cracked that I might need three hands, so he said, 'Don't worry. Just approximate.' "

"How wonderful," Mr. Menuhin said.

Mr. Goodman gave his hoarse laugh. "He meant 'Don't take it too seriously.' He was content. He didn't put many instructions in the music. Neither did Mozart. Not like Beethoven," he added. Mr. Menuhin and Mr. Goodman laughed, and Mr. Coker, who seemed to be leaving the talk to the others, joined in. Mr. Goodman glanced out at the rain, which had started to come down heavily. "The first public performance of the piece was at Carnegie Hall. In 1939. I was playing with the band at the Paramount, and I was practicing the piece backstage between shows. Five shows a day. Six on Saturday and Sunday. Then, for the première of the piece—the concert, at Carnegie Hall—we couldn't get anybody to go. In those days, the music publishers were beholden to performers, so we got them to take a block of tickets. Bartók was in Hungary, and Szigeti and I played it with Endre Petri at the piano. The next year, I played the piece again, this time with Szigeti and Bartók himself, at Jordan Hall in Boston. I was so busy with the clarinet that it didn't occur to me that it was history. I last played the piece sixteen years ago, at a music festival at Stratford."

"But you made the record with Bartók," Mr. Menuhin said, standing up. "In 1940?"

"Yeah," Mr. Goodman said. "And I can still hear him. He was a real swinger." He gave his laugh and transferred his mouthpiece to the other clarinet.

They continued playing for a while. Suddenly, Mr. Menuhin broke off. "Should I play louder?" he asked. "Do you want me to play louder, Benny, in this part of the 'Sebes'? You play Bartók with expression, Benny. Beautiful expression. Shall we run through it again, Benny?"

"That'll do it," Mr. Goodman said. "I don't like to rehearse much anyway. Don't leave the fight in the gymnasium, as they say."

"That's a good one," Mr. Menuhin said, with his smile.

"Did you have the disc operation, Yehudi?" Mr. Goodman asked.

"Yes. Twenty-five years ago. In Cape Town, South Africa. I had gone there to give a concert for the blacks. The hospital there was wonderful. When was yours, Benny?"

"Mine was forty-one years ago," Mr. Goodman said.

"You have to keep limber. Do you do exercises, Benny?"

"I swim," Mr. Goodman said. "I know the pools all over the world. It keeps you in better condition. Do you still stand on your head?"

"Oh, yes," Mr. Menuhin said. "And if I find, on airplanes, that I can lie down across the empty seat next to me, that's good."

"I do that, too," Mr. Goodman said, once more changing the mouthpiece on his clarinet.

"Shall we run through it once more?" Mr. Menuhin asked.

"It's a pleasure to play with you guys," Mr. Goodman said.

They started from the beginning and played the piece all the way through.

"Lovely," Mr. Menuhin said at the end.

"Yeah, better, wasn't it?" Mr. Goodman said.

"You play Bartók with such feeling," Mr. Menuhin said.

"The cadenza you played," Mr. Goodman said. "Beautiful."

No one said anything for a moment.

Mr. Menuhin slowly put down his violin, and then he said, "The piece is so full of life and humor."

PRUE

Prue used to live with Gordon. This was after Gordon had left his wife and before he went back to her—a year and four months in all. Some time later, he and his wife were divorced. After that came a period of indecision, of living together off and on; then the wife went away to New Zealand, most likely for good.

Prue did not go back to Vancouver Island, where Gordon had met her when she was working as a dining-room hostess in a resort hotel. She got a job in Toronto, working in a plant shop. She had many friends in Toronto by that time, most of them Gordon's friends and his wife's friends. They liked Prue and were ready to feel sorry for her, but she laughed them out of it. She is very likable. She has what eastern Canadians call an English accent, though she was born in Canada—in Duncan, on Vancouver Island. This accent helps her to say the most cynical things in a winning and lighthearted way. She presents her life in anecdotes, and though it is the point of most of her anecdotes that hopes are dashed, dreams ridiculed, things never turn out as expected, everything is altered in a bizarre way and there is no explanation ever, people always feel cheered up after listening to her; they say of her that it is a relief to meet somebody who doesn't take herself too seriously, who is so unintense, and civilized, and never makes any real demands or complaints.

The only thing she complains about readily is her name. Prue is a schoolgirl, she says, and Prudence is an old virgin; the parents who gave her that name must have been too shortsighted even to take account of puberty. What if she had grown a great bosom, she says, or developed a sultry look? Or was the name itself a guarantee that she wouldn't? In her late forties now, slight and fair, attending to customers with a dutiful vivacity, giving pleasure to dinner guests, she might not be far from what those parents had in mind: bright and thoughtful, a cheerful spectator. It is hard to grant her maturity, maternity, real troubles.

Her grownup children, the products of an early Vancouver Island marriage she calls a cosmic disaster, come to see her, and instead of wanting money, like other people's children, they bring presents, try to do her accounts, arrange to have her house insulated. She is delighted with their presents, listens to their advice, and, like a flighty daughter, neglects to answer their letters.

Her children hope she is not staying on in Toronto because of Gordon. Everybody hopes that. She would laugh at the idea. She gives parties and goes to parties; she goes out sometimes with other men. Her attitude toward sex is very comforting to those of her friends who get into terrible states of passion and jealousy, and feel cut loose from their moorings. She seems to regard sex as a wholesome, slightly silly indulgence, like dancing and nice dinners—something that shouldn't interfere with people's being kind and cheerful to each other.

Now that his wife is gone for good, Gordon comes to see Prue occasionally, and sometimes asks her out for dinner. They may not go to a restaurant; they may go to his house. Gordon is a good cook. When Prue or his wife lived with him he couldn't cook at all, but as soon as he put his mind to it he became—he says truthfully—better than either of them.

Recently he and Prue were having dinner at his house. He had made Chicken Kiev, and crème brûlée for dessert. Like most new, serious cooks, he talked about food.

Gordon is rich, by Prue's—and most people's—standards. He is a neurologist. His house is new, built on a hillside north of the city, where there used to be picturesque, unprofitable farms. Now there are one-of-a-kind, architect-designed, very expensive houses on half-acre lots. Prue, describing Gordon's house, will say, "Do you know there are four bathrooms? So that if four people want to have baths at the same time there's no problem. It seems a bit much, but it's very nice, really, and you'd never have to go through the hall."

Gordon's house has a raised dining area—a sort of platform, surrounded by a conversation pit, a music pit, and a bank of heavy greenery under sloping glass. You can't see the entrance area from the dining area, but there are no intervening walls, so that from one area you can hear something of what is going on in the other.

During dinner the doorbell rang. Gordon excused himself and went down the steps. Prue heard a female voice. The person it belonged to was still outside, so she could not hear the words. She heard Gordon's voice, pitched low, cautioning. The door didn't close—it seemed the person had not been invited in—but the voices went on, muted and angry. Suddenly there was a cry from Gordon, and he appeared halfway up the steps, waving his arms.

"The crème brûlée," he said. "Could you?" He ran back down as Prue got up and went into the kitchen to save the dessert. When she returned he was climbing the stairs more slowly, looking both agitated and tired.

"A friend," he said gloomily. "Was it all right?"

Prue realized he was speaking of the crème brûlée, and she said yes, it was perfect, she had got it just in time. He thanked her but did not cheer up. It seemed it was not the dessert he was troubled over but whatever had happened at the door. To take his mind off it, Prue started asking him professional questions about the plants.

"I don't know a thing about them," he said. "You know that."

"I thought you might have picked it up. Like the cooking."

"She takes care of them."

"Mrs. Carr?" said Prue, naming his housekeeper.

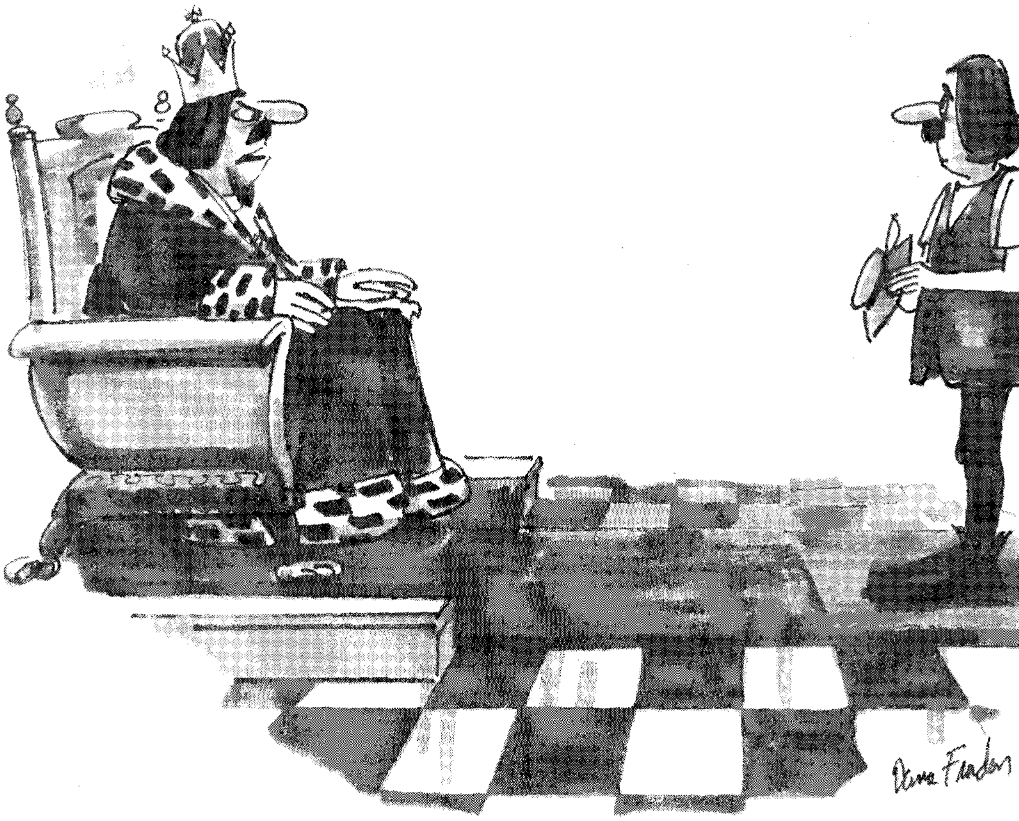
"Who did you think?"

Prue blushed. She hated to be thought suspicious.

"The problem is that I think I would like to marry you," said Gordon, with no noticeable lightening of his spirits. Gordon is a large man, with heavy features. He likes to wear thick clothing, bulky sweaters. His blue eyes are often bloodshot, and their expression indicates that there is a helpless, baffled soul squirming around inside this doughty fortress.

"What a problem," said Prue lightly, though she knew Gordon well enough to know that it was.

The doorbell rang again, rang twice, three times, before Gordon



"I can't solve your problem. I am *the problem."*

could get to it. This time there was a crash, as of something flung and landing hard. The door slammed and Gordon was immediately back in view. He staggered on the steps and held his hand to his head, meanwhile making a gesture with the other hand to signify that nothing serious had happened, Prue was to sit down.

"Bloody overnight bag," he said. "She threw it at me."

"Did it hit you?"

"Glancing."

"It made a hard sound for an overnight bag. Were there rocks in it?"

"Probably cans. Her deodorant and so forth."

"Oh."

Prue watched him pour himself a drink. "I'd like some coffee, if I might," she said. She went to the kitchen to put the water on, and Gordon followed her.

"I think I'm in love with this person," he said.

"Who is she?"

"You don't know her. She's quite young."

"Oh."

"But I do think I want to marry you, in a few years' time."

"After you get over being in love?"

"Yes."

"Well. I guess nobody knows what can happen in a few years' time."

WHEN Prue tells about this, she says, "I think he was afraid I was going to laugh. He doesn't know why people laugh or throw their overnight bags at him, but he's noticed they do. He's such a proper person, really. The lovely dinner. Then she comes and throws her overnight bag. And it's quite reasonable to think of marrying me in a few years' time, when he gets over being in love. I think he first thought of telling me to sort of put my mind at rest."

She doesn't mention that the next morning she picked up one of Gordon's cufflinks from his dresser. The cufflinks are made of amber and he bought them in Russia, on the holiday he and his wife took when they got back together again. They look like squares of candy, golden, translucent, and this one warms quickly in her hand. She drops it into the pocket of her jacket. Taking one is not a real theft. It could be a reminder, an intimate prank, a piece of nonsense.

She is alone in Gordon's house; he has gone off early, as he always does. The housekeeper does not come till nine. Prue doesn't have to be at the shop until ten; she could make herself breakfast, stay and have coffee with the housekeeper, who is her friend from olden times. But once she has the cufflink in her pocket she doesn't linger. The house seems too bleak a place to spend an extra moment in. It was Prue, actually, who helped choose the building lot. But she's not responsible for approving the plans—the wife was back by that time.

When she gets home she puts the cufflink in an old tobacco tin. The children bought this tobacco tin in a junk shop years ago, and gave it to her for a present. She used to smoke, in those days, and the children were worried about her, so they gave her this tin full of toffees, jelly beans, and gumdrops, with a note saying, "Please get fat instead." That was for her birthday. Now the tin has in it several things besides the cufflink—all small things, not of great value but not worthless, either. A little enamelled dish, a sterling-silver spoon for salt, a crystal fish. These are not sentimental keepsakes. She never looks at them, and often forgets what she has there. They are not booty, they don't have ritualistic significance. She does not take something every time she goes to Gordon's house, or every time she stays over, or to mark what she might call memorable visits. She doesn't do it in a daze and she doesn't seem to be under a compulsion. She just takes something, every now and then, and puts it away in the dark of the old tobacco tin, and more or less forgets about it.

—ALICE MUNRO

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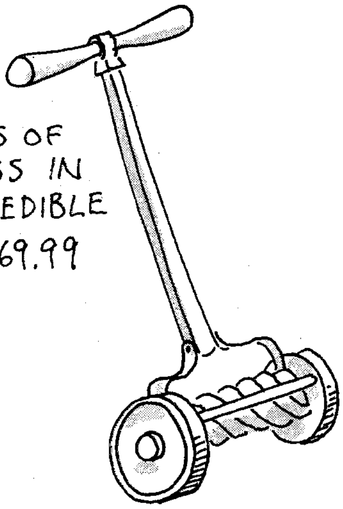

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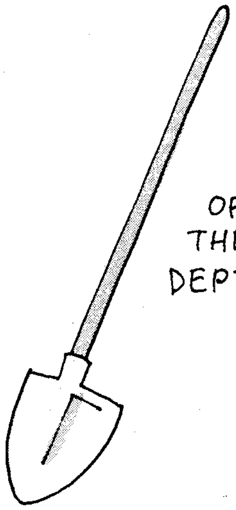

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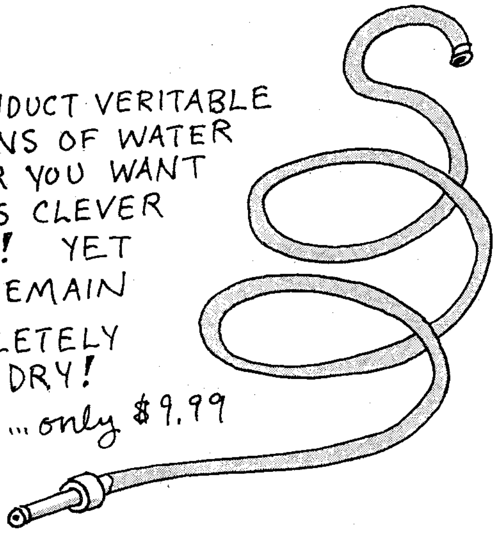

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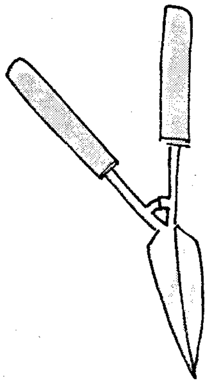

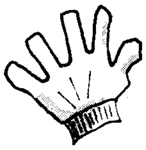

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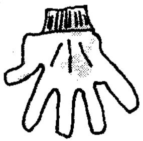

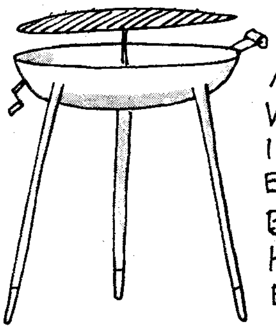

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ZIEGLER

SECOND OPINION

I STOLE in like a cat, a hunter, stalking in a jungle. I moved stealthily along the front passage, past the central hall, to my room at the far end; I unlocked my door, struck a match, and lit a kerosene lantern. It was crucial not to wake my mother. Once the door was shut, I was lord of my own universe—a boundless one, to my mind, although it was only eight feet by ten. The tiles of the sloping roof harbored vermin of every type, cobwebs festooned the rafters; from behind the ancient calendars on the walls lizards darted, ambushing insects and urging them along their evolutionary path. At death every gnat is reborn a better creature, and, after a series of lives, becomes an ape and then a human being, to merge ultimately in a supreme indivisible godhood. Of course, in such a world view, drawn from my wide reading in philosophy, sprays and dust mops were out of the question. I never allowed anyone to clean my room.

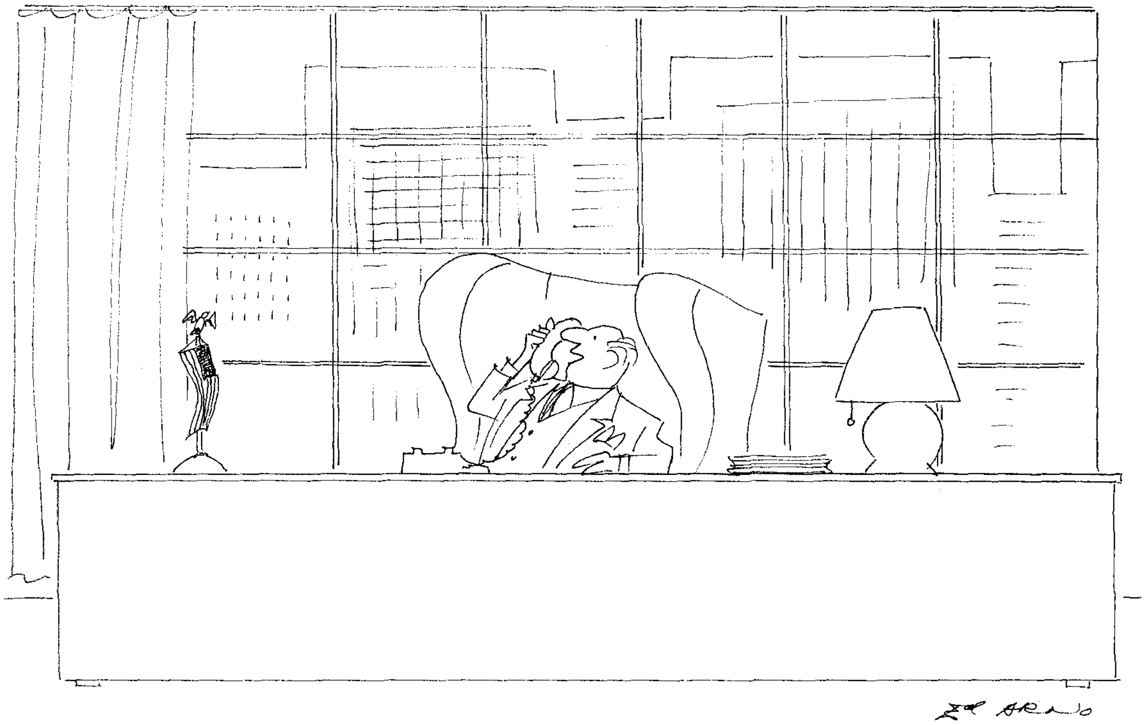
Nor did I ever touch the supper my mother left in the brass tiffin box at my door. How could I be hungry, when all day I had been sipping coffee at the Boardless? I never had to spend a paisa on it. Varma, the café proprietor, ordered a cup for himself every two hours to make sure that his restaurant's reputation was not being unmade in the kitchen; invariably he ordered one for me, too, not only as an act of hospitality but in order to obtain "a second opinion," in the words of our neighborhood doctor. In the days when I believed in making myself useful around the house, just after my father's death, I would occasionally take my mother to see Dr. Kishen at the Malgudi Medical Center around the corner. Dr. Kishen ended all his consultations with the words "Such is my diagnosis; get a second opinion, if you like."

Varma worked on a similar principle, but in his case because he seemed to be unsure of his coffee's quality, even after tasting it, and wanted my confirmation. People dropped into the Boardless throughout the day, and then the regular six-o'clock group—journalists, councillors, intellectuals—and all of them insisted I join them for a cup. Thus, by the time I came home at midnight I had no appetite for the contents of the tiffin box.

Early each morning, our little servant girl would come to take away the vessel. Ten years old, she had sparkling dark eyes and rounded tan cheeks, white shining teeth, and a pigtail that ended in a red ribbon. There were times I wished I were a painter; to capture her likeness in a portrait would be to give the world a masterpiece. She knew she was a favorite of mine and could approach me without ceremony. She would lift the box, make a show of looking inside; then, with a glint of mischief in her eye, she would cry, "Oh! You haven't touched a thing!" The next moment, it was world news. My mother would appear at my door to demand an explanation, and to say, "If this sort of thing continues, Sambu, I don't know where it's going to take us! I sliced cucumber specially for you, and you throw it away without a thought. At least let me know your likes and dislikes—you won't even do that; you just reject everything!"

I didn't mind her scolding as long as she stayed on the threshold and out of my room. I would sit on my mat against the wall and listen in silence to her harangue, reflecting how very difficult it was to practice a philosophy of detachment; Siddhartha had been wise to slip away at midnight, while his household slept, to seek illumination. In my own way I, too, was seeking illumination, but I remained entrapped. The roof we shared, every form of inheritance, every possession held me like a deadly tentacle. Realizing this, I had already abandoned furniture and, in a manner of speaking, the common roof of the main house—my own room was in a separate wing. But freedom did not come easy. My father's house not only had many mansions; it was apparently designed for a milling crowd of dependents, servants, and hangers-on, and distractions were countless.

Our front door opened on Kabir Street and the back on the Sarayu River, which flowed a hundred feet from the house. My mother often recalled how in her younger days the river was treated as part of every house along the street—how people swam and bathed in it, and filled their pots from it, and the men sat on its sandy bank at dusk and dawn for their prayers. It would have been a fine



"Al Woodward, sailing with the new winds from Washington, here."

thing to open our little back door, to sit by the flowing water and listen to its music. But the door was practically sealed shut now with the dust and rust of decades, and thorns and wild vegetation choked the path to the river.

Mother mourned the change. "The Sarayu used to be much closer to the house in the old days," she said. "You could almost touch the water by stretching your arm out the door. Somehow it's moved so far away! Now that we have wells behind each house, people are lazy; they neglect the river—no wonder she's drawn back from us! Have you noticed how in Ellaman Street, where they have no wells, the river nestles closer to the houses? That's because the people over there still care for her—they've built steps down the banks, they always float the lamps during Kartik month, they treat her with more respect. I begged your father not to dig a well; I knew it would encourage the others to do the same. . . ."

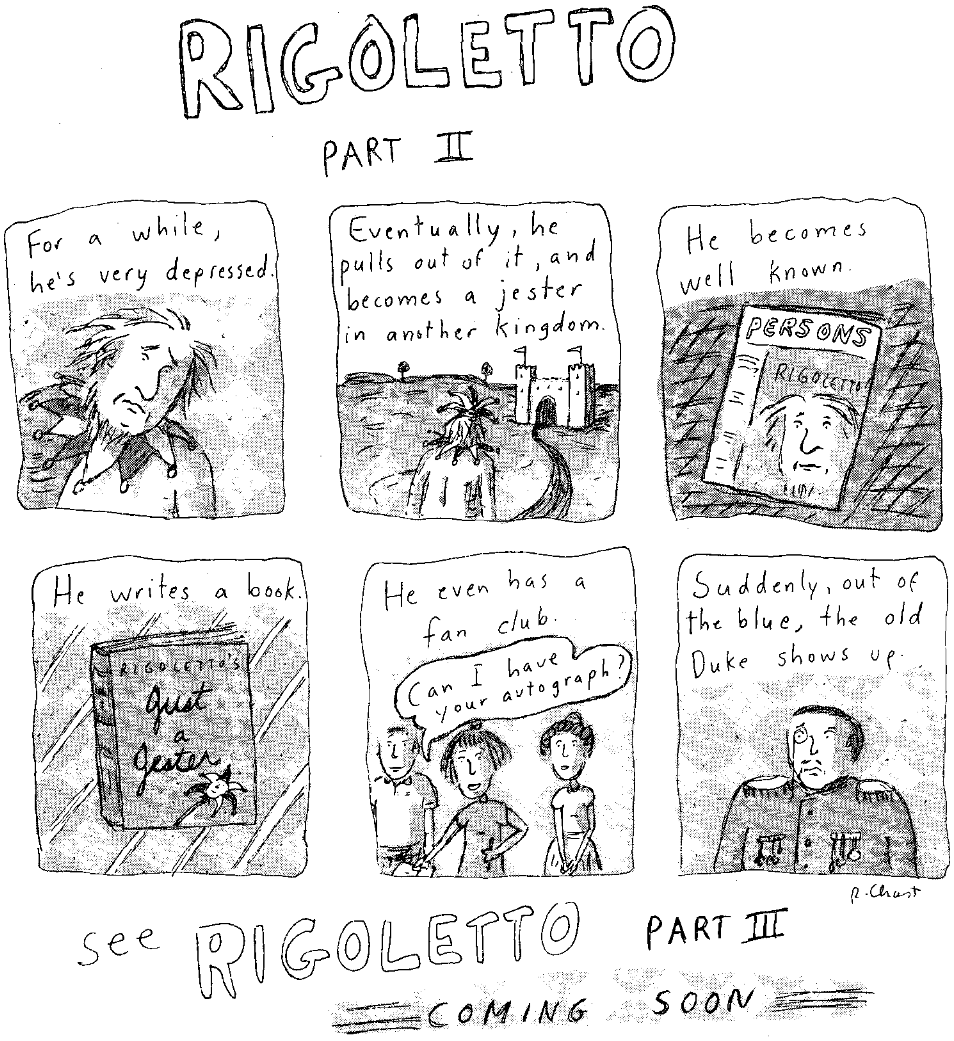
"But Mother, we get exactly the same water in the well," I told her.

"What does that mean? How?" she asked.

I tried to explain the concept of an underground water table; carried away, I would expand on its poetic and philosophical implications. "You see, under the earth it's all one big sheet of water! Hundreds, or even thousands, of cubic feet, all connected! A vast lake, the way we say Brahman is all-pervading in various forms in the universe—"

"I don't know what gets into you," she cried. "I mention a simple matter like water and you start talking like a prophet!"

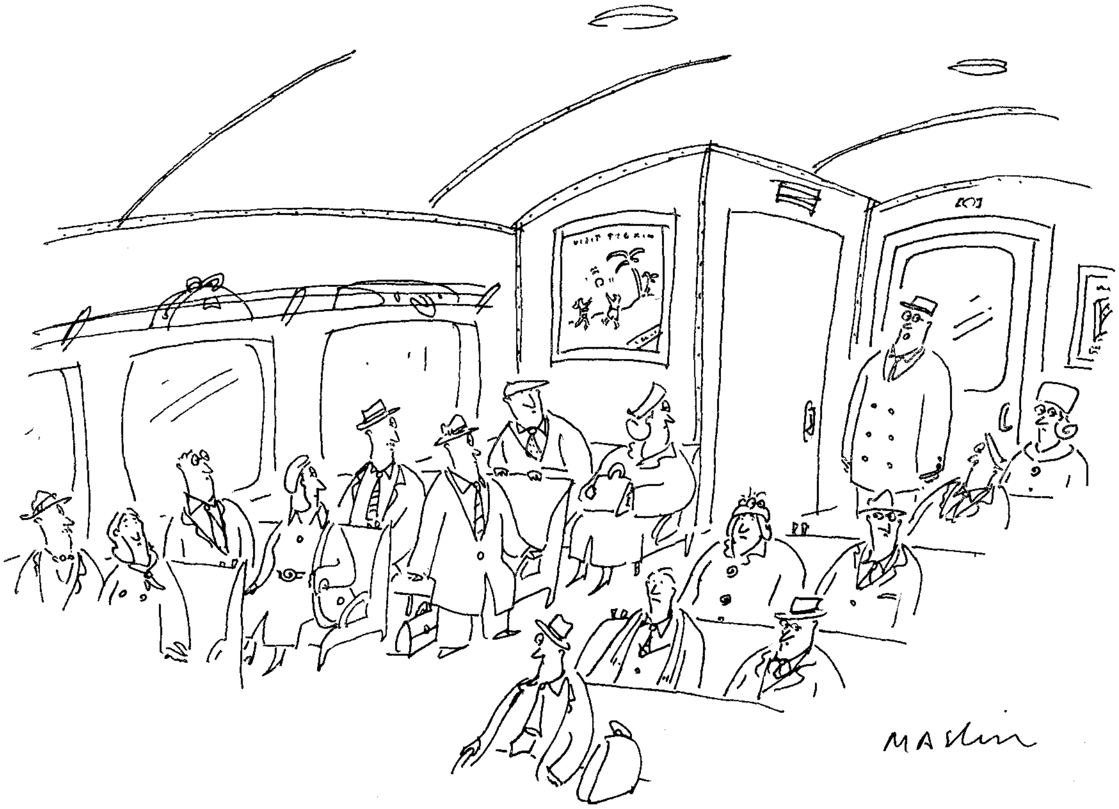
My mother spent most of her time in the back section of the house, where there was an inner courtyard with a corridor running along the kitchen, storerooms, and dining room. Often I would sit against a pillar out there and attempt to enlighten her on modern ideas. But she was impervious to such instruction. We were poles apart. Not only on the river but on every other question, she held views which as a rational being I felt were unacceptable.


RIGOLETTO
PART II
For a while, he's very depressed.
Eventually, he pulls out of it, and becomes a jester in another kingdom.
He becomes well known.
PERSONS
RIGOLETTO
He writes a book.
RIGOLETTO'S Just a Jester
He even has a fan club.
Can I have your autograph?
Suddenly, out of the blue, the old Duke shows up.
R. Chast
see RIGOLETTO PART III
COMING SOON

My father's old room was at the front end of the house, to one side of the central hall. When he was alive, he sat there all day, poring over books. The shelves around him held an array of volumes in Sanskrit, Tamil, and English: the Upanishads with commentaries and interpretations by Shankara, Ramanuja, and all the "world teachers;" gilt-edged books on Christianity and Plato. Father sat cross-legged on the floor before a sloping teakwood desk, turning over the leaves of some enormous volume; as a child, I believed he was mining the great treasure of philosophy at his elbow. I later learned that the mighty tomes on his desk were ledgers, and that he spent all his hours adding, subtracting, and multiplying figures. He had endless accounts to keep—wages for the men who worked our paddy fields back in the village; loans to small businessmen on promissory notes; trust funds to administer for a temple or some underage legatee. All kinds of people waited patiently on the pyol of the house; summoned from this porch, they entered his room, and there would follow much talking, signing of papers, and counting of cash from the squat wrought-iron safe with its imposing handles and intricate locks. The safe stood three feet high; out of it flowed money and into it went documents. When my father died, I opened the safe after a good deal of trial and error. In examining the papers, I discovered that the philosophy library was not actually his; he held it as collateral from some poor scholar, who had never managed to redeem it. Father had disturbed the loaded shelves only to dust the books—he wanted them to be in good condition when the time came to return them to their hapless owner.

For me, though, the collection was a godsend; I would sneak in to look at the titles while Father bathed at the well. For a long time, he would not let me handle the books. "You wouldn't understand them," he said. Eventually, however, he relented and allowed me to take them out one at a time, with the warning "Don't fold the covers back; open them only halfway, so their spines won't crack."

I loved the weight, the feel, the scent of every volume. Among my favorites was a morocco-bound set called "The Library of World Thought." I would sit in my room late into the night, leaning on a bedroll and poring over that week's selection. I cannot pretend I understood everything I read. I had little academic training or discipline; in three attempts, I never passed the university qualifying examination. As I was studying for a fourth try, after my father's death from a stroke, I suddenly realized it was silly to want to pass an examination. Who were they to test me, to declare me fit or unfit? And for what? I stopped in my tracks. I bundled together all my class notes and review books and threw them up into the storage loft above the central hall, to molder with bits of broken furniture, old clothes, bedding, and a few brass and bronze utensils my mother had brought, decades back, as a bride.



"We'll continue clickety-clack down the track immediately following this delay."

Lately, though, the time I needed for reading and reflection had been hard to come by, for my mother would not leave me in peace. She harassed me constantly. Now that most of the servants were gone, she always wanted my help in the house. I had coöperated for a while, but then I took to avoiding her endless demands. She would complain loudly, within my hearing: "When *he* was alive, what service I got! And instantly! I'd no sooner breathe some wish than it would be done!" When she stood lecturing like that, her hands on her hips, I would retreat behind my door. I'd hold my breath till I heard her steps die away. Too restless to stay long in one place, she would prowl the house, looking sharply into every corner. She was forever in a state of anxiety over one thing or another: struck suddenly with the suspicion that the servant girl was asleep somewhere in that great rambling house, she would go off to hunt for her; or she'd run to the well to check whether the pulley rope was properly secured or had slipped down into the water through someone's carelessness. Whether it had or not, she would bewail the fact that there was no one available anymore to fetch the diver to retrieve it with his hooks and harpoons, no one to go and buy a new rope.

Life with Mother had become a sore trial. When her voice rang harshly through the house, bawling orders or scolding the servant girl, I shut and bolted my door. I needed peace of mind to study the life of Ramakrishna, Max Müller, Plato's "Republic." It was a privilege to participate in the thoughts of great men; I was thrilled to be struggling with their statements, and wresting meaning from them. Whatever their particular message, they all seemed to proclaim the glory of the soul. Reading them made me survey myself from top to toe and say, "Sambu, who are you? Are you the creature with a prickly stubble on the chin, the scar on the kneecap, the toenail splitting and turning blue? No, you are made of finer stuff!" I would imagine myself amid the constellations in the firmament, navigating the traffic in the interstellar spaces and along the Milky Way, and I could lose sight of the drab walls around me, the uninspiring spectacle of Kabir Street outside the window. . . .

Sharp knocks at my door would shatter these visions. "Why is this always locked?" my mother would cry. "Who are you trying to shut out? Who is there in this house to disturb you or anyone else these days?" Opening the door, I could only gaze at her in silence. With her gray unkempt hair standing in a halo around her head, her eyes flaming, her face shining hot, she was terrifying. I could see she was ready for battle, but I had not set my life on a war footing yet.

Something had come over her six months after Father's death. Subdued in the first shock of bereavement, for months she had spoken little; she spent much of her time in the puja room, meditating and chanting holy verse in low tones. She went quietly about the business of running the house, without fuss, barely attentive. Aside from an occasional hint that I should study for my degree, she left me very much alone. Several of the hangers-on who had been thriving on my father's hospitality were still staying in the house, and as long as they were there Mother behaved like a gentlewoman. But when I got rid of the last of them

—a mad engineer hiding out from his brother's alleged poison plots—she seemed to feel that the stage had been cleared for her benefit.

Her first hostile act was to lock up my father's room. If I wanted to see a book, I was forced to run after her for the key. Each time she'd resist. "Read your schoolbooks first and pass your examination," she would say. "Time enough for you to read those big books after you get your degree. You can't understand those books anyway—your father used to say he couldn't make them out himself."

"Did he ever try? He always sat with his back to them."

"Don't scoff at your elders, at the parents who raised you!" she said, and turned on her heel. I had to follow her again, pleading for the key. Finally she would say, "All right, all right! If only you'd show half this persistence when it comes to your schoolwork!" And she flung the key at me.

I hated her at those moments. How conventional, to set such store by examinations and degrees! When I abandoned school entirely, our exchanges grew still more bitter. "I have more important things to think about," I told her, "and my own way of studying the great minds."

"Look at your cousins in Madras," she would say. "Every one of them has his degree! I'm ashamed to talk to my sisters! You're a disgrace!" And time and again she would break down and weep quietly in a corner, abandoning for the day her normal activities, not even lighting the evening lamp in the puja room. A deadly gloom would descend on the house, and everything grew still and silent. We were like frozen figures in that vast place. Oppressed by the atmosphere, I would leave without a word to seek some bright spot and good company, at the town library, the marketplace, the college playing field, or—most often—at the Boardless.

ONE Sunday night, returning from the Boardless, I found lights burning in the usually dark house. I took a few cautious steps along the corridor toward my room and stopped. From the hall came animated conversation; my mother's voice was as clear and spirited as it had been in her younger days. "He's not a bad boy," she was saying. "He just likes to give that impression. If we talk to him, he'll certainly obey me."

The other voice, a man's, was gruff. "You shouldn't let him go his own way. After all, young people don't always know what's good for them; it's up to their elders to guide them." I peered cautiously into the hall and caught a glimpse of an elderly fellow whose clean-shaven head was topped by a tuft of hair in the old style. How was I to get past the doorway and into my room without being noticed? If they heard the click of my key in the lock, they were bound to call me. I couldn't go back to the Boardless; it would be closed now. The talk inside gave no sign of ending. I didn't know what to do. Quietly, I sat down on the pyol and leaned against a pillar, resigned to staying there all night.

"What keeps him out so late?" the visitor asked.

"Oh, all kinds of things," my mother replied. "He spends a lot of time at the library; he reads endlessly!"

I was startled and gratified to hear her say this. I had never suspected she had such a high opinion of my activities. It was a revelation, this secret admiration! I wanted to break in and shout, "Mother! Why haven't you ever told me you felt this way?" But I held back.

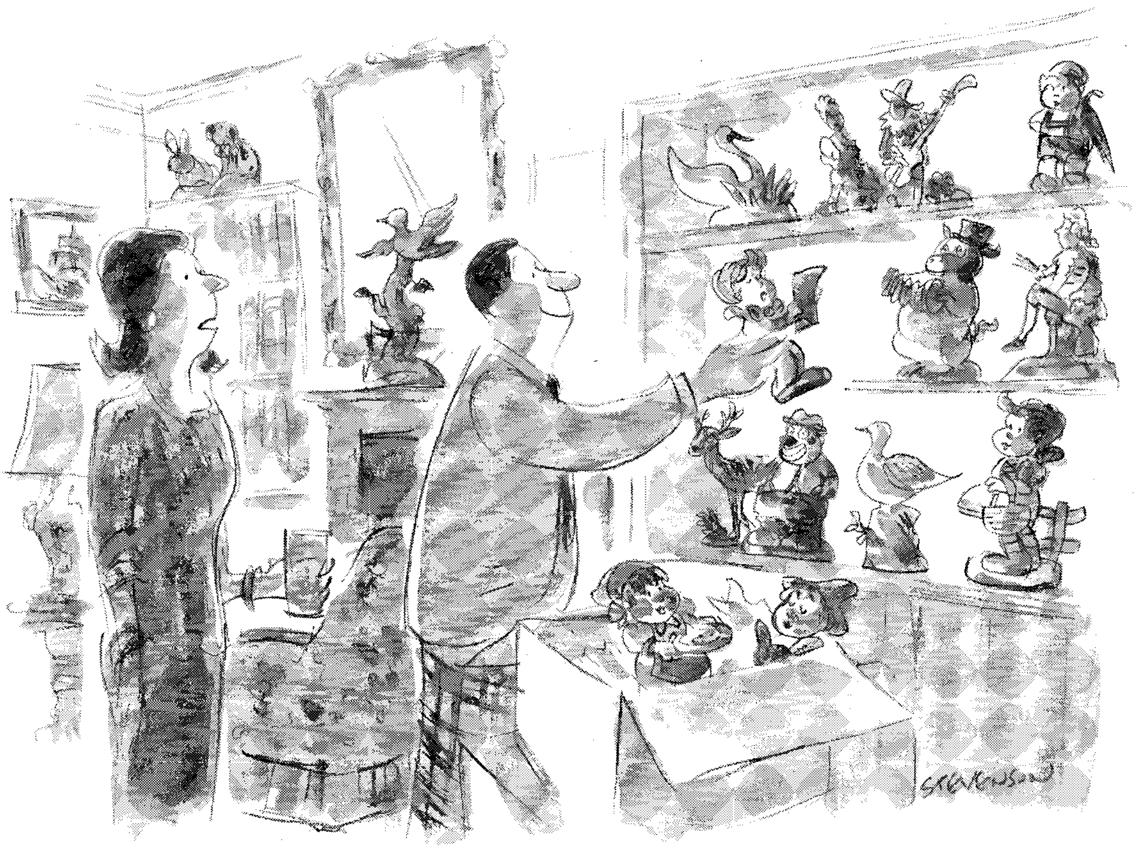
"What does he plan to do in life?" the visitor asked.

"Oh, he has some important ideas; he can't talk about them yet. He's very deep and sensitive. His ambition is to be a man of learning. He spends a great deal of time with learned persons. . . ."

"My daughter, you know, is also very learned. She reads books all the time—"

"Sambu has practically read through the whole library his father left him. Sometimes I just have to snatch the books away from him and lock them up so that he'll take the time to bathe and eat! I don't think there are many M.A.s who've read as much as he has!"

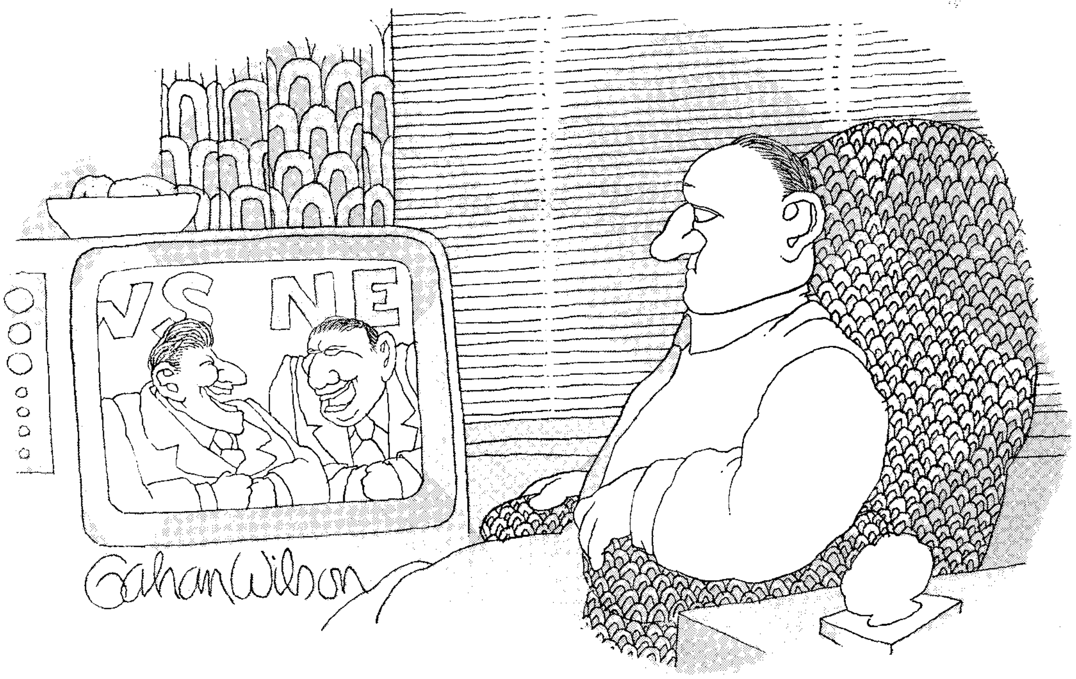
"I'm not really concerned about his career plans, although the Vedas say that the mark of a man is to hold some public position,"



"Are you sure they're a hedge against inflation?"

said the visitor, and he recited the Sanskrit to that effect. "As long as he's a good husband. My daughter's share of the property . . ." He lowered his voice, and they continued in whispers.

They went on to reminisce far into the night. I had never heard my mother laugh so much. It was as though she'd stored away another personality for the sake of her old friends and relations, while to me she presented the grim aspect of an inspector general.



"Ha-ha-ha, Rob."
"Ha-ha-ha, Phil."
"Ha-ha-ha, Rob."
"O.K., folks, and here's, ha-ha, Charlie, with the weather. Ha-ha-ha, Charlie."
"Ha-ha-ha, Rob."

• •

Mother found me asleep on the pyol when she came out at dawn to wash down the front steps, as women have done for a thousand years. She was horrified to find me stretched out there; she shook me awake.

"Sleeping in the street! What will people think! Why didn't you go to your room? Were you so late coming home? What were you doing all that time?" There was panic in her voice, and probably the suspicion that I had been out drinking and debauching—the current talk of the town was the opening of a new night club called Kismet. "Get into your room right away!" she whispered frantically.

"I found you talking to someone, so I—"

"Go! I don't want you to be seen here! Luckily he's gone out back to wash—he'll think your cronies just left you here drunk on the doorstep!"

She gripped my arm and pulled me up, probably convinced I needed help. I made a dash to my door, shut myself in, and immediately resumed my sleep. Some part of my mind toyed with the idea of telling her, "I was at the Kismet Club. . . ."

When I got up at noon, there was no trace of the night's visitor. "He left just after you came indoors; he caught the early bus," Mother explained, and I asked no further questions.

Normally, we would exchange few words in the morning; she would hand me a tumbler of coffee when I appeared in the kitchen courtyard after washing up, and there our contact would end, unless she had some special grievance to vent—a new tax assessment, or some outrage on the part of the grocer or the milkman. I'd finish my coffee, dress quickly, and leave the house as unobtrusively as possible. But today she said, "Don't run off right away, Sambu; stay in for a bit," and she allowed herself a mild smile; she was unusually affable. Following on all the good things she had been saying the night before, her manner bewildered me. It didn't suit her at all to smile; it looked artificial and toothy, like the grin of a waxwork statue.

"I have things to do; I must leave early," I said.

"What things?" she asked, but her tone was good-natured; it made me uneasy.

I could have listed a dozen obligations: There was Varma's treasure hunt (on Mondays he usually had a sheaf of fresh messages from the Ouija board, directing him to a buried treasure in the mountains, and he needed my interpretation); there were the notes I'd promised a college student on Jaina philosophy; and a municipal councillor was awaiting some learned quotations for a speech he was to give the next day. I was afraid, though, that my mother would make light of these responsibilities, so I just said, "You wouldn't understand. . . ."

Normally, she would cry, "Understand! How do you know? Have you tried me? Your father never kept anything from me!" But today she only said, "Very well," with a mock sadness in her tone. She was playacting, but why I could not tell. Puzzled, I went off to dress.

A few minutes later, she followed me to my room. "I want to talk to you," she said. "Your business can wait." She sat down on my mat, and invited me to join her. I had no choice; I sat.

"Do you know who that man was last night?" she asked, and moved a little closer. I was being pushed to the wall. Sitting so near to her made me nervous. I noticed a white whisker on her chin. Was she aware of its existence? Ridiculous of her to go about behaving as if it weren't there. "White-bearded loon," Shakespeare had said somewhere, and the phrase

IN UMBRIA

The wrong assumption flirted with the possible:
A grave burst open,
St. Clare's body still in her nightdress
Flying in a vertical rush to Heaven,
Abandoning the stones speechless with sadness.
At first the woods were level, then unreal,
The stars alarmed by a wind shift, moonlight
Startled by the thrill of the extraordinary.
But soon the unexpected settles down,
Settles down, becoming ordinary
In landscapes compelled to tell a story—
Landscapes like this one seen from the tilted
Courtyard in front of the church at Assisi,
The hills peaceful with their fuzzy greenery,
Angels at rest who ask no questions,
And a sky that sails, finally, serenely.

In the church's glassed-in reliquary
A saint's bones give off neither a peculiar
Shining nor any semblance of the human.
Help is coming in this hospital
Of souls where first-aid never arrived
On time before; the holy bandages
Being folded now by hands of mercy
Will let that woman in black rise up
From her wounded knees, that gnarled old man
Believe in the sanctity of the uninjured.

Happy the monks strayed out of history
Walking forward toward the central fountain,
Dry, ornamental, surrounded by grasses.
Only the play of light on the hills,
Captured for good in religious paintings,
Serves as an emblem of the spiritual life
Of Umbria: three syllables of shade—
Or one—cast by a cypress tree
Alone in a field whose brush of thin
Shadow works the sundial of the day;
In this fief of the godly, art
And feeling are as intertwined
As orthodoxy and heresy.

"Far" and "down" are being redefined
In a medieval town up in the mountains.
Which is farther away: the valley
Floor invisible below or the distant
Hillside glimpsed in a haze of ozone—
The horizontal and the vertical
Having lost all meaning? The circle thrives—
The semicircle, rather—of the mountain
From whose rim the houses stacked in stone
Rise up again; a church and fountain
Domesticate a fortress of a town
Where the *gelateria* stays open late
And the park has the charm of the unnecessary.

So civil is it all
That one might be at a luncheon party
Attended by monks in a sunlit courtyard,
Clerics explaining to Swedish tourists
The history of the single Tintoretto
That has kept this monastery alive
Three hundred years. The wood of
crucifixion
Lies everywhere about; its subject is either
Bred in the bone, in Umbria, or nothing:
The flowers are heavy with theology,
The birds fly by like Biblical quotations.
In all this shadowy world of sunlight,
In tiers and tiers of arranged hillsides,
Rays of evening fall on the earthworks.
The shades of Umbria are growing darker.

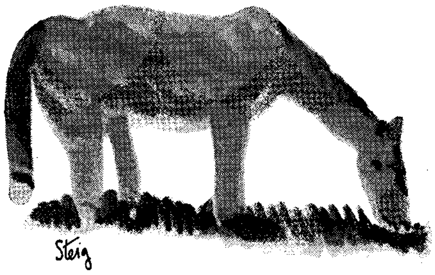
And what the dead have to say today
Is old, old as the hills, a phrase
Meaningless until one stares at these
Great slants of grave sites, reaching up
Always to the light, which the dead can't do,
Whose every particular is shelled to bone;
They say, "Our hearts, too, were full
Of sunlight once. Joy is in the shade.
Look at it. Look. It is beautiful."

—Howard Moss

• •

emerged now out of the miasma of my assorted reading. I thought of her boasts to the visitor about my wide learning.

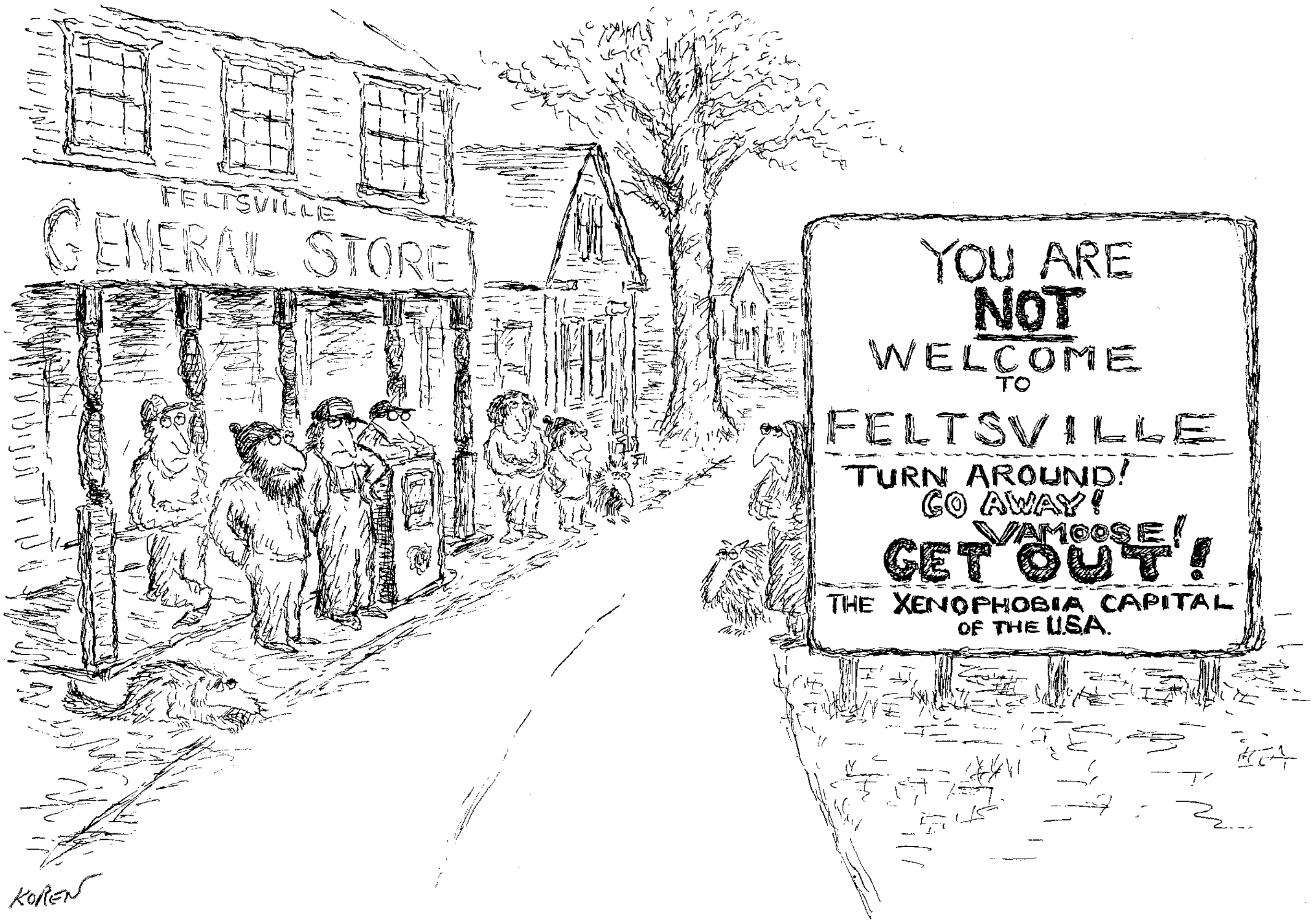
When I did not answer, she went on. "The richest man from our old village. He has a hundred acres of paddy, and a coconut grove—from the coconuts alone his income would be a lakh of rupees—not to mention his cattle. He's distantly related to us. . . ." She went into genealogical detail, explaining the family alliances of several generations and dropping scores of names. She knew the whereabouts of every character in the drama, scattered though they were from the Himalayas to the tip of Cape Comorin. She piled together a mountain of facts to establish the identity of the visitor, and I was fascinated. I could not break away—I felt like the Wedding Guest in "The Ancient Mariner." "He holds him with his glittering eye . . . 'With my crossbow I shot the Albatross.' " Meanwhile, my mother was saying, "The girl has finished her B.A., and her father would like her to be married in June. He's eager to have it go through without delay. She is his youngest child and he's anxious to settle her future. The settlement he proposes is very liberal. . . ." I remained silent. I was beginning to get her drift. She went on, "Your horoscopes match very well. He came here only after the astrologers had approved. . . ."



"Where did he get my horoscope?" I shouted.

"The family took it from your father many, many years ago; they were such good friends and neighbors that they vowed to bind the friendship with this alliance. On the very day the girl was born, you were betrothed," she said calmly.

"What are you saying? Do you


FELTSVILLE
GENERAL STORE
YOU ARE NOT WELCOME TO FELTSVILLE
TURN AROUND!
GO AWAY!
VAMOOSE!
GET OUT!
THE XENOPHOBIA CAPITAL OF THE USA.
KOREN

• •

mean to say you betrothed me to a child only a few hours old?"

"Yes," she said.

"Why?" I cried. "Don't you see it's absurd?"

"No," she said. "They're a good family, connected to us for generations."

"It's idiotic! How could you have involved me that way? How old was I?"

"What does that matter? When I was married I was nine, and your father was thirteen, and didn't we lead a happy life?"

"That's irrelevant, what you did with your lives. How old was I?"

"Old enough, about five or six—what does it matter?"

"Betrothed! By what process?"

"Don't question me like that! You are not a lawyer in a courtroom," she said, dropping her mask of friendliness.

"I may not be a lawyer," I replied, "but remember that I am not a prisoner, either!" I wondered if it was a relevant thing to say.

"You think I am?" she asked, matching my irrelevancy. I was silent for a moment. Then I pleaded, "Mother, listen to me. How can any marriage be arranged like this? How can two living entities, possessing intelligence and judgment, be tied together blindly for a lifetime?"

She picked up my last word. "What do you mean, for a lifetime? Every marriage is for a lifetime. No one marries anew every month."

Desperate, I cried, "That's idiotic! Don't be absurd. Try to understand what I'm saying—"

She began to wail loudly. "This is the second time you've used that insulting word! Was it for this that I survived your father? How I wish I had joined him on the funeral pyre! The ancients were right to decree that; they knew what a widow would have to face in life—shame and abuse from her children!" She beat her forehead with such violence that I feared she might crack her skull. Face flushed, tears streaming down her cheeks, she glared at me. At close quarters, and unaccustomed as I was, it was most disturbing. She went on in the same vein as I cast about for an escape, but I was cornered; she was hissing and swaying as she spoke. Had I used some terrible word unawares? I started to review the conversation. All I had said was "idiotic"—nothing foul or provocative in that, perfectly common usage. "Idiot" would have been offensive, but "idiotic" you could say to a friend anytime without causing a flareup. I could not help laughing a little at the absurdity of it all.

That provoked her again. Wiping her face with the tip of her sari, she said, "Yes, yes, I've made a laughingstock of myself, bringing you up, tending you, nursing you, feeding you, keeping house for you! You feel so superior, because of the books your father collected so laboriously. . . ."

"But they weren't even his—they were just collateral—"

"And with all that reading you couldn't even get your B.A.! When every slip of a girl has a degree these days!" Her voice was hoarse.

I could stand no more. I snatched

PARIS
ACAPULCO
WEBER

"When you say you'd like to sail away on a moonbeam, I'm afraid that's too fey for me to respond to."

up my kurta and cotton shawl, because they were within reach, though I usually avoided this outfit—it makes a person look like a political leader. I preferred the common man's blue bush shirt and dhoti, or else pants, but they were hanging on a hook on the wall where Mother was leaning. As I dashed out, I heard her say, ". . . any day we want, he'll come and take us to see the girl. . . ." So she was still picturing herself packing up and climbing onto a bus for the village with me in tow, to be received at that end as honored visitors, and the girl to be paraded before us decked out in gold and silk, waiting for a nod from me.

"Idiotic," I muttered again, as I walked down Kabir Street.

ON Market Road, I saw Dr. Kishen arrive on a scooter at the Malgudi Medical Center. Catching sight of me, he called, "Sambu! Come in, come in!"

I slowed my pace, but I did not stop. "Good morning, Doctor," I said. "I'm feeling fine—"

He cut me short. "I know, I know, you're a healthy animal—no value at all to the medical profession! Still, I want to talk to you."

I followed him into the clinic. His general assistant, Ramu, had already opened the doors. Ramu fancied himself nearly a doctor—he examined tongues and pulses and dispensed medicine when the doctor was absent. Kishen did not object, since Ramu was honest and gave a good account of his transactions.

"Have a seat," the doctor told me. "This one is for friends, for healthy people; sick people sit over there." He waved an arm toward a teakwood bench and a couple of iron chairs along a wall.

A few early patients were already waiting with their medication bottles. Kishen did not believe in ready-made tablets; he wrote out prescriptions for all his patients, and Ramu would concoct the mixture and fill the bottles. "Every prescription must be specially made up to suit the individual," Kishen always said; he would write sprawling lines on a sheet of paper, fill it up, then turn the paper and write along the margin as well. "I'll give free medicine to anyone who can produce a longer prescription anywhere in this country," he often declared, and his patients, most of them from the surrounding villages, smiled happily in approval.

Kishen went behind a curtain for a moment, and came out pulling on a white smock; he turned a card on the wall to say "DOCTOR IS IN, PLEASE BE SEATED." He glanced quickly through a pile of folders advertising new drugs, all infallible, and swept them away to a corner of his desk. "No use to anyone but the manufacturers, all those big companies and multinationals—not to the sick people in this country! These smart salesmen who come around in shirtsleeves and tie, I never give them more than five minutes to say their piece and one more to pick up their samples and leave. But there are doctors in this town who eat out of their hands, and who've built up a vast practice just selling samples!"

Ramu went round collecting the bottles from the patients on the bench. The doctor sat down and smiled at me. "Why don't you give me a check?" he asked.

I thought he was joking and said, "Yes, of course, why not? How much do you want? Ten thousand?"

"Oh, no, no, not that much," he said. "Less than that. . . ." He took up a small notebook and turned its pages. At that moment, an old man entered, coughing noisily; the doctor waved him toward the bench. But the old man stood in the middle of the room. "All night long . . ." he began.

"All right, all right," the doctor said. "Sit down and wait. I'll see that you get some sleep tonight." In a fit of coughing, the man subsided on the bench.

Dr. Kishen returned to his notebook. "Two hundred and forty-five rupees as of last week," he said. "None this week." He was serious! He thrust his notebook before me and said, "Twenty visits, at ten rupees a visit—I haven't charged you for follow-up visits—and the balance for medicines . . ."

The cough-stricken patient gurgled, cleared his throat, and tried again. The doctor silenced him with a gesture. From her seat next to the old man, a mother held out a bawling baby and said. "Sir, he brings up every drop of milk. . . ."

The doctor glared at her. "Don't you see I'm busy? Am I the four-headed Brahma? One by one! You must wait your turn."

He took the notebook from me. "I don't generally charge for follow-up visits," he said, "since I usually stop in on my way home. I charge only for urgent consultations. In her case, I haven't even put down the number of follow-up visits."

None of this made any sense to me. "But you yourself just called me a healthy animal," I said, "so what is this all about?"

"You mean . . . your mother never said anything?"

"About what? The only visit she's talking about is from some man who wants me to marry his daughter. And she's very determined. Doctor, if there's anything you can give her to get her mind off that track . . ."

"Yes, yes, I'm coming to that. It weighs very heavily on her mind. She feels strongly that there must be someone to take her place." The doctor seemed to be talking in conundrums; the day was getting stranger by the minute. "She hasn't discussed her condition with you?"

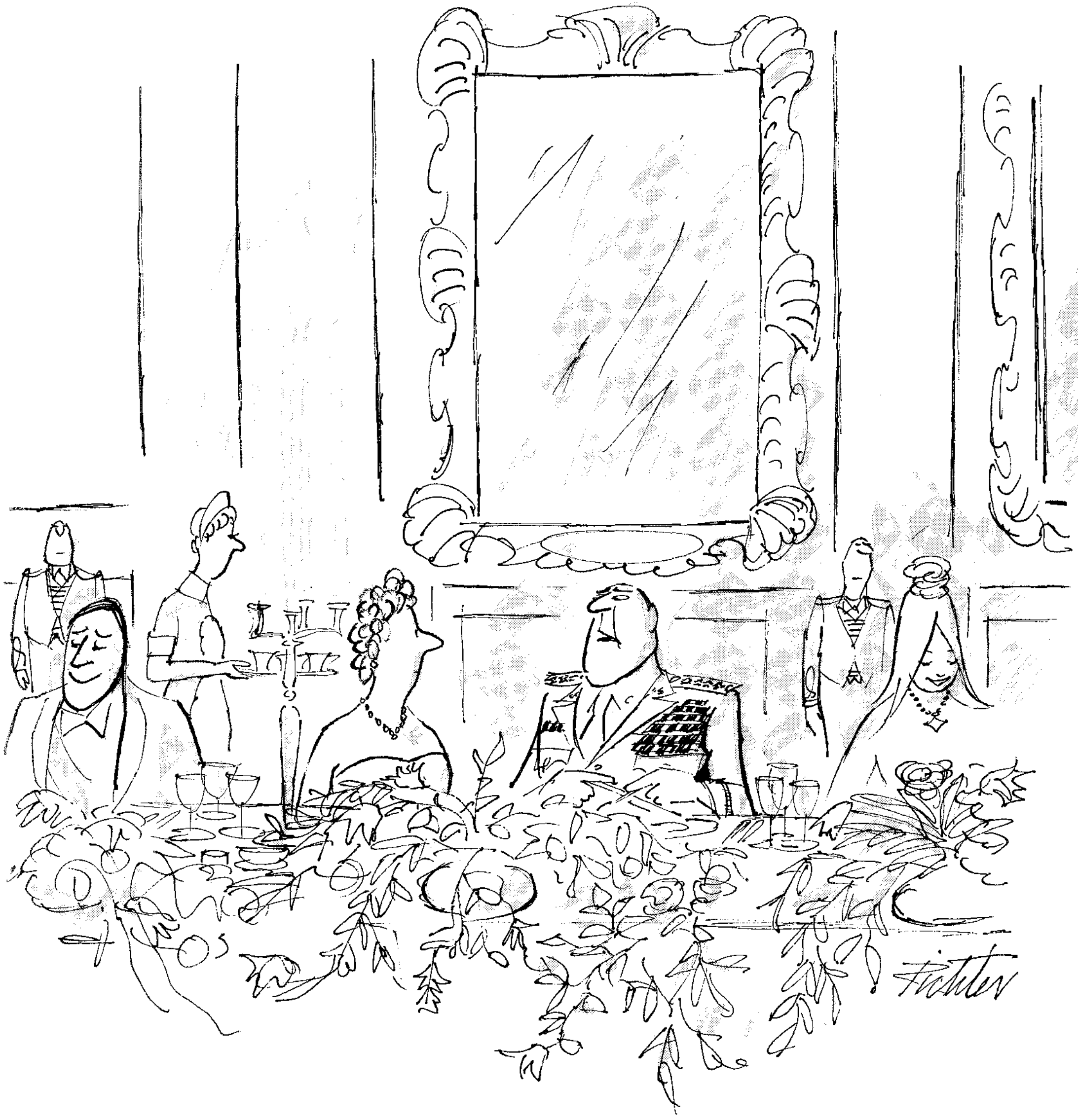
Before I could answer him, or even grasp what he was saying, the man with the cough made his presence felt with a deafening racket, and, as the doctor rose, the woman lifted her infant and began again. "He can't keep down even a drop . . ."

"Don't go away," the doctor told me. "I'll dispose of these two first." He took the squealing baby and the cougher behind the curtain one by one, came back to his table and wrote a voluminous prescription for each, and passed the slips on to Ramu through a little window. When he returned to me, he was interrupted again by the mother, who wanted to know whether to give the mixture before or after a meal and what diet was best. He gave her some routine answers, and muttered to me, "It's the same question time and again—whether they can have buttermilk or rasam and rice, or bread and coffee, before or after. What does it matter? But they want an answer, and I have to give it, because the medical profession has built up such rituals!"

Two other patients, who till now had waited passively on the bench, now approached Kishen's desk. He waved them back to their seats and rose brusquely. "Come with me," he said. "There's no talking here."

I followed him into his examining room, a small curtained cubicle with a high table and a collection of calendar pictures stuck on the wall. He motioned me up onto the examining table as if I were a patient, and he paused. "Your mother is in a leave-taking mood," he said.

I was stunned. It was inconceivable. With her ceaseless activity around the house and her strident voice ringing through the halls, there was no one who seemed to have her feet more firmly planted in her world. "Leave-



"You can't change human nature. There will always be conventional warfare."

taking," the doctor had said. My throat grew dry.

"What sort of leave-taking?" I asked weakly. "Would she be thinking of retiring to Benares?"

"No, farther than that," said the doctor. He lit a cigarette and pointed heavenward. The little room grew dim; the smoke stung my eyes and brought tears. "Don't cry," the doctor said with sympathy. "Learn to take these situations in stride. You must consider the next step calmly and rationally." He preached his philosophy of detachment as he puffed at his cigarette, paying no attention to the coughing, groaning, and squealing that sounded from the waiting room. I was sorry to be holding the patients up, but I had to know what Kishen was trying to say about my mother.

"Why hasn't she been talking to you?" he asked suddenly.

I explained that I came home late and left early, that I saw her only briefly each day.

He made a deprecatory sound with his tongue. "You are an undutiful son. Where do you hide yourself all day?"

"I have people to see and things to do. One has to live one's own life, you know!"

"What people, and what life?" pursued the doctor.

Why should I tell him how I spent the day? He would have brushed aside anything I said. I thought it best to turn his thoughts back to my mother. Here he had put me in a state of desperate suspense, and still he was wandering off the topic, puffing out smoke and tipping his ash onto the cement floor. The litter and dust and ash alone here were enough to breed disease—he was the most reckless doctor I'd ever come across! Ramu parted the curtains and peeped in to say that more patients were waiting. The doctor hastily threw down the cigarette and crushed it under his shoe.

"For four months I've been visiting your home," he said, "some days several times. Your little servant girl rushes in here shouting, 'Come, Doctor, come at once! Amma is very ill. Come now!' I never ignore such a call, I drop whatever I'm doing. The relief of suffering is a doctor's first obligation. . . . Sometimes the girl comes again three hours later."

"What is it?"

"Well, that's what we're trying to find out. I'm watching and observing all the time. It's not my nature to treat any complaint casually and make snap diagnoses," he said, and he went on to describe his principles of conscientious care. From what I could observe of the way he handled his patients, he was fooling himself. Finally, he came to the point. "She is subject to fainting spells; they come on suddenly. However, she is responding to treatment. I think it must be a cardiac condition—some kind of cardiac catch, if I may call it that—owing to normal degenerative processes. We can keep her going with medicine, but for how long . . ."

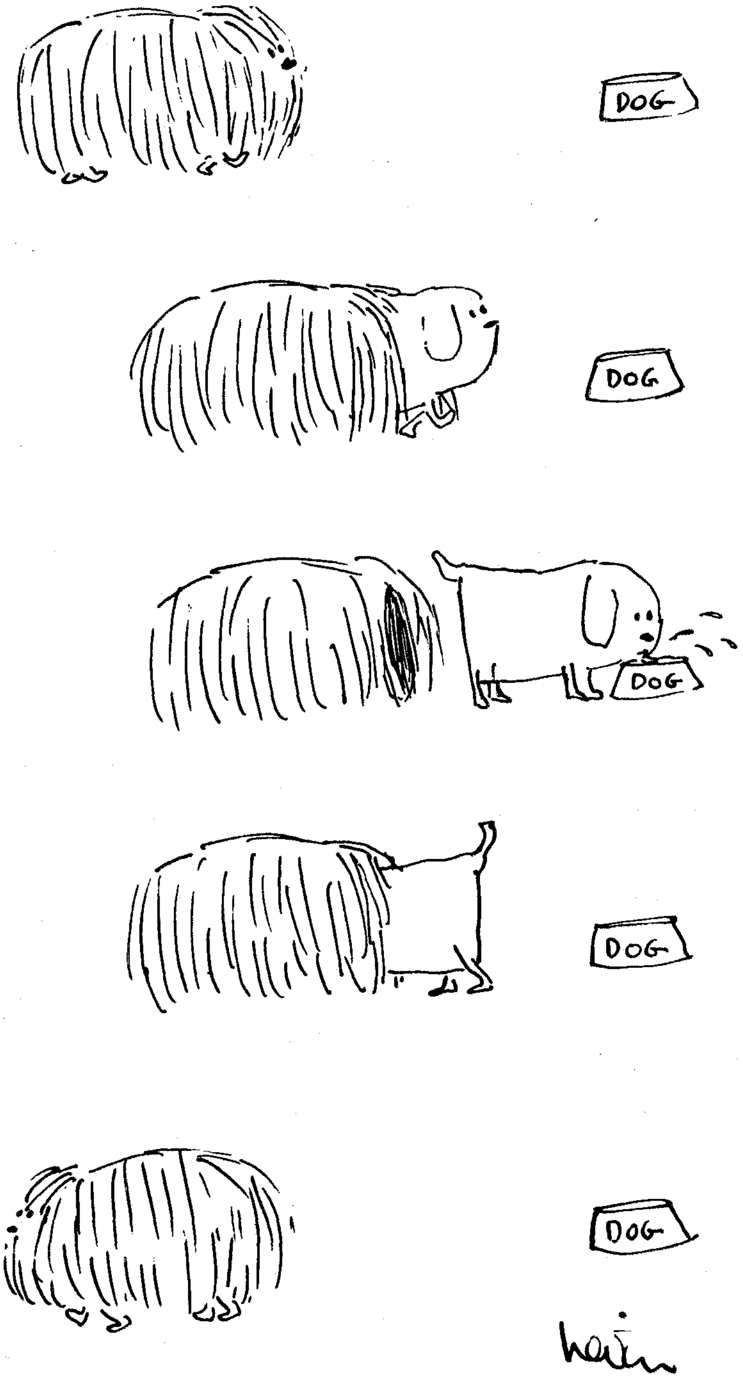
"Does she know?" I asked, trembling.

"Yes, I had to talk to her about it—gently, of course—and she understood perfectly. She is quite a philosophical woman, you know. But then, if you don't spend any time with her . . ."

I was silent. I had not been paying attention to my mother, to her needs, her condition—as if she were made of indestructible stuff.

"The only thing that haunts her now," Kishen said, "is the idea that you will be left alone. She says that if you could be induced to marry . . ."

So that was it! She must have been busy every afternoon sending the little girl to the post office to buy cards, and then writing to her relations in the village to find a bride for me; she had finally managed to revive old relations and promises, and get that man to come to town with his proposals. What a strain it must have been in her state, to set so much in motion, and still carry out her daily duties all the while! What a show of vitality she'd been putting on



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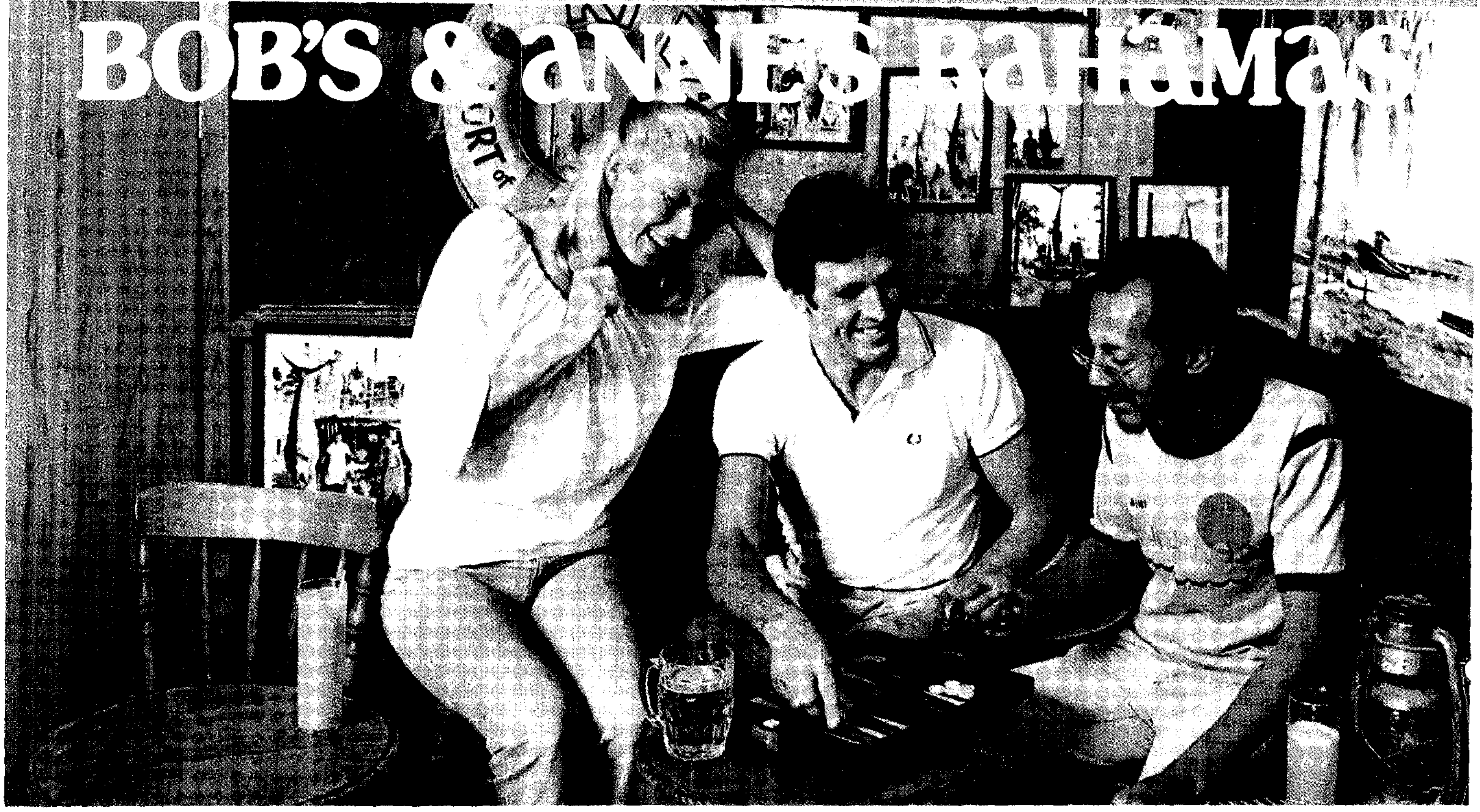

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whenever I was at home; she was probably suffering her attacks while I sat at the Boardless till midnight! I loathed myself and my self-centered existence!

As I left the office, the doctor uttered his formula: "Well, such is my finding. Get a second opinion, if you like. I wouldn't mind it at all. Can you let me have your check tomorrow?"

Outside in the street, I hesitated for a moment. Then I turned back to our house.

MY mother was startled to see me open the kitchen door. I was never home at this hour. She looked as active as ever; it was impossible to connect the scene with the doctor's report, although I seemed to detect some lethargy in her posture and shadows under her eyes. I wanted to ask, "How do you feel this morning? All right? Any signs of faintness?" But how could I mention something she had chosen to keep from me? She did not ask why I was at home, and I was grateful. We looked at one another for some moments, both suppressing the question uppermost in our minds. The little servant girl opened her eyes wide, though, and cried, "You never come home at this hour! Are you going to eat? Amma hasn't prepared any food—"

"You keep quiet," Mother said, and she turned to me. "I was about to light the oven. It's just that this girl arrived so late today! Is there anything special you'd like?"

I shook my head and went to my room, wondering what I should do if she had an attack while I was there. She seemed all right; still, I felt anything could happen if I let her out of my sight for a moment. Leaving the door ajar, I settled down in my room and tried to read; my eyes scanned the lines, but my thoughts were elsewhere. Suppose she had a seizure and suddenly passed away, without ever knowing that I was desperate to please her, and would even agree to this marriage. I hated the idea, but I was ready to go through with it if it meant so much to her. Sometimes you had to do unpleasant things for another person's sake. After all, didn't Rama himself go into exile to please Desaratha? My own hardship would be nothing compared to what Rama had undergone, living like a nomad in the forests for fourteen years. At worst, I'd have to suffer being wedded to a girl I didn't care for, which was nothing if one got used to it, and it would let an old woman die in peace.

The lunch was splendid. Mother had cooked an elaborate curry for me, as if I were a special guest. She put out a banana leaf and arranged a sitting plank for me beside the rosewood pillar in the middle courtyard. "There's too much smoke near the kitchen," she explained. "Everything else your father did was perfect, but he did neglect the kitchen, not putting in a chimney or a window. If the firewood isn't dry, the smoke irritates my eyes till I think I'll go blind. I've got used to it, and even if I lost my sight now it wouldn't matter, but the woman who comes after me . . ."

I picked up the hint, both about her health and about her successor, but I had no idea what to say. I felt confused and embarrassed. "We shall have to do something about it," I said, as I gratefully consumed the rare curry with five vegetables she had prepared. I was amazed at her efficiency. She had not expected me, yet within a couple of hours she had managed to make this elaborate meal, and without a murmur of fuss to the guest of honor lounging in his room with a book. Throughout lunch, she seemed on the point of asking what had brought me home at this hour, and I wanted to ask about her symptoms; yet we both talked of other things.

After lunch, I retired to my room, but I couldn't shut the door to rest. Soon I was pacing the house from the front door to the back yard, prowling into areas I hadn't visited in months. Unobtrusively, I watched my mother. She was chewing her customary betel nut and clove. Their faint aroma had hung about her presence from the time I was a child trailing behind her at all hours. She had looked like a goddess then in her bright silk sari, with her straight figure, and diamonds sparkling in her ears.

She had unrolled a mat in the back corridor, her favorite spot, and she was lying with her head resting on a plank. When she saw me pass, she sat up and asked, "Did you want something?"

"No, no, don't disturb yourself—just a glass of water, that's all." I went into the kitchen, drank a tumbler of unwanted water from the earthenware jug, and returned to my room. I could not overcome the feeling of strangeness at being home in the afternoon. She seemed well enough; I felt relieved and settled into a nap.

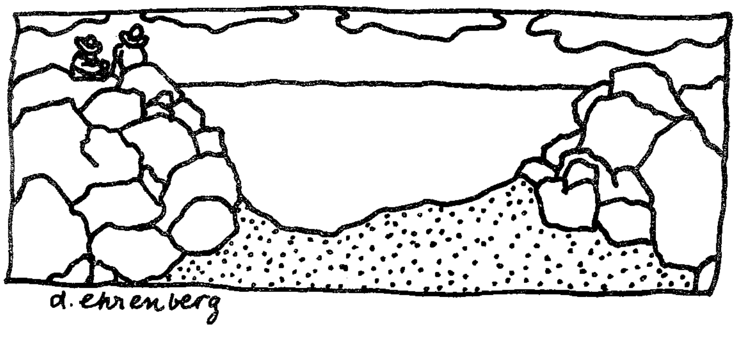
When I reappeared in the kitchen some hours later, she produced a tumbler of coffee. She still looked all right. I had a wash at the well and then pulled on my bush shirt. I went again to the back of the house to tell her I was going out. She was scrubbing the floor. Casually, I asked, "Where is the girl? Why are you doing this yourself?"

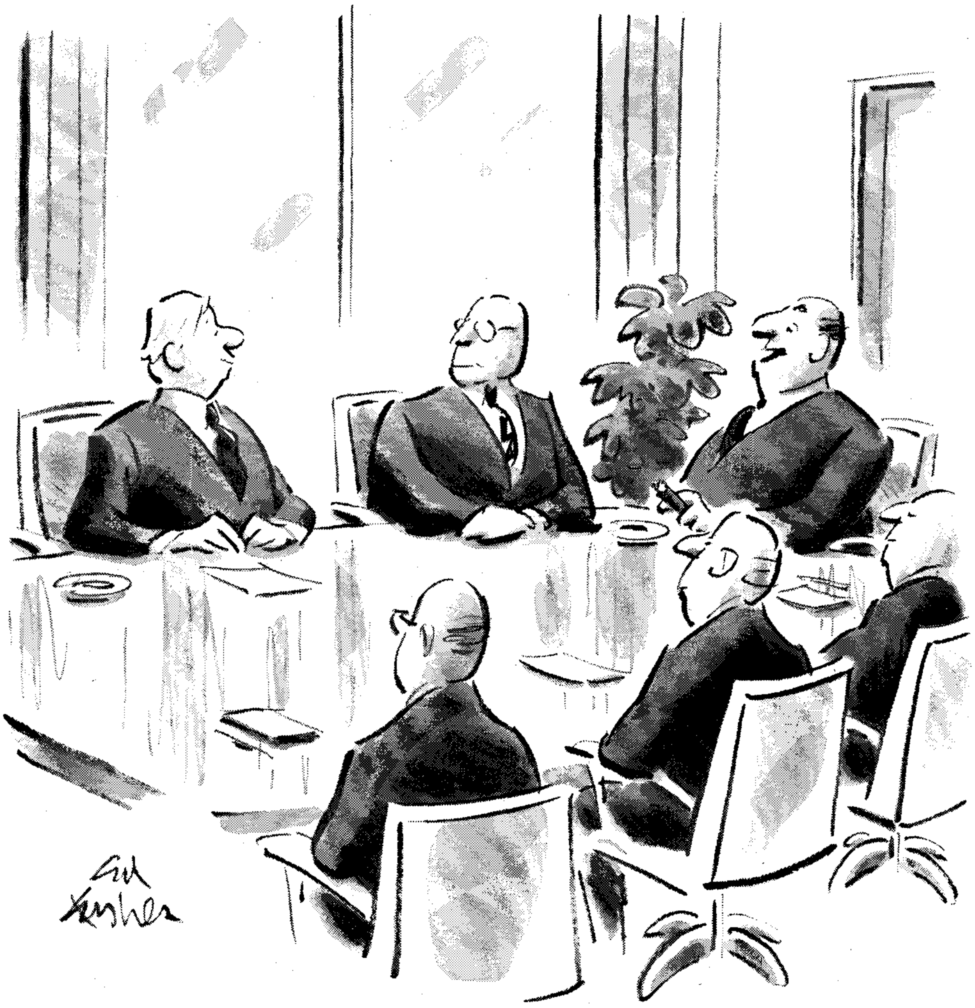
"She wanted the afternoon off, and the floor is so greasy. Nothing like doing things yourself if you're up to it," she said.

I turned to leave. "If you like," I said, "you may write that man to come for a talk and arrange our visit to the village. He may come anytime."

I AM not the sort to discuss my personal problems, so when I joined Varma at the Boardless and he asked, "Anything wrong? You've come so late," I gave some excuse and passed on to other subjects. The six-o'clock group assembled in its corner: the journalist we called "the universal correspondent," since he couldn't claim to work for any particular paper; an accountant in some bank; a schoolmaster; and a couple of others whose professions and backgrounds were vague. As usual, the talk was all about Delhi politics—for and against Indira Gandhi, with considerable heat but in hushed tones, because Varma hinted that the walls have ears. Normally, I'd participate in the discussion to the extent of contradicting everyone and quoting Plato and Toynbee. But that night I just listened, and the journalist asked, "Where is your old fire, Sambu?" I said I had a sore throat, and felt a cold coming on. After an hour, I slipped out.

I crossed Ellaman Street onto the sands of the Sarayu, and walked down the riverbank listen-





"Since this is the first time you've been brought in on one of these top-level meetings, Edgerley, perhaps you'd like to offer the opening pleasantry."

• •

ing to the rustling of the leaves overhead and the sound of running water. People sat here and there, alone or in groups, and children played on the sands. I said to myself, "These people are happy, they're not burdened with the troubles of a marriage or a mother . . . How I wish I could throw it all off and enjoy the loveliness of this hour here. . . ."

I sat on the parapet over the river and brooded long and hard. Marriage just to please a mother seemed insane. If Dr. Kishen had not spotted me that morning, I'd have gone my way none the wiser. But now I was caught on what they call the horns of a dilemma. It was marriage or my mother's death, and I could accept neither one! I felt paralyzed with indecision.

But wait—no one had said that I must marry or else lose my mother! Mother's health was not dependent on me: the degenerative process had started long ago. If I married, it would not keep her from dying; it would only let her die in peace. It was a matter of kindness—important, but not an issue of life and death at all.

The problem was still horribly perplexing, but I felt a little easier; I abandoned myself to the sound of the river, of the leaves, of the birds chirping and crowing as they settled in for the night. Two old men sitting nearby got up and patted the sand from their dhotis. They were deep in discussion, and as they passed me one was saying, "I wouldn't rely on any single opinion completely; I'd always get other advice before I decided anything." They must have been a couple of pensioners, talking about some long-ago legal or family matter. Suddenly a door opened for me. Dr. Kishen himself had suggested "a second opinion." I'd have my mother examined by a specialist! Dr. Natwar was a cardiologist and neurosurgeon who had offices over at New Extension, outside town. Everyone turned to him at desperate moments. He had degrees from several continents, and patients came to him from all over the country. I would ask him point-blank if my mother could live for some years longer or not, and on his judgment my marriage would depend. As I trudged back home, oblivious of my surroundings, I only prayed that my mother had taken no action yet on my impulsive acceptance of the afternoon. I was confident that she couldn't have sent off a letter so quickly.

THE next morning, Kishen gave me a letter for Dr. Natwar, along with my mother's records. I had to spend the whole morning at the specialist's consulting room. A servant took my letter in, and after nearly two hours brought it back marked "Tuesday, 11 A.M." Tuesday was still five days away. Suppose the old man came to town before that? "Can't I see the doctor and ask for an earlier date?" I said to the servant. He shook his head and left. This healer was like a god, not to be seen or heard except when he willed it.

In her present mood, it was not difficult to persuade my mother to submit to the examination, although I still pretended to know nothing of Dr. Kishen's observations. I only explained that it was important, at her age, to keep in sound condition, and a privilege to be seen by Dr. Natwar. I didn't tell her that it cost me a hundred rupees for this consultation, plus the price of a taxi to take her to it.

Dr. Natwar's cardiograph, X-ray, and other equipment were set up in several different rooms around his suite. I caught glimpses of my mother as she was wheeled from section to section. She seemed pleased to be the center of so much attention, and to be put through so many gadgets; she looked gratefully at me every time she passed the waiting room, as if to say she had never suspected I was such a devoted son. The servant appeared, and beckoned to me. I was ushered into the presence of Dr. Natwar, on whose word depended my future freedom. He seemed quite young for his reputation—a man of slight build, with a serious face and small tight lips which opened only to utter precise directions. His communication with his staff was managed with a minimum of speech—a jerk of his head or the wave of a finger.

"Nothing wrong with your mother, Mr. Sambu," he said. He pushed

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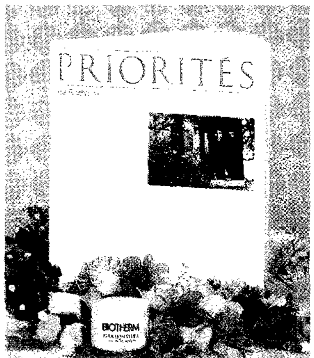

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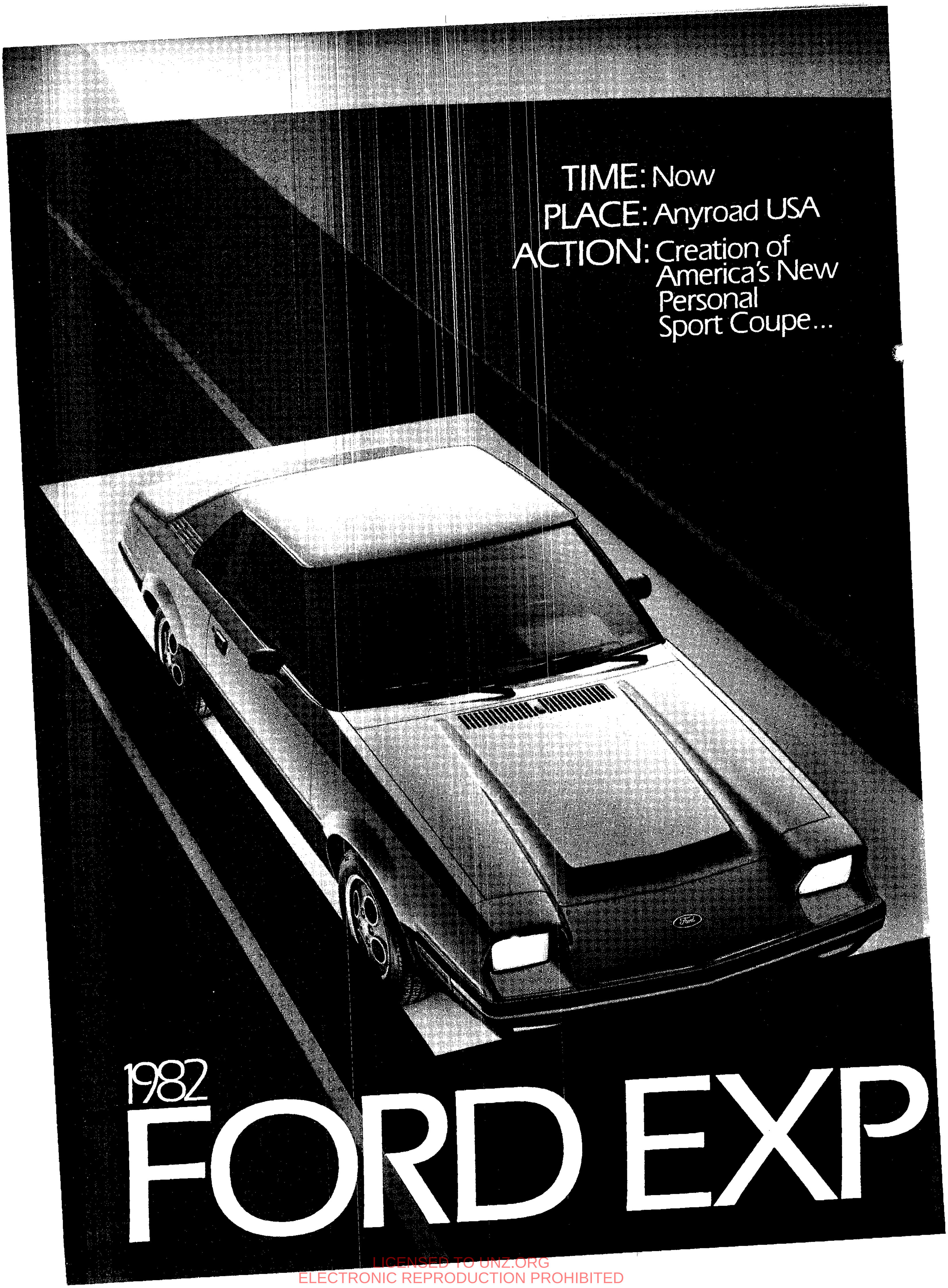
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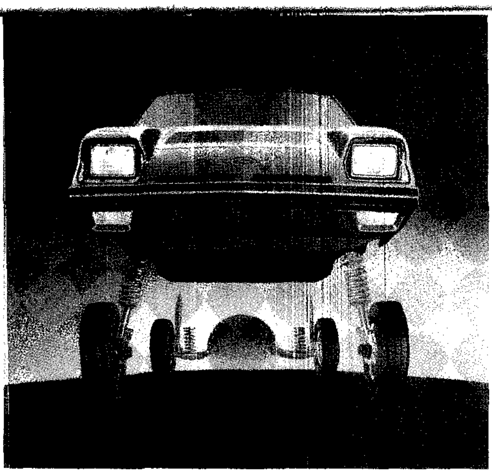

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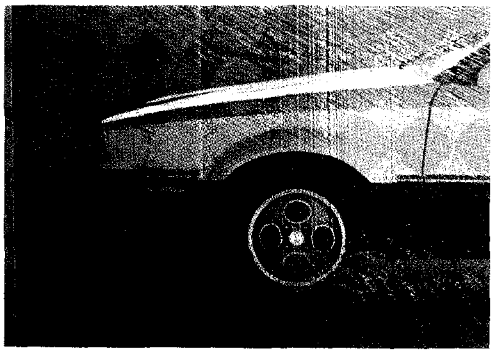

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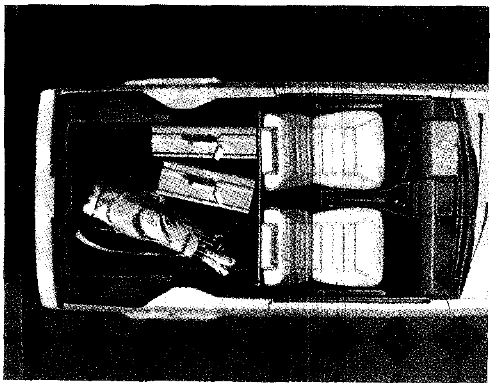

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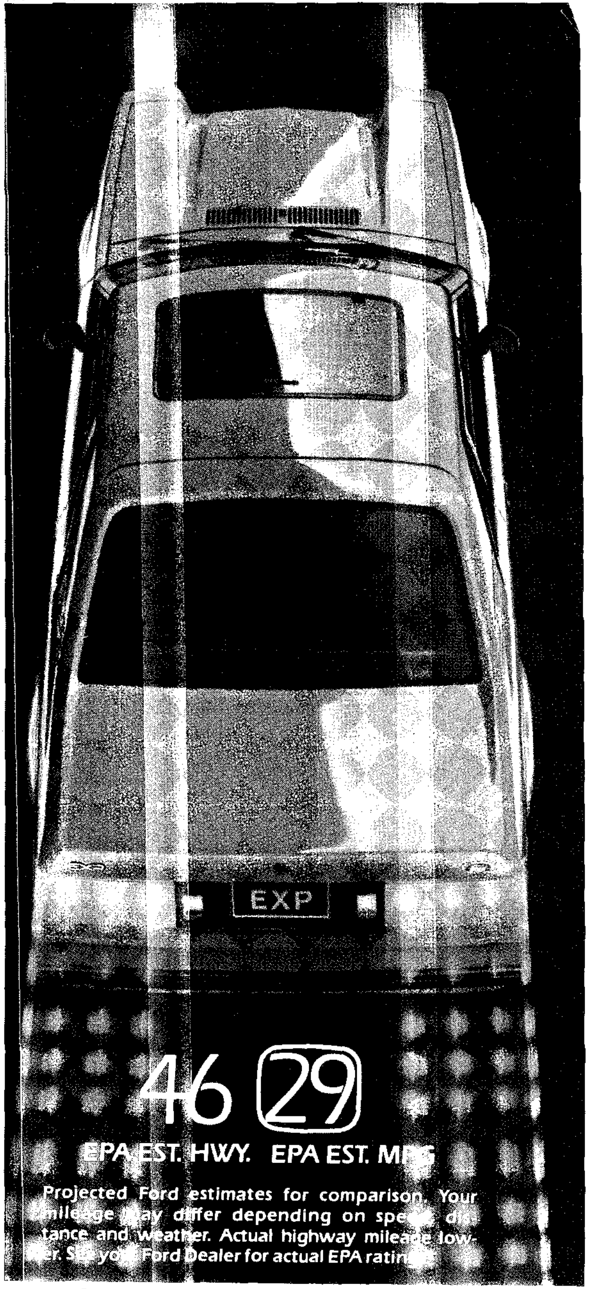

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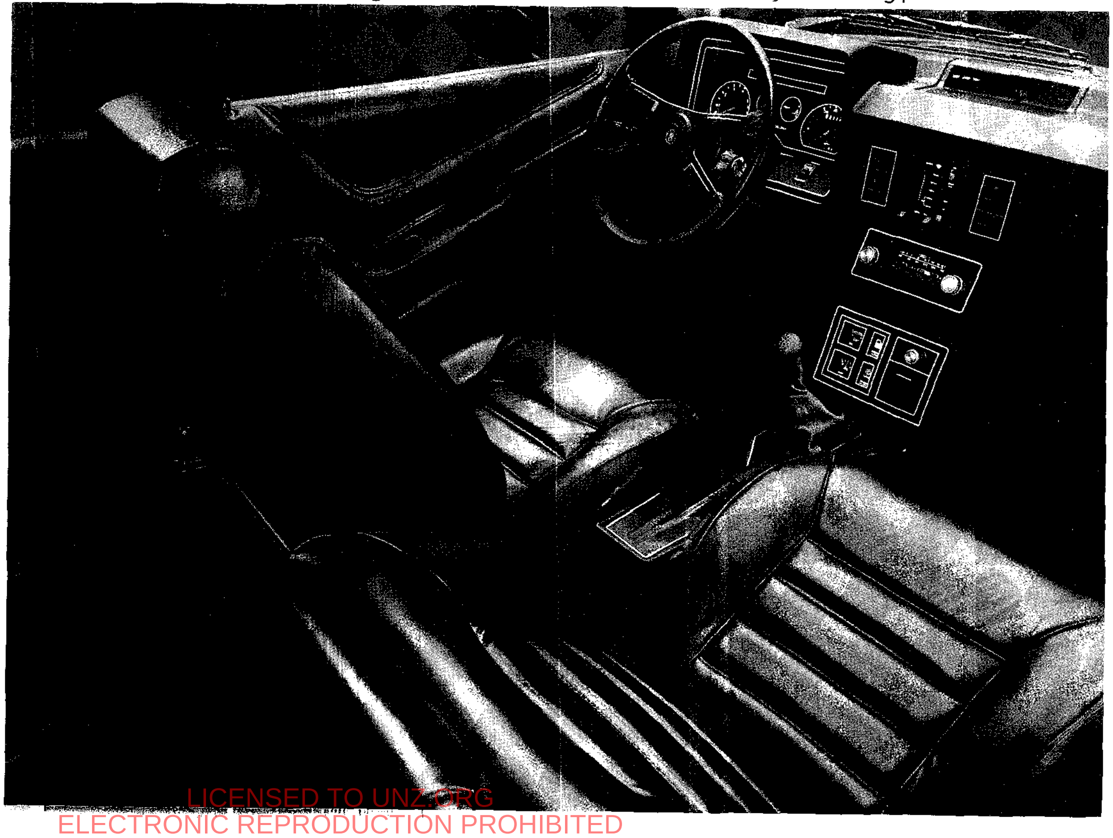

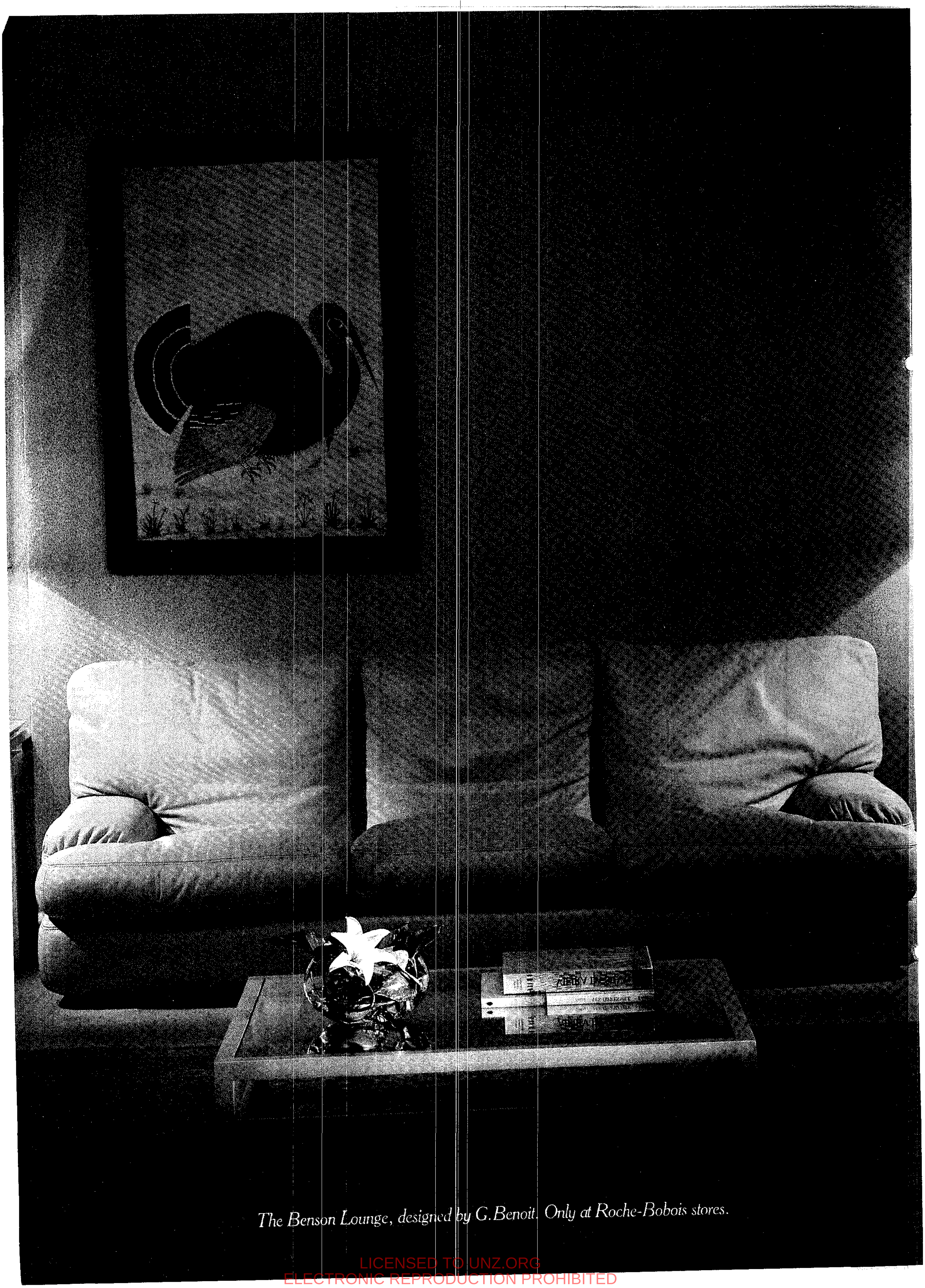

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I muttered my thanks, and stood up. He was ready to press the buzzer for the next case. I shuffled my feet as if to move, but hesitated and turned back to him. "How long will she live?" I asked.

A smile came over his face as he pressed the buzzer and replied, "Who can answer such a question?" As the next visitor was ushered in, he said, "I wouldn't be surprised if she outlived us both."

If she was going to outlive me and the doctor, I could tell my mother straightaway to dismiss the old gentleman and his daughter from her thoughts. But she was in such a happy mood as we travelled homeward in the cab that I didn't have the heart to spoil it. There'd be time enough. She was already talking about the wedding preparations. "The only thing that bothered me all along was that I might not have the strength to go through it all. Now I can! Oh, so many things to do!" I looked away, pretending to watch the passing scene—cattle grazing in the fields, caravans of bullock carts. . . . What a monomania, this desire to see me wed! She chattered on. "I must write to my brother and his wife to come and help us. There are the invitations to be printed and sent, there are the clothes and the silver vessels to get . . . oh, so much to do . . . I don't know, but my brother is a practical man. . . ." The drive and the air blowing on her face seemed to have stimulated her. I couldn't understand what pleasure she could derive from destroying my independence, turning me into a householder forever running out to buy vegetables or changing the baby's diaper.

As Mother and I climbed out of the taxi at our house, the little servant girl ran up. "The postman brought this!" she cried. My mother read the letter as she stood on the front steps. "He's arriving today by the one-o'clock bus," she said. "I never thought he'd come so soon!"

"Who, your old fellow with the tuft?" I asked.

She looked at me, surprised. "You mustn't be disrespectful," she said quietly. "In the old days, everyone wore a tuft." She went into the house and I paid the driver. But when she heard the cab drive off she came back to the door. "Why have you sent the car away?" she cried. "I thought you'd go meet him at the bus stop and bring him home in it; that would have been gracious. Anyhow, hurry over there now. You mustn't keep him waiting; better to be early and waiting when the bus arrives—they are very important people, you have no notion how wealthy and influential they are, there's nothing they can't command! If you went there, you'd see how they live—the big cars, the house! They grow everything in their fields, from rice to mustard, every kind of grain and vegetable; they don't have to buy anything from a shop except kerosene! Before you go, cut some banana leaves—large ones from the back garden."

I cut the leaves, went to the corner shop, and bought the groceries she wanted for the feast. Back in the kitchen, I set down the packages while she busied herself and harried the servant girl. I hated to spoil things with what I was about to say. I stood at the kitchen door watching her, wondering how to soften the blow.

She turned from the oven and said, "Now go, go, right away. If the bus happens to come early, it will be awkward to keep him waiting."

"Can't he find his own way! Did he need to be met last time?" I asked.

"He's in a different category now."

"There I don't agree with you. He's a country cousin of yours, and nothing more, as far as I'm concerned."

With a crash, she set down a vessel she was holding and crossed the room to me. "What has come over you?"

"He's welcome to find his way here, eat the feast you provide, and leave. He will not see me at the bus stop, or here, either."

"He is coming to invite you to meet his daughter!"

"That doesn't concern me. I'm going out on my own business. Feed him and send him back to the village stuffed, whenever you like. I'm off."

I went into my room to change, and then set out for the Boardless. Still, I was haunted by the pain in her face. I crossed the pyol of the house and had nearly reached the street when she opened the front door and dashed out to block my way.

"You need not marry the girl or

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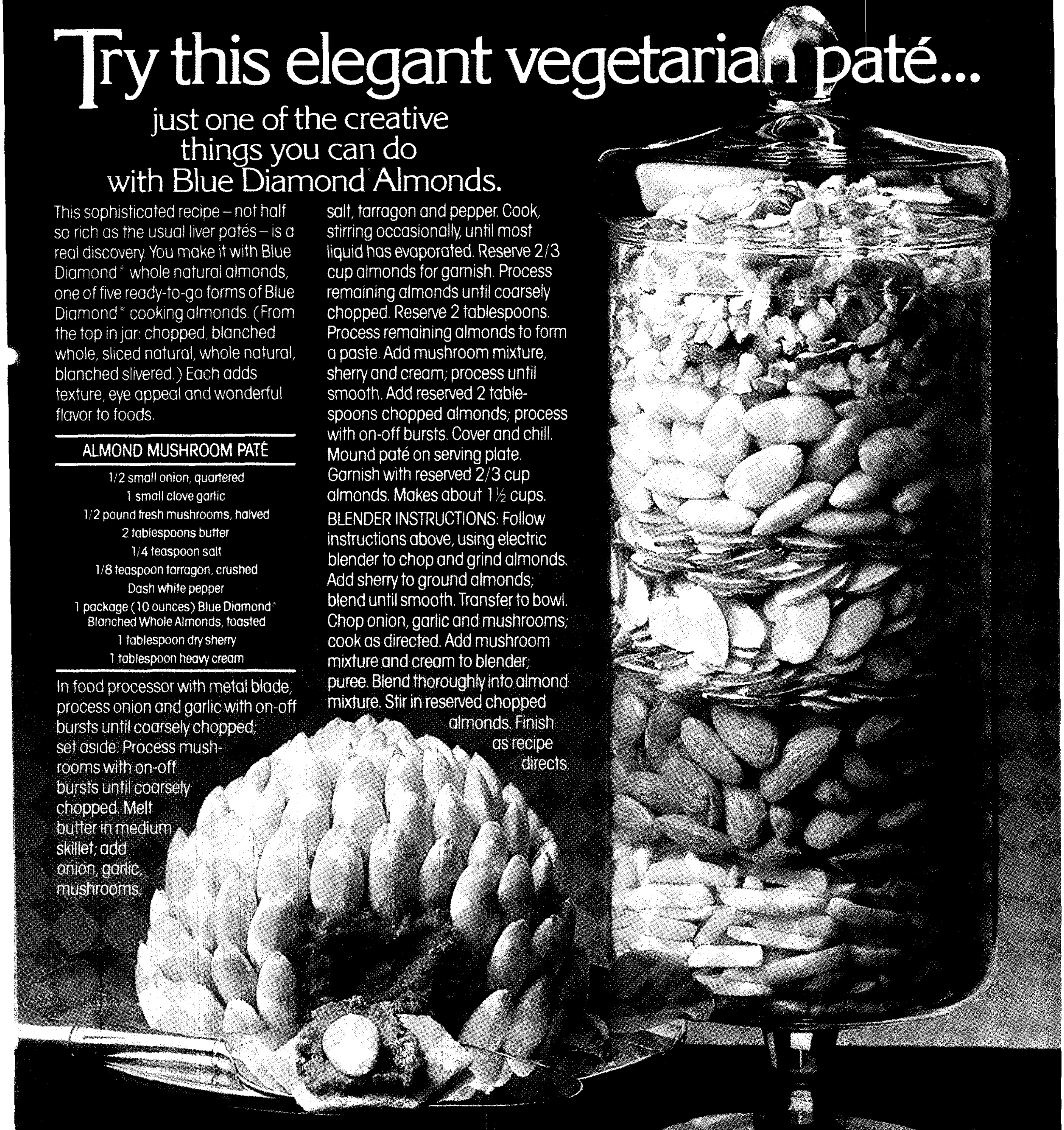


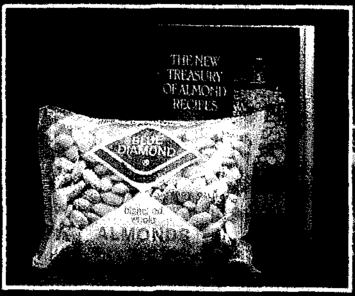
This sophisticated recipe – not half so rich as the usual liver patés – is a real discovery. You make it with Blue Diamond® whole natural almonds, one of five ready-to-go forms of Blue Diamond® cooking almonds. (From the top in jar: chopped, blanched whole, sliced natural, whole natural, blanched slivered.) Each adds texture, eye appeal and wonderful flavor to foods.

ALMOND MUSHROOM PATÉ

1/2 small onion, quartered
1 small clove garlic
1/2 pound fresh mushrooms, halved
2 tablespoons butter
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon tarragon, crushed
Dash white pepper
1 package (10 ounces) Blue Diamond® Blanched Whole Almonds, toasted
1 tablespoon dry sherry
1 tablespoon heavy cream

In food processor with metal blade, process onion and garlic with on-off bursts until coarsely chopped; set aside. Process mushrooms with on-off bursts until coarsely chopped. Melt butter in medium skillet; add onion, garlic, mushrooms, salt, tarragon and pepper. Cook, stirring occasionally, until most liquid has evaporated. Reserve 2/3 cup almonds for garnish. Process remaining almonds until coarsely chopped. Reserve 2 tablespoons. Process remaining almonds to form a paste. Add mushroom mixture, sherry and cream; process until smooth. Add reserved 2 tablespoons chopped almonds; process with on-off bursts. Cover and chill. Mound paté on serving plate. Garnish with reserved 2/3 cup almonds. Makes about 1½ cups.

BLENDER INSTRUCTIONS: Follow instructions above, using electric blender to chop and grind almonds. Add sherry to ground almonds; blend until smooth. Transfer to bowl. Chop onion, garlic and mushrooms; cook as directed. Add mushroom mixture and cream to blender; puree. Blend thoroughly into almond mixture. Stir in reserved chopped almonds. Finish as recipe directs.



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2 This shot of a splendid hand-cut paper opera mask attests to the stunning color resolution of Polaroid's new Time-Zero Supercolor film. And as if accuracy and brilliance of color were not enough, you get the world's fastest developing color pictures.

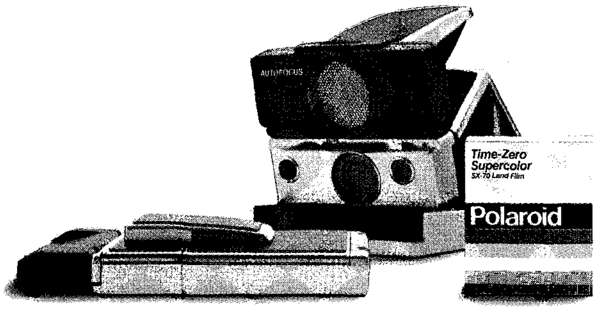
3 The moment you lift the SX-70 AutoFocus to your eye, you become part of a unique sharing experience —as this picture of Hing Ho happily illustrates. Both you and your subject can begin to react to the emerging image in just ten seconds. And as the picture emerges, so do the smiles.

4 The SX-70 AutoFocus is the only instant camera that is a single lens reflex. Which means that the framing you see through the lens is the picture you get. Notice the lovely composition of this landscape of the Li River Valley.

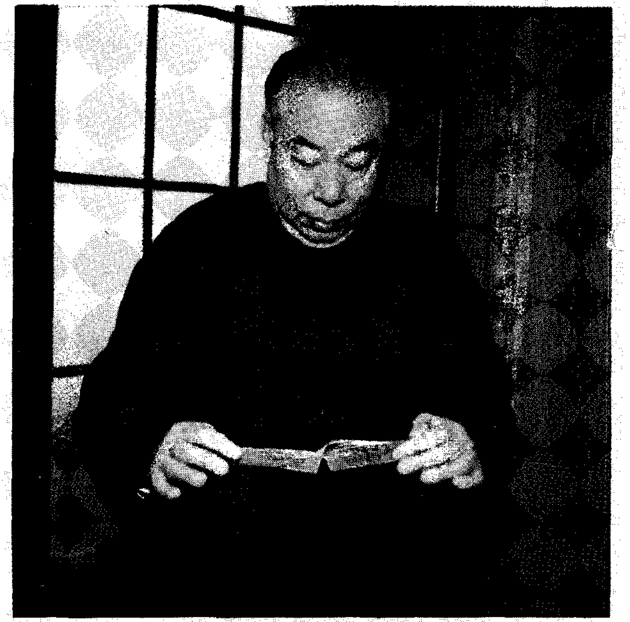
5 This graphic close-up would have been impossible with any other camera in the world—without changing lenses. But the SX-70 AutoFocus lets you move in as close as 10.4 inches. Giving you a wide range of picture flexibility. Without expensive extra lenses.

6 You can almost feel the intricate detail of the Nine Dragon Screen, a centuries-old wall mosaic. While other instant cameras have plastic lenses, the SX-70 AutoFocus has a four-element glass lens. So you get sharp, crisp pictures you can be proud of.

Perhaps now you can see why, no matter where your imagination takes you, no other camera in the world lets you leave with remarkable photographs like these, right in your hand. The Polaroid SX-70 AutoFocus.



No other instant camera comes close.



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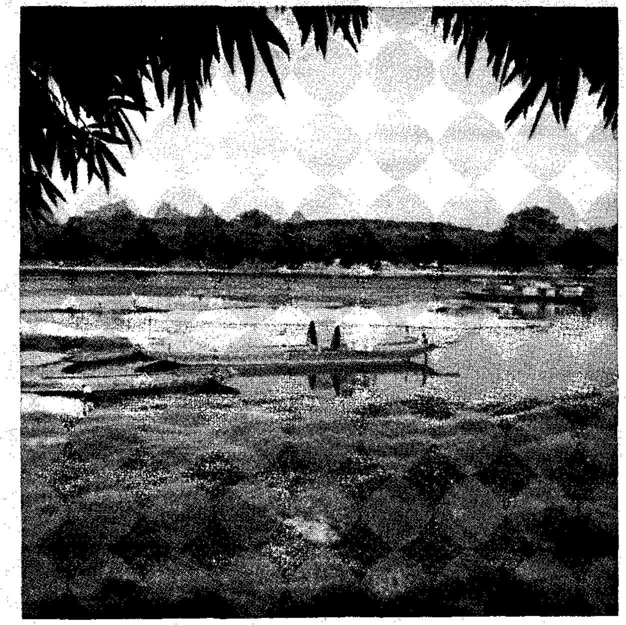

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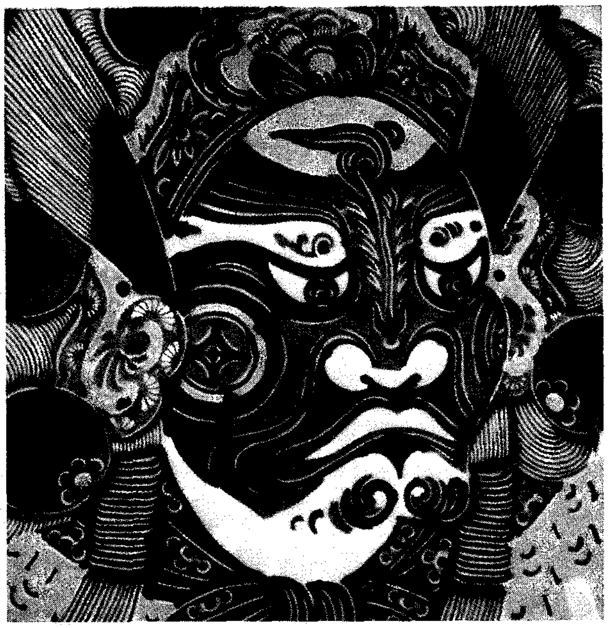
Focus goes to China.



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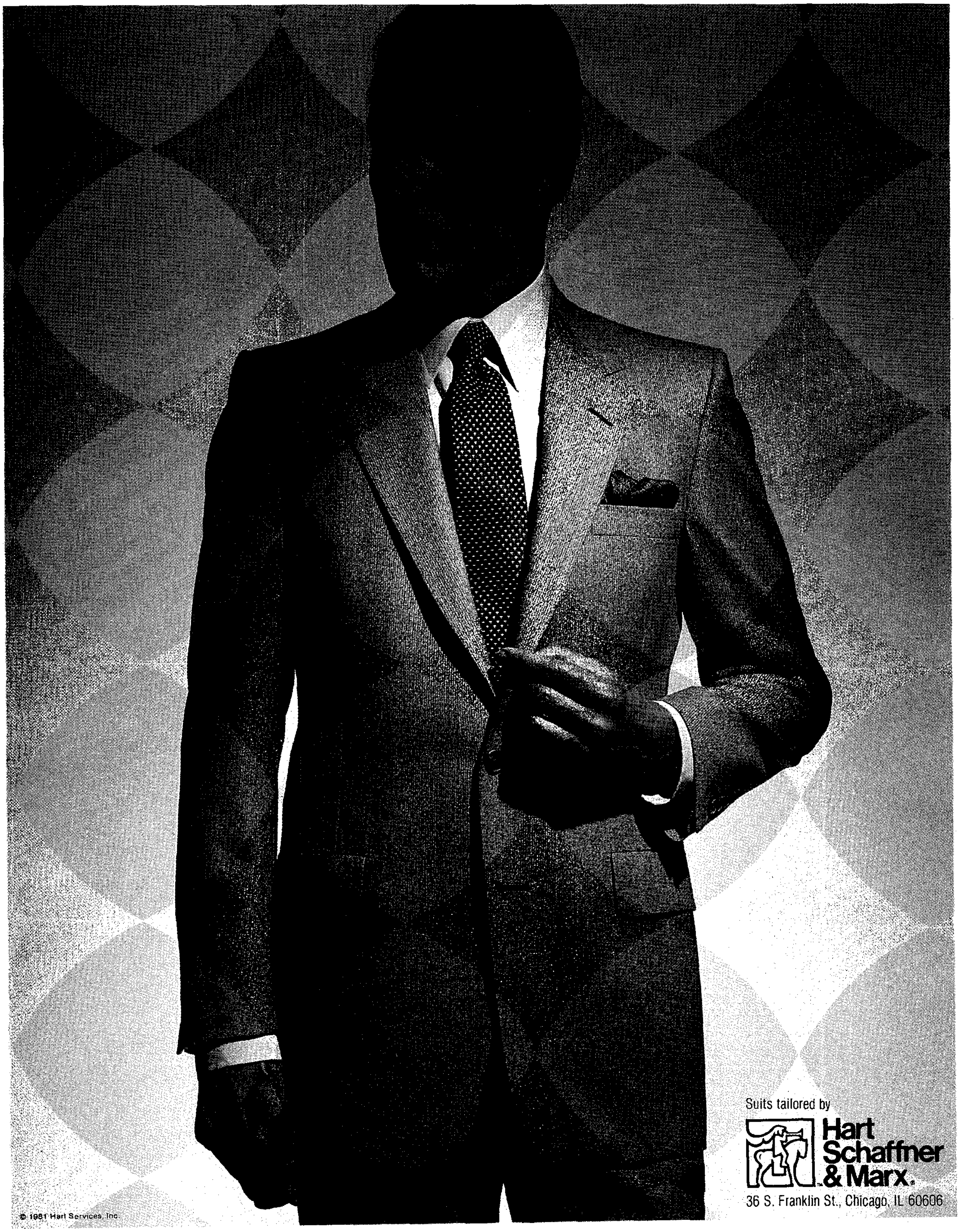

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even look at her," she said in a low, tearful rush. "Only I beg you to go up and meet that man! After all, he's coming because I invited him—we owe him that as a family friend; otherwise, it will be an insult and they'll talk about it in our village for the next hundred years! I'd sooner be dead than have them say that your father's widow couldn't even receive a guest after she invited him!"

"Well, he came by himself the other evening!"

"Today we've *invited* him." Tears poured from her eyes, but she strained to keep her voice low, so that the neighbors wouldn't hear. She wiped at her cheeks with the edge of her sari, and suddenly I felt the pathos of her position. After all, I had been responsible for the invitation.

"Meet him," she begged. "Bring him home, eat with him, talk to him—and then leave if you like. I'll see that he doesn't mention his daughter; you don't have to worry about the marriage. Do what you like, become a *sanyasi* or a sinner, I won't interfere. This is the last time. I'll never try to advise you again as long as I live; I vow I won't, though I confess I did dream of seeing grandchildren in this house . . ." She broke down before she could finish the sentence.

I pushed her gently back into the house. "Get in," I said. "Get inside before anyone sees us. I'll go to the station and bring him back. I didn't see his face the other night, but I should recognize him by the tuft."

—R. K. NARAYAN

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Columbia Missourian*]

Wendy Holcombe's name is spreading like a forest fire through the ranks of country music fans these days, but purists among them would be scandalized if they knew the source of her inspiration. The Alabama teen-ager may be the best up-and-coming country banjo picker around, but her idol was of a different stripe.

•

The 20-year-old son of Queen Elizabeth II joined the Royal Naval Air Station in Cornwall 10 days ago to become a helicopter. The course gave him "big ideas," the Sun quoted an unnamed trainee.

"He is the most unpopular man on the base. If only he could forget that his mother is the Queen," said one unnamed trainee.—*Long Beach (Calif.) Press-Telegram.*

Or, to put it another way, if only he would stop whirling.

Auctions, Wednesday April 1
at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.
Important Estate Jewelry
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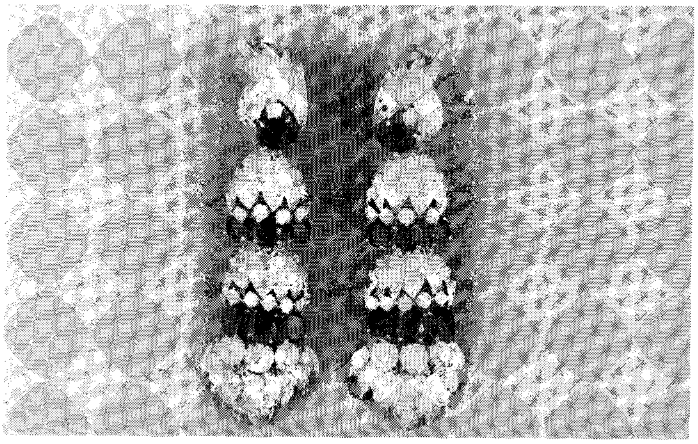

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THE THEATRE

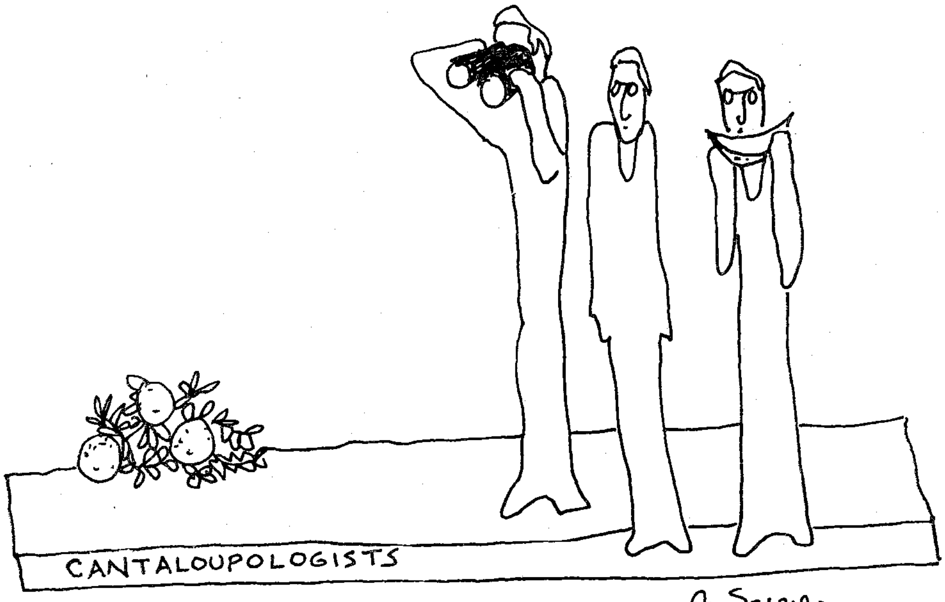
Dead Souls

Nabokov's lyrical "Lolita" is a novel that seeks, among many other things, to take the measure of America in something like the same zestfully adventurous fashion that Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" does. Both works are pervaded by a cranky sexuality that pretends to embody robust health; both are written by men who appear to believe, with Stevens, that "words of the world are the life of the world." In Edward Albee's "Lolita," the self-delighting playfulness of Nabokov's prose is reduced to a harsh, dryly uttered monotone. No mitigating hint of human warmth is vouchsafed us on the stage of the Brooks Atkinson; we are led by a haunted, prissy guide through a hell of gibbering grotesques, and although we are invited to assume that the guide is Albee's version of Nabokov (archly identified only as "A Certain Gentleman," from time to time he complains that the characters he has created tend to escape his control), he bears little relationship to the authentic Nabokov, who had much joy of life in him. Ian Richardson plays this "gentleman" as a stiff-backed, donnish interlocutor, with a British accent so clipped as to be almost topiary; plainly, he exists in order to carry the action of the play from one scene to the next and to exact a laugh or two from the audience by occasionally breaking up that action. For example, when the obsessed hero, Humbert Humbert, and Lolita are about to enjoy explicit sex, the interlocutor hastens to protect our sensibilities by literally drawing a curtain between the lovers and us—an effortful and rather nasty stunt, which turns us willy-nilly into thwarted voyeurs and which a dramatist more confident of his handiwork would have taken care to avoid.

Donald Sutherland as Humbert struggles in vain to give convincing expression to the lines in which he reveals his obsession. They amount to a torrent of gushing exclamations that put us disconcertingly in mind of baby talk; it is as if hard-bitten, calculating Lolita were not only his stepchild but his mother as well. Blanche Baker is an implausible Lolita; we cannot fail to perceive that she is a lean, pretty woman in her twenties, so her licking of lollipops becomes the practice not of a pubescent voluptuary but of an emotionally aberrant adult. No doubt there were reasons that it was imprudent to cast an actual eleven- or twelve-year-old as Lolita; if the reasons were sound, then the production ought to have been abandoned. Charlotte, mother of Lolita, is played by Shirley Stoler, and that mysterious bad penny Clare Quilty is played by Clive Revill. They are both radically miscast, and the director, Frank Dunlop, has sought to conceal their misfortune by encouraging them to overact outrageously. I can only suppose that Mr. Dunlop was gravely rattled during rehearsals to commit so obvious a blunder. Is it the case, then, that I can find nothing favorable to say about this lamentable enterprise? What about the scenery? Having been designed by the gifted William Ritman, surely it is worthy of praise? Not at all; it shares in the general doom and, indeed, epitomizes it. Even that familiar All-American icon the no-tell motel bedroom emerges as a synecdoche in the form of a bleakly rumpled bed. Nabokov knew better.

The opening night of "Broadway Follies" (at the Nederlander) turned out to be its closing night as well, to my amazement and chagrin. It was a vaudeville with three or four marvellous acts, and I was ready to compare it to "War and Peace," "The Brothers Karamazov," and other masterpieces that are likely to leap to mind when one is privileged to watch half a dozen English boxer dogs playing a kind of rugby with balloons, a horse and his cowboy owner getting drunk together in a Wild West saloon, and a magician twisting a confederate's head around and around and *around*, always in the same corkscrew fashion and yet without any sign that the head is about to break off in his hands. The star turn was a young actor-juggler named Michael Davis, who is sensationally clever in both modes of entertainment. Like Will Rogers and W. C. Fields before him, he is intent upon making his manual skills provide an occasion for his comic ones; what the skills have in common is faultless timing. I sat in silent awe as Mr. Davis juggled a two-bitted axe, a cleaver, and a long carving knife in the air above his all too vulnerable head, and I laughed with noisy abandon at the drolly laconic remarks with which he wove together his succession of miracles. The climactic one embraced a bowling ball, an apple, and an egg—objects notably unlike in weight and scale—and when all three were spinning faster and faster before our disbelieving eyes, Davis boldly undertook to— But no! I leave you to observe that feat for yourself, when Davis makes his next appearance here. It is sure to be soon.

—Brendan Gill



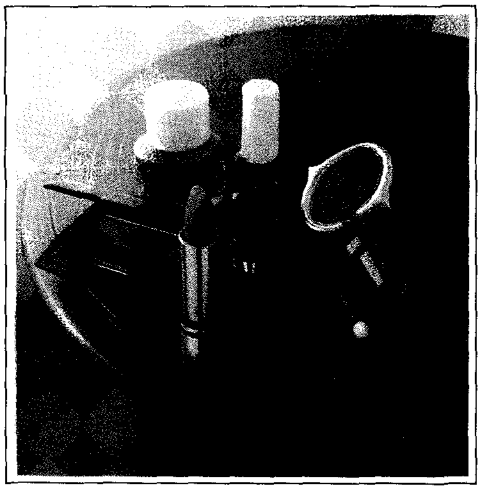
OFF BROADWAY

You're the Middle

The revival of "Anything Goes" at the Equity Library Theatre springs to full life at the first-act curtain, when the members of the young company—all of them new to me—burst into an exhilarating tap dance as they sing the title song. Suddenly the

PARIS ORLANE

VALLÉE DU NIL



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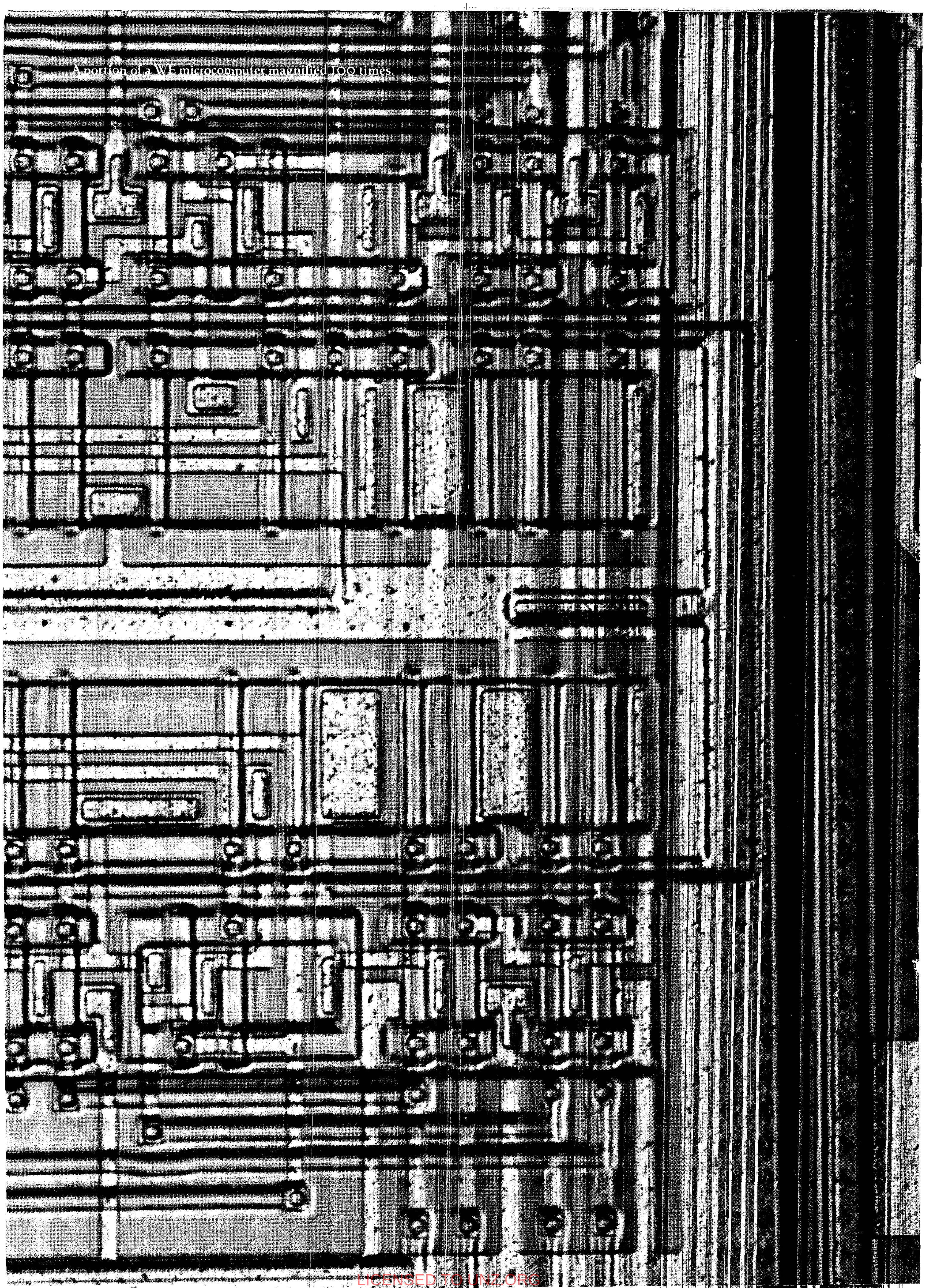
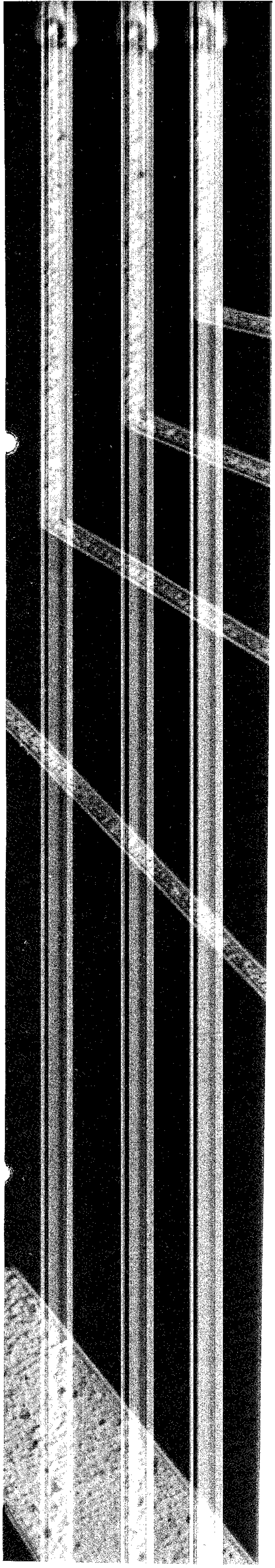


A portion of a WE microcomputer magnified 100 times.



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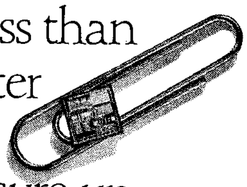

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show becomes theirs, and so does the audience; before that, the performance is tentative, to put it as kindly as possible. In case reassurance is needed, "Anything Goes," first produced in 1934, still brims over with music and lyrics that are as good as any that Cole Porter ever wrote, and with funny characters speaking funny lines in funny situations. (Book by P. G. Wodehouse, Guy Bolton, Howard Lindsay, and Russel Crouse.) Under the present circumstances, the show, while by no means wonderful, is at least entertaining and tuneful, even without Victor Moore and William Gaxton. (Trying to get along without Ethel Merman is another matter.) To a certain extent, the actors, who are blissfully unamplified, make up in spirit and eagerness for what they lack in experience and proficiency (Cole Porter wrote for stars), and although none of the songs is given its due—the words being slurred as often as not—much of the comedy remains. The best of it is in the performance of John Remme—sly, wistful, and with a quiet style all his own—in the Moore role of Public Enemy No. 13 in clerical disguise; Jan Neuberger is amusing, too, as his levelheaded girlfriend, and so is Clayton Berry as a Woosterish Englishman on the brink of matrimony. Bob Morrissey makes an agreeable leading man, and he sings quite well. As is often the annoying custom at the E.L.T., several songs from other Porter shows ("Friendship," "It's De-Lovely," and "Take Me Back to Manhattan" among them) are interpolated into this one. A score that includes such numbers as "You're the Top," "I Get a Kick Out of You," and "Blow, Gabriel, Blow" needs no help from the outside.

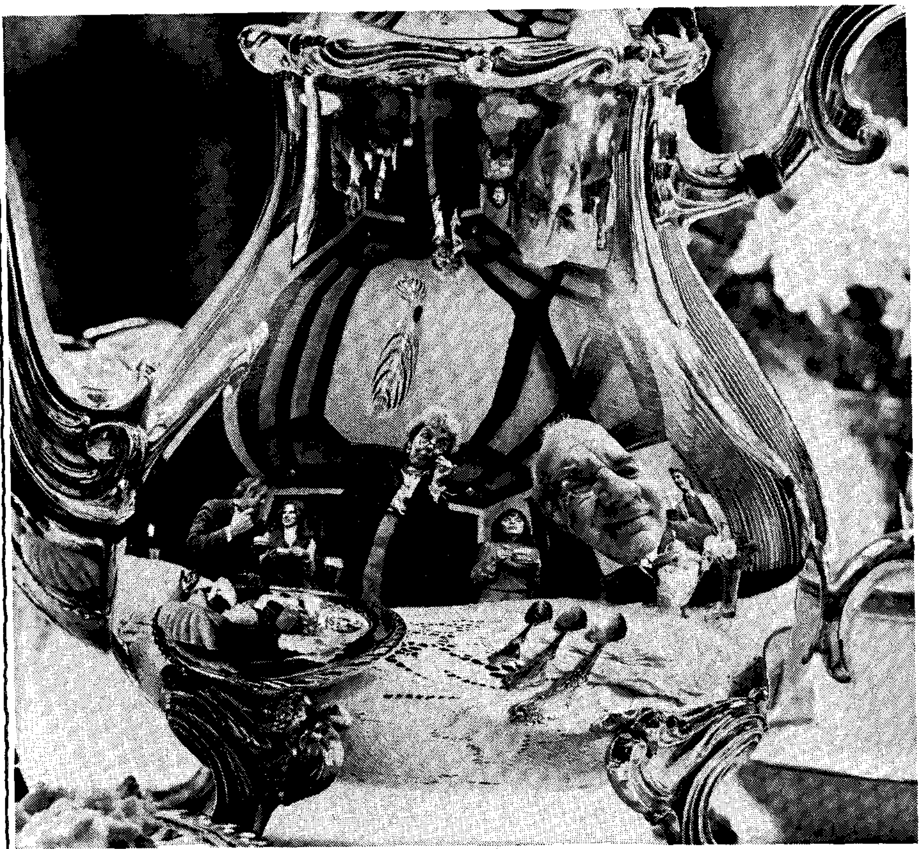
—EDITH OLIVER

•

SENTENCES WE HATED TO COME TO THE END OF

[*From "Participation in Social and Political Activities," by David Horton Smith, Jacqueline Macaulay, and Associates*]

Z. The postulated fruitfulness of representing a dynamic version of the ISSTAL model mathematically and statistically both in terms of discrete, probabilistic, finite mathematics of stochastic processes *and* in terms of continuous, deterministic, nonfinite mathematics of differential equation systems and structural models of a nonrecursive and perhaps nonlinear sort is itself a direct example of the kind of intrinsic fundamental dualities postulated to be necessary for adequate understanding of individual human discretionary behavior, indeed, of all human individual behavior.



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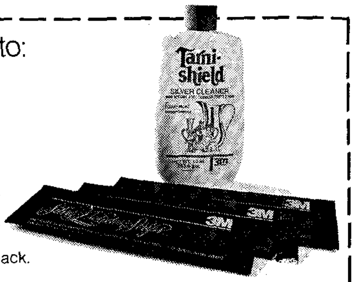


REFLECTIONS

SINKING INTO MATERIALISM

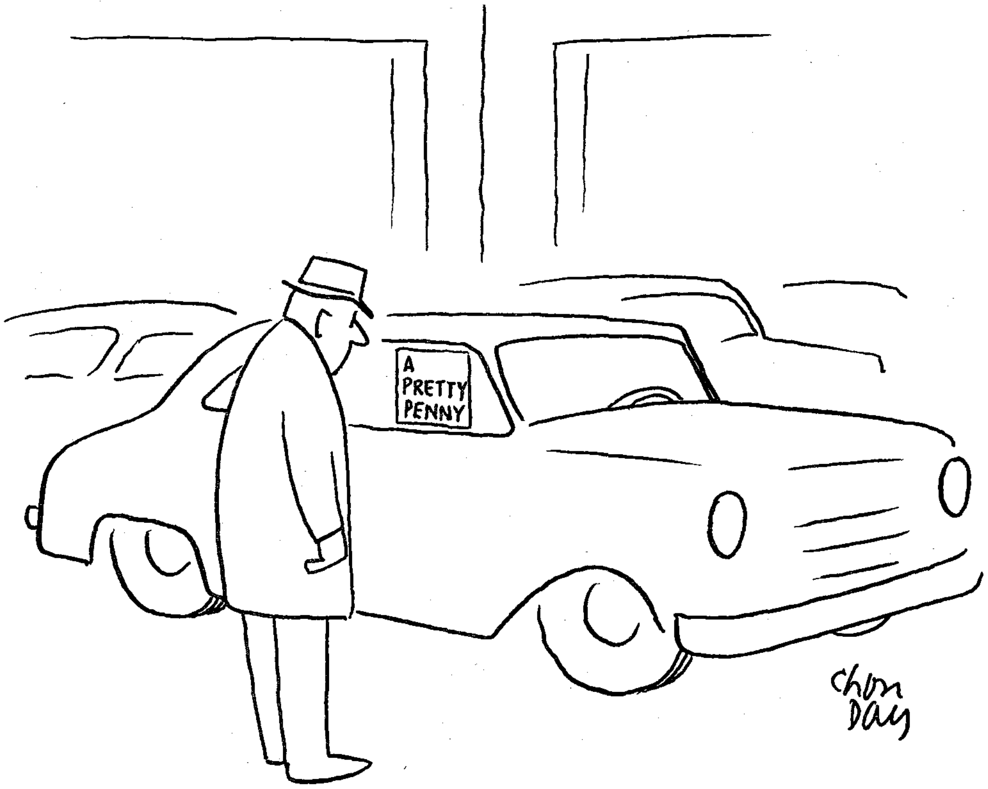
West Germany's complicated love affair with the United States was finally broken off during the Carter years. In the three decades it lasted, the West Germans had found in their relationship with the United States not merely national security but provisional solutions to the two lasting problems of German political civilization, which are to find an animating idea and also a limit. It can be argued that "Germany" still is an undefined political conception, just as Germany has, throughout its history, lacked any enduring geographical definition.

A postwar generation in West Germany gave itself, in admiration and sympathy, to American ideas and American ways of doing things. In the nineteen-twenties and thirties, the Germans had known virtually nothing of the United States, except that it was vulgar, a coarsening intrusion, a threat to European civilization. Hitler's notions of a mongrel race and a degenerate culture across the Atlantic were only the most empty and violent products of this German ignorance. The ignorance was not, of course, reciprocal. The very big German immigration into the United States had produced serious attention on our side of the Atlantic to the old country. German science and scholarship were major influences in the United States. But before the war the English and the French were much more interested by America than were the Germans—indeed, were fascinated by it. The other Europeans shared prejudices about a supposed American cultural mediocrity, a civilization of mass man, but America also seemed larger than life, unsophisticated, still the place of *yip-yip-yippity-yea* cowboys, jazz singers, Harlem bands and dancers, big spenders, big dressers, big, bad capitalists, New Dealers, and the last idealists. We were not boring. We were exciting. Even the threat we posed—of "Americanization"—was a thrilling one.

"We have changed so much," a West German parliamentarian said in a recent conversation in Berlin. The closed, agoraphobic society of before the war has become open and externalized. Having abdicated politics, and even cultural autonomy, in the immediate postwar years, when nearly everything German seemed discredited, West Germany willed its dependence upon the United States. This affinity was reinforced by our overshadowing of the Western countries that might have provided alternative models for a democratic Germany. Britain had chosen to play second to America, avoiding any rivalry. It was, in any case, gravely weakened. The debacle that France had undergone in 1940 reinforced a historic German distaste for French models of society and government. Whatever the Gaullist revival may have seemed to mean in European terms in 1945, its interest to Germans who were aware of French events at all was abruptly foreclosed when de Gaulle left office in January of 1946. His day was not to come for twelve years. So in West Germany everyone learned English in its American version, and the country's very survival seemed dependent upon the United States, since the other great victor of the war, the Soviet Union, threatened West Germany—having already, for all practical purposes, annexed East Germany.

West Germany's conversion, then, was a forced one, as was East Germany's conversion to Leninism. But the former proved a success. The West Germans had originally looked inward for an answer to their national crisis. In a book called "The German Catastrophe," published in 1946, the late Friedrich Meinecke, a distinguished historian, argued that West Germany must recover its culture and its poetry, and might hope eventually to resemble those other once combative and now pacific states—Holland, Sweden, and Switzerland. There "all the moral forces and energies of man find room for expression," he said. "Let us resolve to follow their example." The actual solution was the opposite—to turn outward, toward the Atlantic and America. It proved a feasible solution, because the United States, for its part, in the course of a military occupation, discovered affective, as well as political and strategic, motives to make West Germany into a protectorate and then an ally.

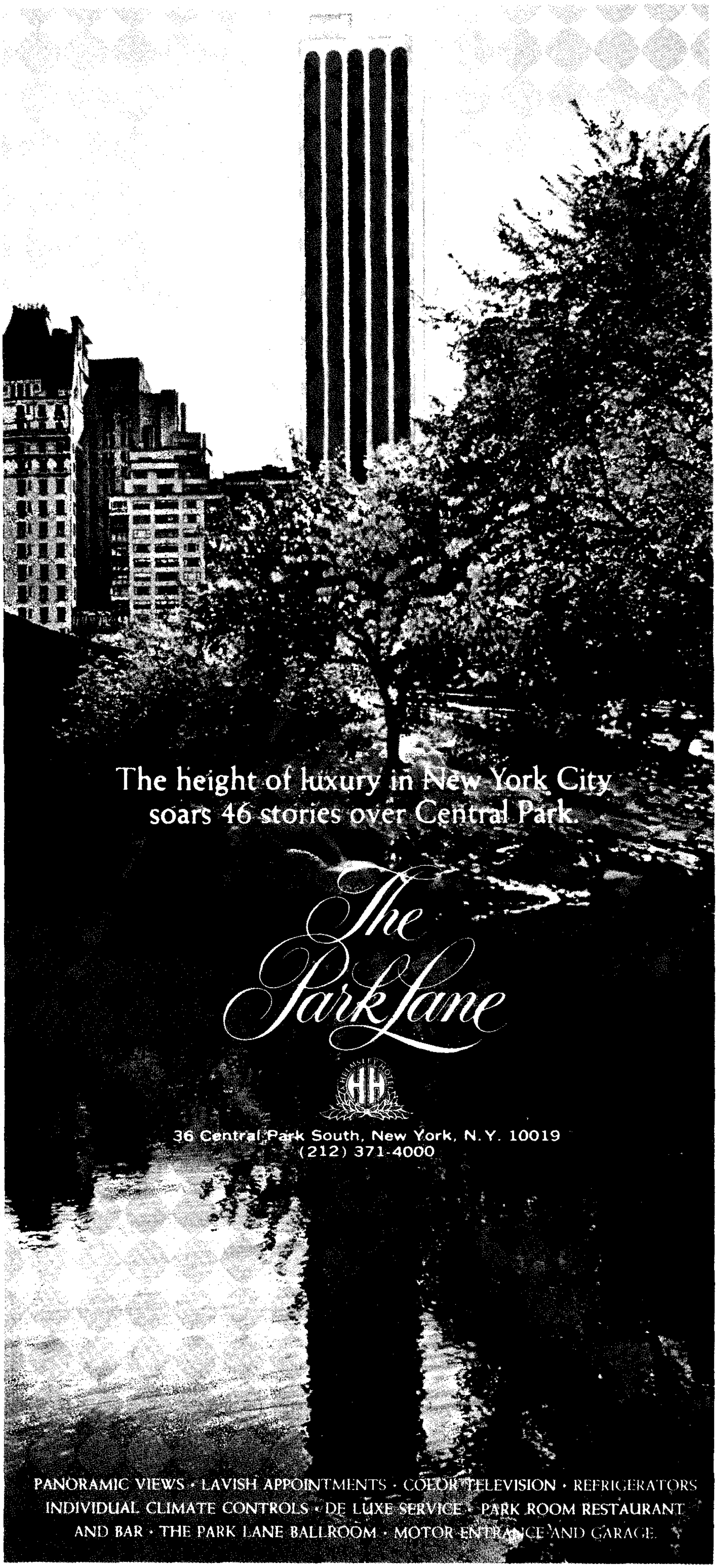
Americans have usually found themselves much more at ease in Protestant Northern Europe than in the Latin countries, and this proved to be true in Germany—even defeated Germany. The American Army had not much liked France or the French (just as our government looked upon General de Gaulle as a reactionary and a disruptive figure and was never to understand him); but the Army respected Germany and the Germans. The Germans, it found, were amenable to American leadership and also had an American approach to practical prob-



lems. They simply looked familiar, like Americans, and their voices had an American pitch. The United States Army was even, in the nineteen-fifties, to adopt a green uniform in the style of the Wehrmacht—an uncalculated tribute of some significance. It gave up olive drab—which derived from horsemen's garb and the tropical service uniform—and the influence of British military tailoring for Central European green and gold, high-peaked German caps, and black leather in place of brown. It is usually the defeated who emulate the conqueror, or smaller nations their larger allies. The wartime United States Army officer's uniform—olive-drab tunic and "pink" (taupe) slacks—survives today in the Netherlands Army.

POLITICAL events also compelled the United States to turn what had been an enemy nation into an ally. A degree of coöperative work was necessary to secure West Germany from the perceived threat of the Soviet Union. This coöperation, which was accomplished with characteristic American pragmatism and good will, and was all the easier because the United States had not really suffered very much at German hands, eventually resulted in a relationship in which considerable respect and good feeling existed on both sides.

The West German adherence to the United States rested originally, however, on a lie. The United States casually, even thoughtlessly, pledged itself to reunion of the two Germanys. (One says "two," although a third and a fourth "Germany" exist—Austria and the German cantons of Switzerland.) The lie was not calculated; most of the Americans involved in making policy on Germany and Central Europe during the early Cold War believed that Germany had to be reunited. Yet the reunion of Germany was not in America's national interest. Quite the opposite. Those who had had to fight a united Germany had a logical interest in Germany's remaining divided, and therefore unlikely to threaten them again. The United States pledged the reunification of Germany because this seemed an appropriate way to combat the Soviet Union, occupier of East Germany. The commitment reached its rhetorical apogee with President Kennedy's cry in West Berlin, in 1963, that he was a Berliner. But, of course, he was not, and could not be. His essential interests, and those of his country,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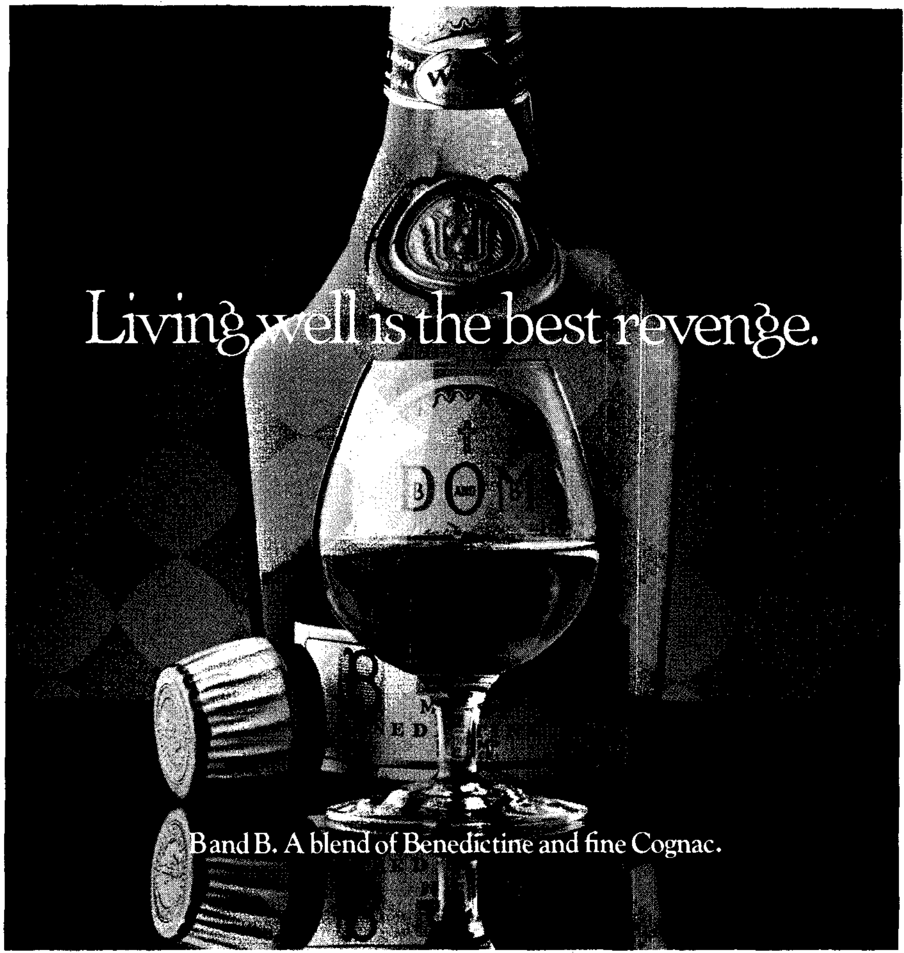
diverged from those of Berliners, just as American interests diverged from those of Western Europe in general. The emergence of these differences after the exceptional period of wartime and Cold War Atlantic coöperation has been one of the chief political themes of the last few years. It was an inevitable one—with, however, serious consequences for West Germany.

For West Germans in the nineteen-fifties, the American link was a step in the solution of their national problems. They gained the respect and support of their conqueror. The former enemy became their guarantor and sponsor. The next step in their self-rehabilitation was to come to terms with their Western European neighbors. This was not so easy, but it was eventually accomplished—thanks largely to the initiatives of the French statesman Jean Monnet—in the coöperative institutions of the European Coal and Steel Community, which led in time to the Treaty of Rome and the European Community. Germany was reconciled with France—a reconciliation solemnly ratified by President de Gaulle and Chancellor Konrad Adenauer when the two met in the Cathedral of Reims in July of 1962. "Whoever wishes to be a German must see to it that he becomes a European while there is still time. We must have patriotism in an entirely new understanding of the word," Franz Josef Strauss, who is ordinarily thought of as a German nationalist, said.

But this was to prove only a provisional solution for the West Germans to the burden of their national identity and history, as has become apparent today. The West Germans renounced unlimited sovereignty in favor of "Europe," yet Europe existed in tension with American conceptions of Atlantic unity, which were hostile to an independent European international policy and exclusive European institutions. In any event, Europe never achieved the political integration imagined during the nineteen-fifties and sixties by the West Germans. Perhaps their idea of "Europe" was implausible to begin with—although possibly for the West Germans it was an indispensable implausibility, a necessary evasion of the oppressive political circumstances in which postwar Germany existed.

The Germans continued to be beset by the unstated problem of German national definition. It is a fact of interest today that the border setting the



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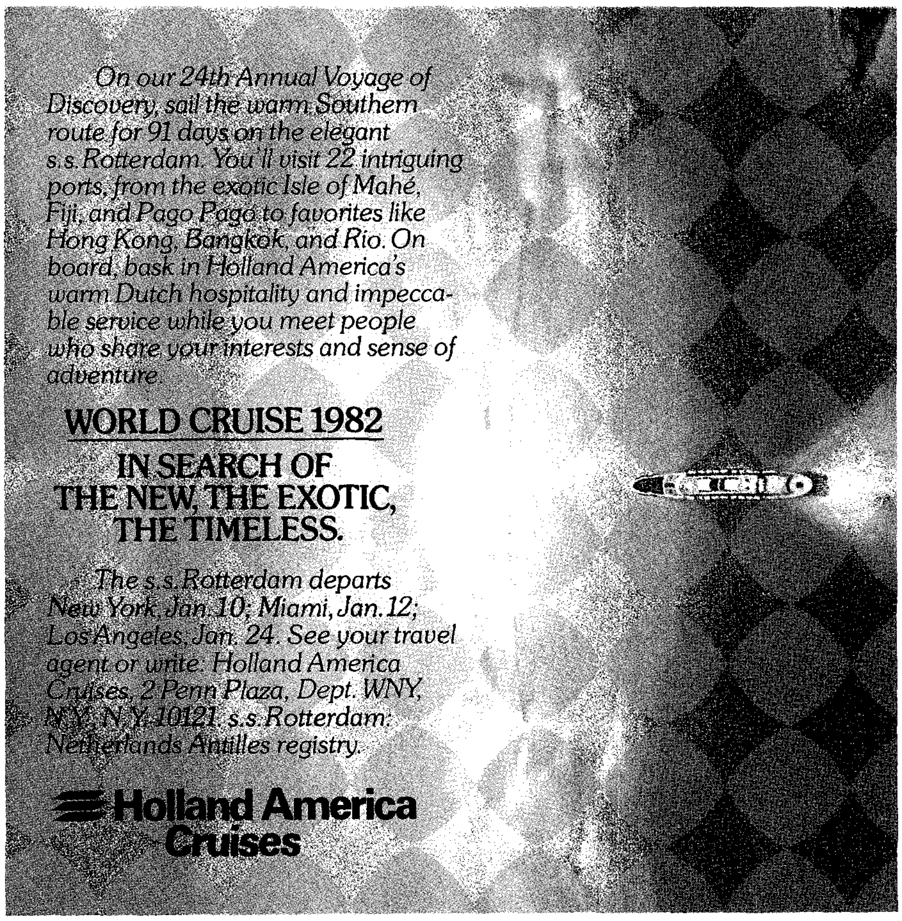
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Federal Republic of Germany apart from the German Democratic Republic is approximately that of the Holy Roman Empire one thousand years ago. Withstanding the attack of the marauding Magyars, "enemies of God and man," at the Battle of the Lechfeld, the Saxon Otto I consolidated as a political entity the autonomous Christian tribes of Central Europe, making the "barbarians" of old Roman days the Christian successors, in the West, of the Roman emperors. Indeed, he went to Rome and was crowned emperor by the pope in 962. It was this act that created the historical Europe—"the fusion of the Barbaricum with Romania, under the auspices of the Church," in the phrase of the Swiss historian Gonzague de Reynold. The universality of this empire's claims to be God's secular realm derived from "universal" Roman origins. Its missionary obligation was to convert the pagans. In these two factors lies the origin of the modern German problem.

Because of the lack of a specific and coherent *national* tradition, Germany has consistently looked for justification in causes larger than mere national aggrandizement. From the time of the Teutonic Knights and their crusades against pagan Balts and Slavs, Germans have believed in a destiny of European consequence—a historical mission. The political significance of the old Holy Roman Empire was that the ruler was not God—as he had been in the earlier pagan empires—but God's servant and delegate. This was a great change—a major event in the development of modern Western conceptions of the state, of the obligation of rulers, and of democracy itself. Democracy postulates that sovereignty resides in the citizen, not in the king, and does so because the individual possesses God-given rights. Rule is contingent upon an authority outside itself. Germans in the tenth century and thereafter saw themselves as agents of a sacerdotal empire—hence the oath-taking, a sacerdotal act, that is traditional in the German Army. This even bedevilled the German resistance to Hitler. How, it was argued, could an officer who had given his oath rebel, even against a tyrant? For many honorable men, it was a grave issue. Graf von Stauffenberg, the man who tried to kill Hitler, argued that his moral obligations as "a believing Catholic" had to override the oath. He said to a colleague that "in a case like this and in an emergency such as this

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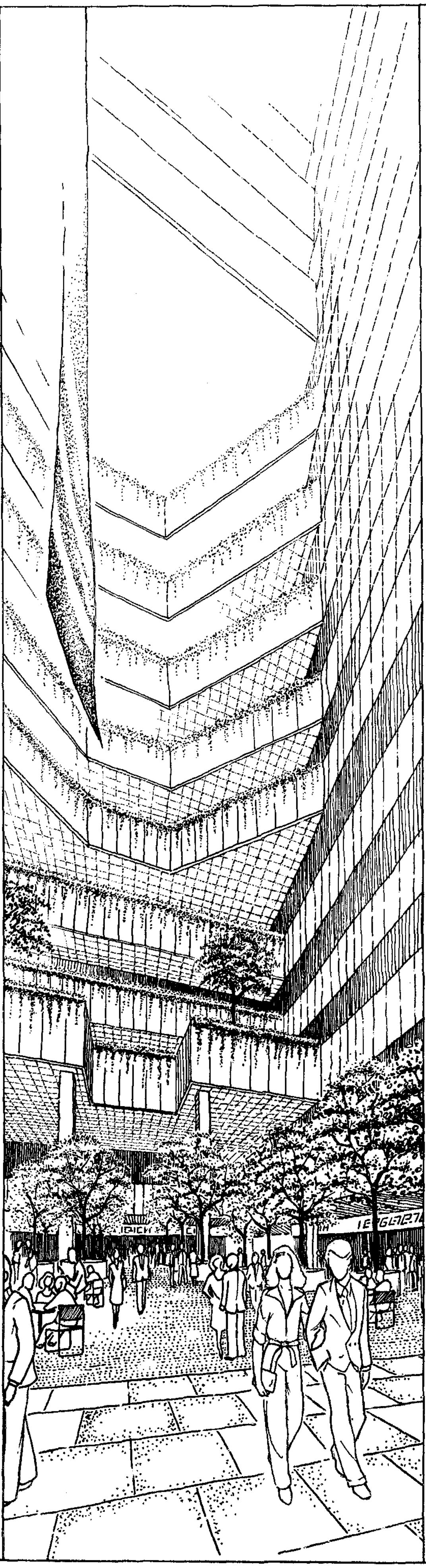

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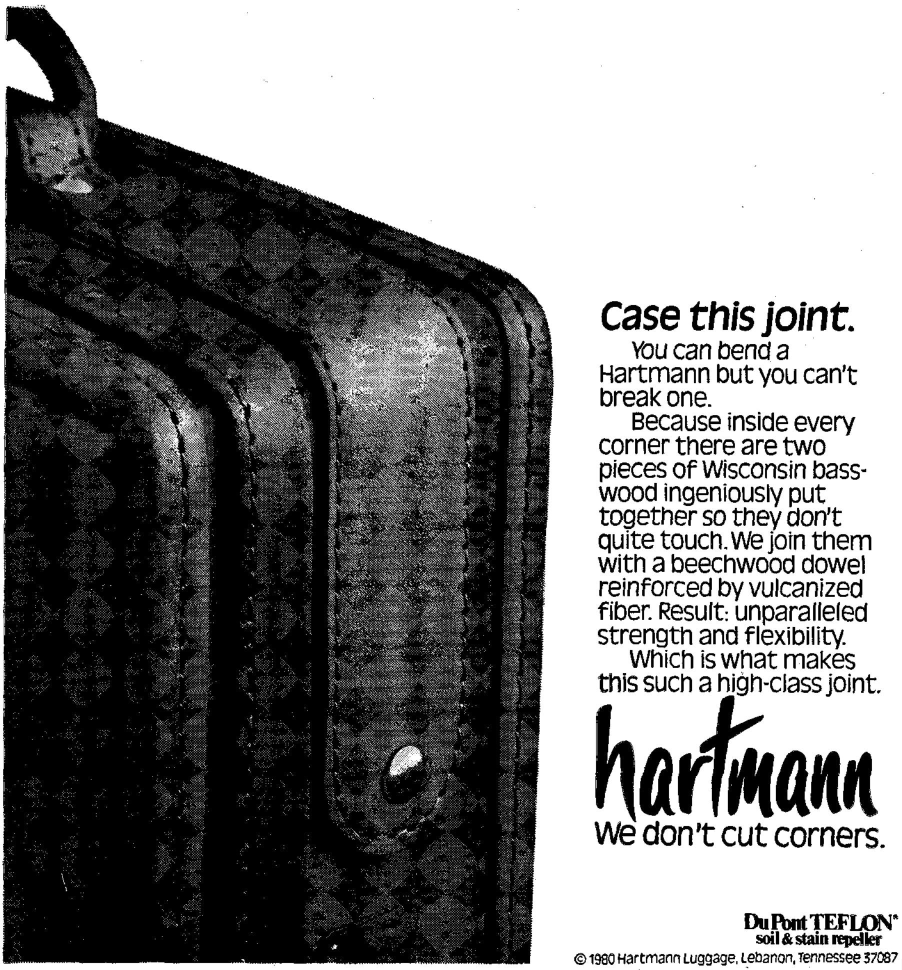
	EST	CST	MST	PST
France	6	7	8	9
Germany	6	7	8	9
Greece	7	8	9	10
Hong Kong	13	14	15	16
Israel	7	8	9	10
Japan	14	15	16	17
New Zealand	18	19	20	21
South Africa	7	8	9	10
Sweden	6	7	8	9
United Kingdom	5	6	7	8
Venezuela	1	2	3	4

*based on Standard Time

Clip this page

It's a good idea to clip this chart so you'll have all the information handy when you need it.



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an oath, which intrinsically may be considered sacred, is no longer valid." He had to explain. Soldiers of the modern Bundeswehr take a solemn oath, in a public ceremony, to the democratic state. Even today, the German oath has an emotional significance different from the equivalent ceremonies in other armies, where taking an oath to a sovereign or a constitution is usually a perfunctory matter. The *Drang nach Osten* of the Middle Ages was the mission of the German Knights to Christianize the pagan East. German nationality meant a share in this missionary obligation; at the same time, German nationality was universalizing, being "Roman," and the conquered and converted could acquire it. Even the Prussians originally were Balts, colonized by the Teutonic Order. The obligation to Christianize the East was solemnly assumed by the emperors, who were "Augmenters of the Reich." It was after Napoleon destroyed the old Reich, in 1806, that, as George Bailey has said in "Germans: The Biography of an Obsession," his indispensable book on the Germans, "the European dimensions of the German problem began to emerge."

The destruction of the Reich had the effect of leaving the Germans without a fatherland. As late as the Congress of Vienna, Metternich said that "the German people" and "Germany" were abstract concepts. Meanwhile, France, in contrast to Germany, had become the first modern nation—a coherent and homogeneous community under strong central rule. Germany at the start of the nineteenth century remained a loose confederation —"impregnable in defense and incapable of aggression," as a contemporary observer said. What we know as Germany consisted then of seventeen hundred and eighty-nine separate and independent political units, held together by obligations to the old feudal empire. All of them were *reichsunmittelbar*, which is to say subject to the Holy Roman emperor in his latter-day, Hapsburg incarnation. Austria was the largest of these units. Then came Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Hannover, Württemberg, Electoral Hesse, and the Grand Duchies of Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt, Luxembourg, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Sachsen-Weimar-Eisenach, Oldenburg—and on through hundreds of duchies, principalities, and independent city-states. There were complex connections with non-German Europe.

Hapsburg Austria incorporated Magyars and Slavs, Moslems and Orthodox under a Roman Catholic monarch. The King of England was also King of Hannover. The King of Denmark was also Duke of Holstein and Lauenburg. The King of the Netherlands was the Grand Duke of Luxembourg.

The least of the German princes and dukes was equal to the greatest in his relationship to the Holy Roman emperor. In order to maintain themselves, many had been forced to look for support outside the Reich. Few had major resources or an army. Many of the smaller principalities had been under French subsidy for generations, looking to Versailles. The German whole was thus considerably less than the sum of its parts. It existed because of the feudal relationships of the princes to the emperor and to the pope, and it expressed political universality modelled upon the unity and universality of Christianity—qualities that in fact had long been undermined in the Church itself by the Renaissance and the Reformation. The empire had formally survived a century and a half after its effective demise, to be ended by Napoleon's creation of the Confederation of the Rhine in 1806, and the abdication by the Hapsburgs (who became Austrian emperors) of the imperial title.

Napoleon divided the Reich, and thereby accelerated the rise of Prussia and inadvertently set the stage for Germany's nineteenth-century unification, which took place at France's eventual cost. He secularized Church foundations, limited the "imperial Church," and crowned himself in the presence of the pope as head of the French Empire, rival to and more powerful than the empire that had existed in Vienna. William I, who became German emperor in 1871, wanted to be crowned with what Bismarck had called "the true crown"—the Holy Roman Crown—in Vienna, but the Viennese government refused this Hohenzollern request. The newly united Germany did not claim the Holy Roman succession. But the West Germany that exists today, a hundred and seventy-five years after Napoleon, a hundred and ten years after Bismarck, and thirty-six years after partition between East and West and the loss of East Prussia and Brandenburg to the Communists, resembles Otto's tenth-century Europe.

The Germany unified under Prussian rule, the "Second Reich," attempted to emulate the modern French

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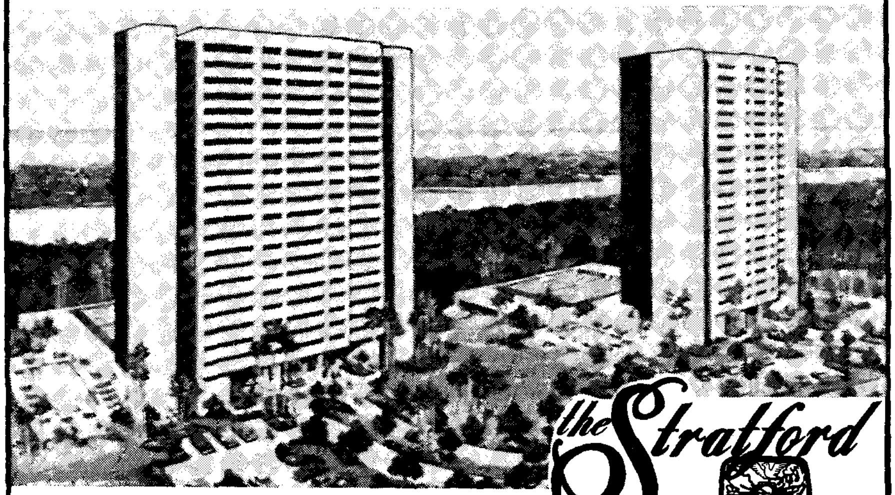

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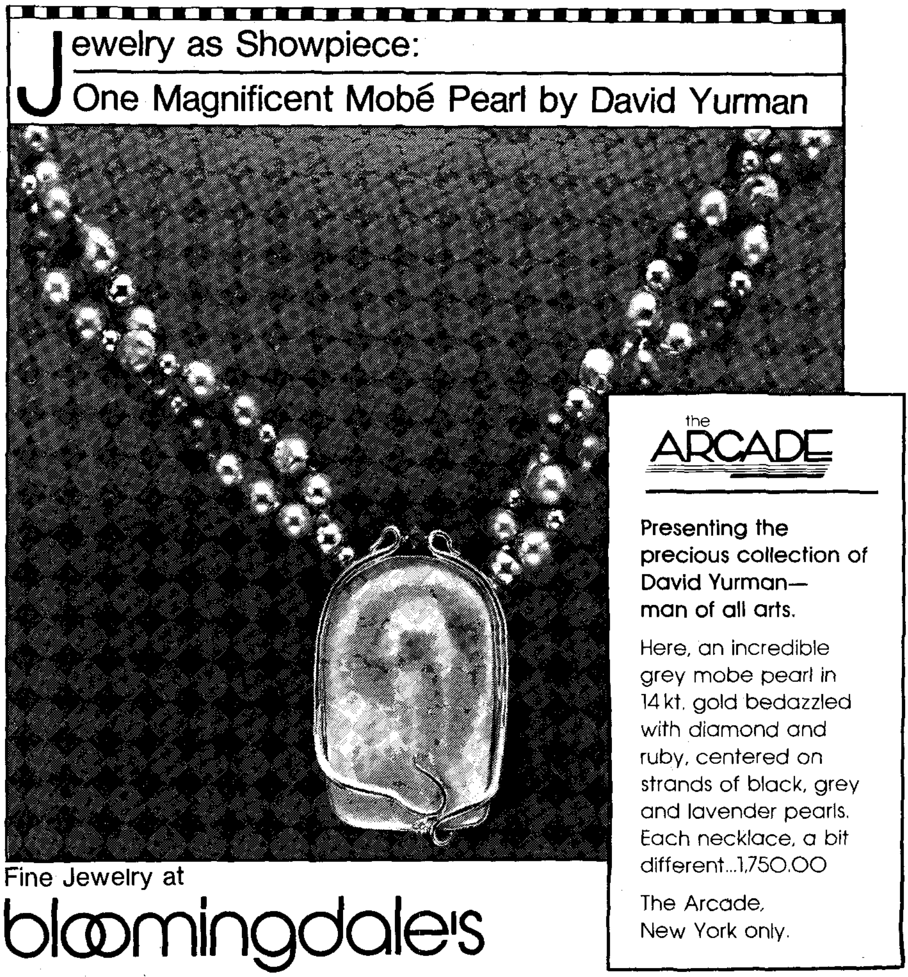
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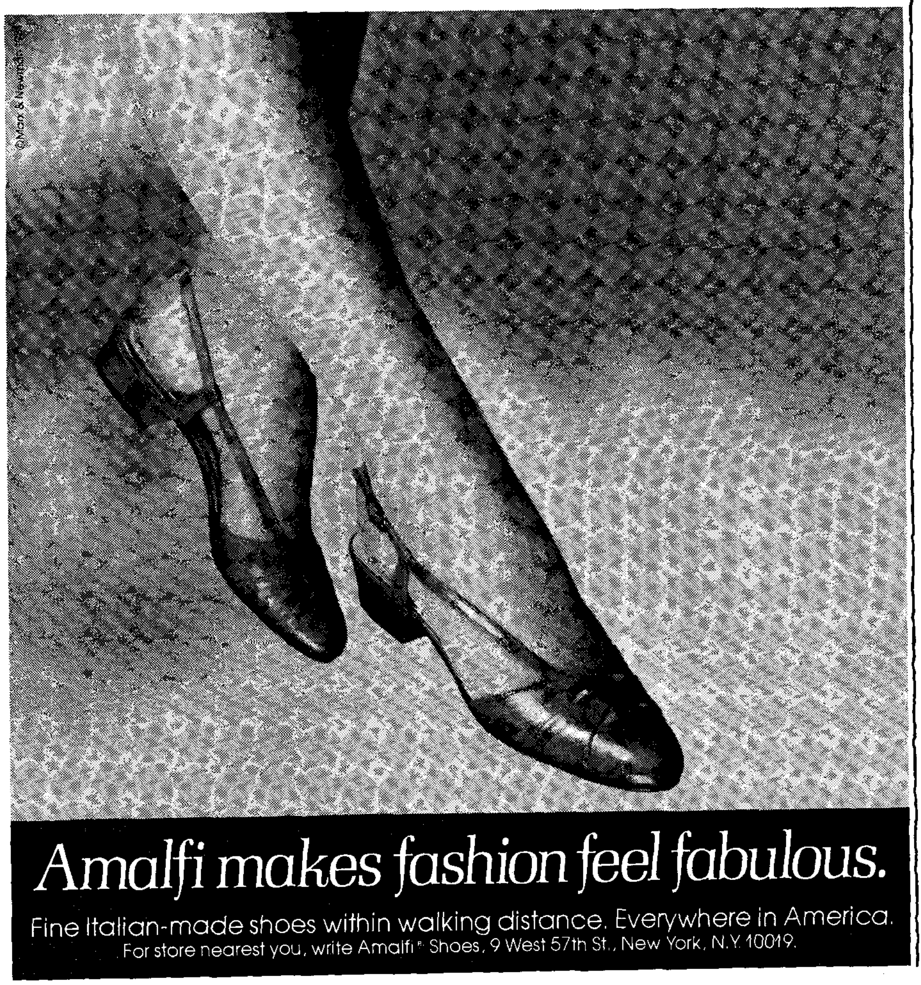
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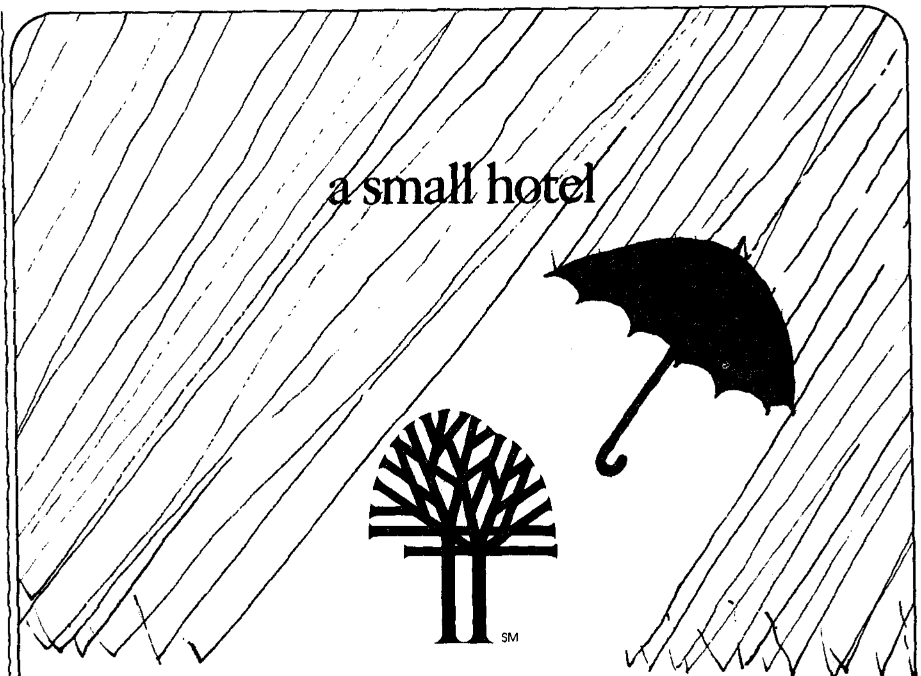
state that had destroyed the original Reich. Although this Germany's unification had been accomplished through war, and revenge was taken upon France in 1870, it nonetheless looked for a larger meaning, its justificatory mission, this time in intellectual and artistic matters—a romantic notion of Germany as the "harvest of all time." Someone has made the cynical observation that in the nineteenth century "on account of bad weather, the German revolution took place in music." Fritz Stern, a professor of history at Columbia University, in "The Failure of Illiberalism," says of the nineteenth century that "German nationalism, inflamed by Napoleon's triumphs, turned against the political ideals and achievements of the French Revolution. What was exalted by German nationalism was the cultural achievement and destiny of the Germans, their peculiar gifts for poetry, truth, and music. Consequently German nationalism was less concerned with the political destiny of the Germans, with their practical rights and liberties as citizens." In this period of romanticism, the German regard for artists as demoniac evokers of universal powers (Doctors Faustus) reached a strength that was to affect our own times. Even the Nazi leaders wanted to be considered artists: Hitler attempted to be an architect and a painter; Goebbels published a novel; Göring was a patron of the arts. They sought to be universal figures, transcenders. The German historian Ludwig Dehio said after the war, "We were the last, and the most daemonic, power to exercise hegemony over the declining old continent of Europe." The Germans had finally been successful in summoning demons: The demons came.

The Second—Wilhelmine—Reich was destroyed physically and morally in the First World War, the dreadful losses of which began with the *Kindermord*, at the first Battle of Ypres, in the fall of 1914, when German boys fresh from school marched in waves into the rifle fire of British regulars. The British historian Cyril Falls says, "At times the roar of a patriotic song would reach the defenders through the din of battle." Begun in exultation, the war ended, for the Germans, in troop mutinies and revolution. The emperor abdicated. The Weimar Republic that succeeded him was asked the old question of what its universal mission was. The Weimar Republic had none. It was merely a democracy—that was not enough. It had to be destroyed. It was unsuitable for a German people entrusted with a historic destiny—temporarily unspecified. It was thus supplanted, in 1933, by a movement whose commitment proved to be to death—administering it to others and eventually being claimed by it. But this, too, was something for which a word in German already existed, *Todessüchtigkeit*—thirst for death. As Bailey remarks, Germans do not fear death as others do. Suicide is a "reasonable recourse." The Austrian historian Friedrich Heer writes of Pelagian freedom: man so free and exposed that he can assert himself only through mastery of the material world "and—terrifying thought—its human material."

THE year 1945 was the Year Zero, the Germans said. "Germany" began again. This is taken for granted in West Germany, even if the nature of the new society, now in its Year 36, remains incompletely known. The Baader-Meinhof gang proved to be the legatees of German *Todessüchtigkeit*, and it is extremely significant that they were defeated without serious damage to West Germany's new democratic institutions and without inordinate disruption of the social texture. The anti-Nazi aristocrat Friedrich Reck-Malleczewen, the eventual victim of the Nazis at Dachau, whose diary was published in the United States as that of "a man in despair," wrote in 1941, "I do not know if the end of the world is at hand, as Dostoevski said. But this I do know, that these are years of a turning in human affairs which can never be changed again, and that the tyranny of an arrogant civilization is at an end." He meant the worst. But perhaps he was mistaken, and the bad turning has been followed by another—a good one.

But Germany's resolution of its interior unrest, its need to justify its national existence, has in modern West Germany been satisfied in ways that now are coming to an end. Though West Germany's strategic dependence upon the United States persists, and will do so as long as the United States government interests itself directly in the balance of power in Central Europe, the German moral dependence upon the United States has ended. It had to end, even if there should be trauma in the ending.

The second means by which the Germans escaped from their historical



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isolation, with its attendant anxieties of definition and mission, by European integration, has also reached its term. The original postwar idea of "Europe" was very different from what the European Community has become today. The ambition to make a European political federation has faded. The European Community as it exists is highly unromantic, since its functions are mainly economic. Its practical accomplishments have been a common currency unit and a common agricultural policy, the creation of a trading community giving European producers a continental-scale market free of tariffs. Political "Europe"—the Europe of High Commissioners, High Courts, Councils of Ministers, and the popularly elected European Parliament—has been of much less consequence, and today it must be said that the political importance of the European Community (although not of Europe as an aggregate of nations) must diminish in the years to come. When "Europe" consisted of three large states and the Benelux three, as it did before 1973, it represented, essentially, reconciled France and Germany, allied with their immediate—and, to a greater or lesser extent, dependent—neighbors. There was a political coherence then which was inevitably lost when the British, Irish, and Danes joined. This was not only because the scale was enlarged and the number of actors increased but because the Danish public and the British public accepted membership only grudgingly, and remain in the Community reluctantly. Their governments' interest has therefore been to prevent the Community from augmenting its political powers. But these countries also act out of the instincts of maritime, Northern nations, lying on Europe's fringes, where their history has put them in conflict with the core states of the Continent, from which danger has constantly come in the past.

Now Greece has joined the European Community. Spain, Portugal, and Turkey expect to join. The outcome of this must further diminish the significance of "Europe," in extending it so widely (even beyond the Bosporus) while reducing its organizational capacity for political action by increasing the number of those with another opinion, a vote, and an effective veto. This "united" Europe is one in which every state in the union is a sovereign state, with a sovereign view of its policy and needs—a state speaking its own language, remembering a secular history. For these reasons, the platitudinous comparison of Europe with Britain's English-speaking colonies in America in the eighteenth century is a pious fraud.

When France originally offered Germany the proposal that eventually resulted in the European Community—"to place the whole of Franco-German coal and steel production under an international Authority open to the participation of the other countries of Europe"—it was a daring, even a desperate, attempt to break the malign continuity of Franco-German rivalry and war. When Jean Monnet presented his plan to Chancellor Adenauer in Bonn in May, 1950, on behalf of the French government, he said to the German, whom he was meeting for the first time, "We want to put Franco-German relations on an entirely new footing. We want to turn what divided France from Germany—that is, the industries of war—into a common asset, which will also be European. . . . The aim of the French proposal, therefore, is essentially political. It even has an aspect which might be called moral."

Adenauer replied, "For me, like you, this project is of the highest importance: it is a matter of morality. We have a moral and not just a technical responsibility to our people, and that makes it incumbent upon us to fulfill this great hope. The German people have enthusiastically welcomed the plan. . . . I have waited twenty-five years for a move like this. In accepting it, my Government and my country have no secret hankerings after hegemony. History since 1933 has taught us the folly of such ideas. Germany knows that its fate is bound up with that of Western Europe as a whole."

In signing this treaty, which created the Coal and Steel Community, West Germany began its reconciliation with Europe. It also reacquired a conception of itself and of its purpose as something more than merely national. To create Europe was an appropriate task for Germans. But that opportunity has now been taken away from Germany: Such is the as yet unrecognized significance of enlarging the European Community to nine, then ten, and eventually thirteen members. Now that the Community has ceased to be core Europe, the serious political potential of "Europe" has been lost, and Germany has thereby been deprived of the possibility of transcending its

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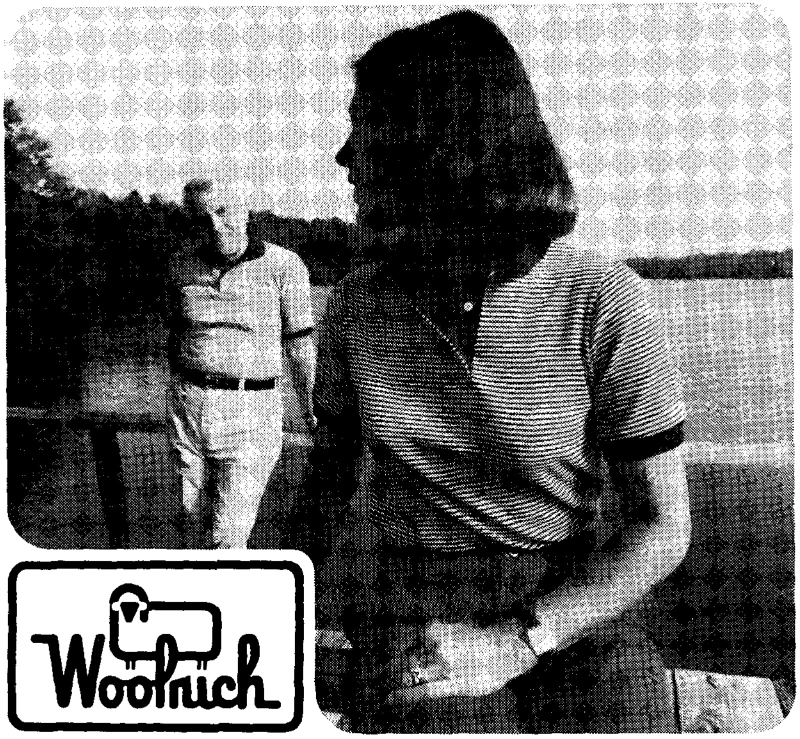

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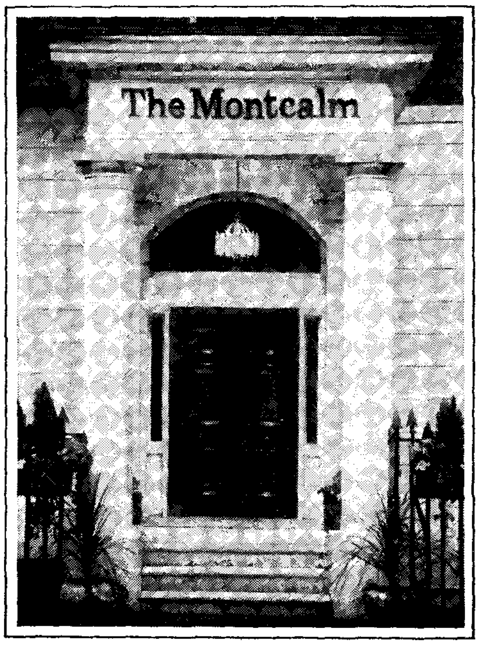

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nationalism and its history by becoming a part of a whole.

"WE are the least nationalistic of all people," an official of the German Foreign Ministry said recently in a private conversation. The remark was delivered in reaction to the criticisms made of Germany's reluctance to follow United States initiatives last year in imposing reprisals upon the Soviet Union for its invasion of Afghanistan. Despite Afghanistan, Chancellor Helmut Schmidt went to Moscow to confer with Brezhnev, and West Germany tried to protect the links with East Germany which its "Ostpolitik" had won. The official's comment was perhaps the sharper because of the German sense of estrangement from a United States upon which it had once depended so crucially but whose policies in recent years it often could not respect.

Yet until Afghanistan the West Germans had been able during the last few years to detach themselves from American leadership without great pain, because not much was being asked. There was no great pressure on Germany from either side. The relations of West Germany with the G.D.R. were better than ever before. Détente seemed a reality, accepted in Moscow and Washington. The problem of oil supplies from the Middle East was serious but appeared manageable—and of regional origin and without a direct link to the East-West rivalry. Soviet adventures in Africa were remote and seemed scarcely serious, the gains appearing ephemeral, as all the earlier Soviet "gains" in that part of the world had been—in Guinea, Ghana, Somalia, Egypt, etc. The West German and French governments enjoyed a close relationship; there was personal trust between Chancellor Schmidt and President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. Since the Guadeloupe conference of Western chiefs of state in 1979, Germany had assumed a world role in politico-economic planning which was commensurate with its economic influence.

The chill that followed Afghanistan broke up much that had been accomplished by West Germany's Ostpolitik. The Soviets turned menacingly toward Poland. The United States elected a conservative President, whose followers take an alarmed view of Soviet intentions as well as of Soviet military and political power. They want a newly militant United States

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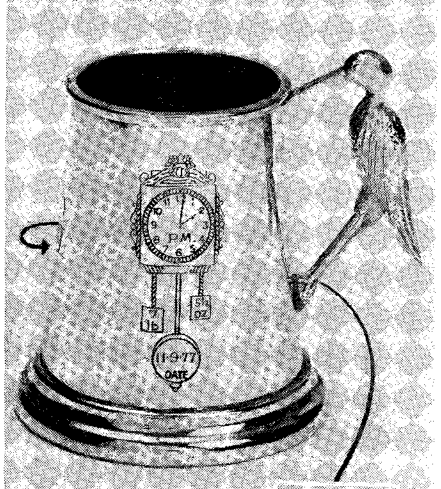

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policy, a renewal of military superiority, arms-control arrangements—if any at all—made more favorable to the United States than the terms negotiated by the Carter Administration for SALT II. They believe that Soviet doctrine envisages nuclear war as a possible means of world domination—that Moscow is preparing to fight and win such a war if that proves indispensable to its expansionist program.

The new American Administration presumably expects America's allies to get in line. But its view of East-West relations is not one that this German government can fully accept. East-West policy was an important issue in the West German elections last year, and continues to make trouble for the governing coalition, provoking conflict within the Social Democratic Party of Chancellor Schmidt. The events of the year past, together with the apparent direction now taken by our policy, excite West German security anxieties without providing responses that reassure them by appearing realistic and intelligent. America is no longer the answer.

At the same time, the European Community steadily diminishes in moral importance for the Germans—a mere mercantile arrangement, a customs union, a matter for what de Gaulle used to call contemptuously "the commissariat," and one that an older generation of Germans, too, would have despised. The elder Helmuth von Moltke, first Chief of the Great German General Staff, spoke for the governing class of his generation when he said, in 1880, that the noblest virtues of man were developed by war: "Without war, the world would sink into materialism."

So it has. Materialism is not a bad thing for a country whose modern history has been as packed with crime and tragedy as Germany's. The tensions—of values, of national consciousness and ambition—that continue to exist in West Germany are factors in a national mutation. It is no longer a nation remotely like what it was made into by Bismarck, but it is still posing to itself perplexing questions about what it *ought* to do, about what justifies its national life. The provisional means by which these questions have been answered—or, more properly, by which they have not been answered—fall aside today, and the West Germans, again within their ancient boundaries, find themselves on their own as they have not been since 1945.

—William Pfaff

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MUSICAL EVENTS

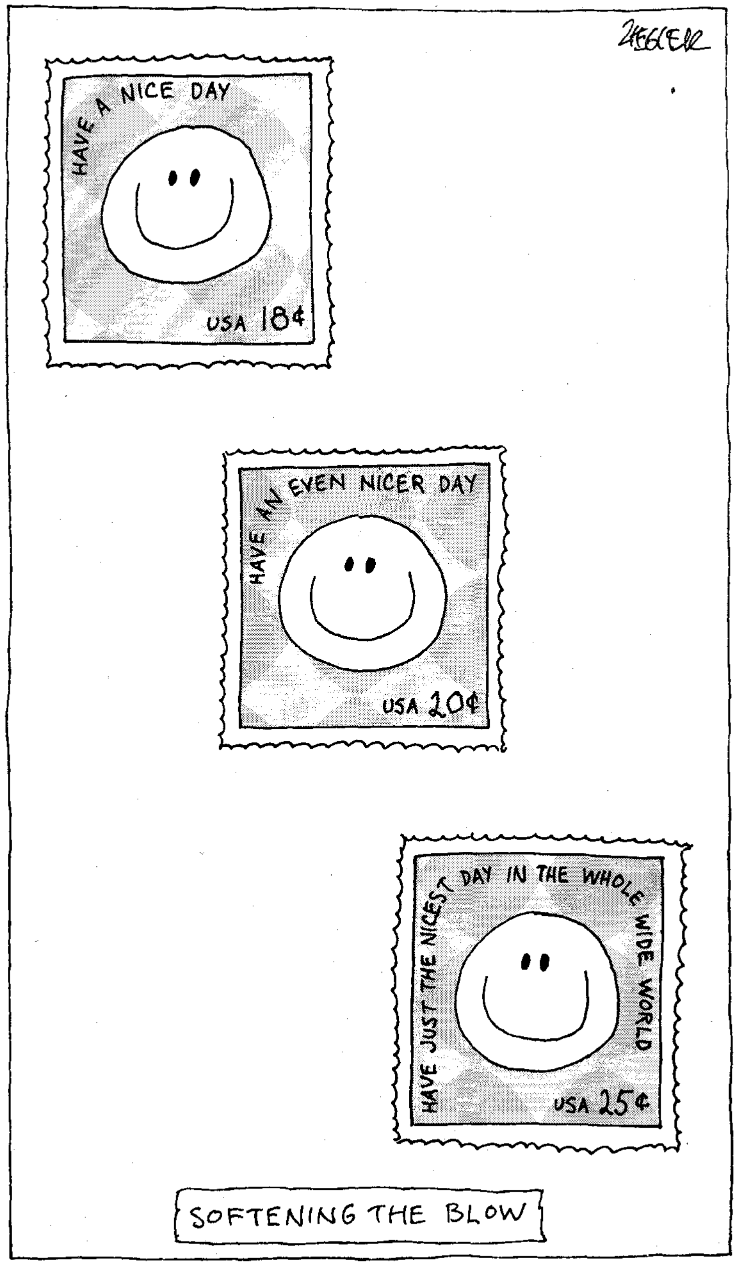
Blood and Thunder

CHERUBINI’S “Lodoïska” and Verdi’s “Attila” were revived earlier this month—the first in a single concert performance by the Clarion Music Society, under Newell Jenkins, at Alice Tully Hall; the second in a new production at the New York City Opera. How much better it would have been—as Rossini is supposed to have remarked to a young man who had written a funeral march on the death of Meyerbeer—the other way round. Both operas are worth hearing once. But, on the evidence of Mr. Jenkins’ lively and affectionate account, “Lodoïska” is a piece that deserves a full production and a wider audience. It has perhaps suffered from its historical importance. Apart from such forgotten works as Grétry’s “Richard Coeur de Lion,” of 1784, and Berton’s “Les Rigueurs du Cloître,” of 1790, “Lodoïska,” which had its première in Paris in 1791, is the first “rescue opera;” it provides an obvious prototype for “Fidelio.” The plot is not complicated: Lodoïska, betrothed to Floreski, has been imprisoned in a remote Polish castle by Baron de Dourlinski, whom her father favors as her husband. Floreski sets out to find her; en route, he spares the life of the Tatar chief Titzikan, who in return helps him to storm Dourlinski’s castle. The opera is called a *comédie héroïque*. It unites heroic events and dramatic emotions with the light, flexible spirit of the *opéra-comique*. It inaugurated a type of *opéra-comique* which Winton Dean has described vividly:

> It was contemporary in spirit, if not always in setting, and contained what might be called a *verismo* element. The world of pastoral make-believe has gone; instead we may be confronted by political agitators, passport inspections and resistance movements, and nearly always by inflamed passions and an atmosphere of violence and terror. The plots are full of spectacular catastrophes—earthquakes, avalanches, shipwrecks, volcanic eruptions, the sacking of castles and the collapse of caverns—with a happy ending supervening just in time . . .

“Lodoïska” has not the lavishness of spectacle which came to dominate the works of Méhul. (There is a battle, and the storming of Dourlinski’s castle.) Instead, human feelings play the most important part. Lodoïska calls to Floreski from the castle, muses on her fate, denounces Dourlinski, and is reunited with Floreski, in music of passion and substance. And the resolution of the conflict is achieved not by fate or by a deus ex machina but by an act of human courage—an element that Mr. Dean characterizes as an important feature of the new genre.

The music’s primary resource is inventive orchestration, rather than vocal melody. Cherubini is a master of instrumental texture, and from the bold, theatrical sequences and “Mannheim” crescendos of the overture onward, every movement of the score has distinctive touches. His use of a serenade-like chorus of wind instruments (in an Act I trio and the Act II finale), his perky solo-clarinet writing (in the Act I Polonaise, which provides the opera’s one touch of local color), and his busy, incisive string writing (in arias of determination and resolution, which occur rather often) all please the ear. His most powerful music—especially the battle sequence in the last act, which includes a thrilling twist of the music from minor into major—is exciting but never crude.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“Lodoïska” is not an opera for aria fanciers. The arias are through-composed in a relatively uninventive manner, and their melodies do not linger in the mind. The weight of the opera is thrown onto its ensembles, in which conflict is developed. The first act—which until Lodoïska sings offstage in the finale is entirely for male voices—includes a fine quartet. The second act has a quartet, with chorus, for Lodoïska, her confidante Lysinka, Dourlinski, and his henchman Altamoras, which is beautifully woven, with low, sweet violas echoing Lodoïska’s grief, and energetic tutti reinforcing Dourlinski’s determination. The dark, male-voice colors recur in the second-act finale, which is the nearest thing to a straightforward comic scene in the piece: three emissaries of Dourlinski attempt to drug Floreski and his servant, only to end up drinking the potion themselves. Throughout the score, passion, good humor, energy, and gentleness coexist; it is scarcely likely to change the

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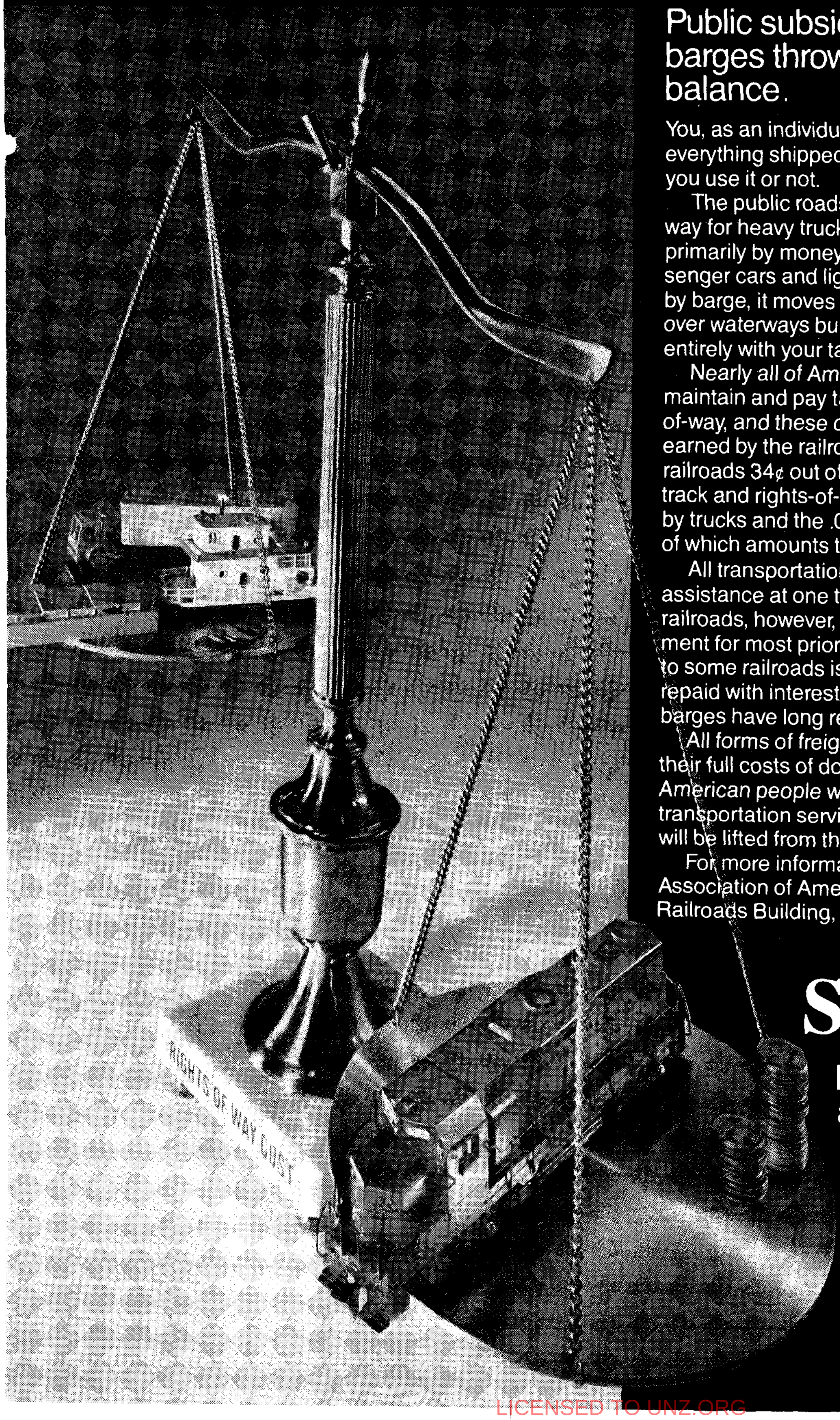

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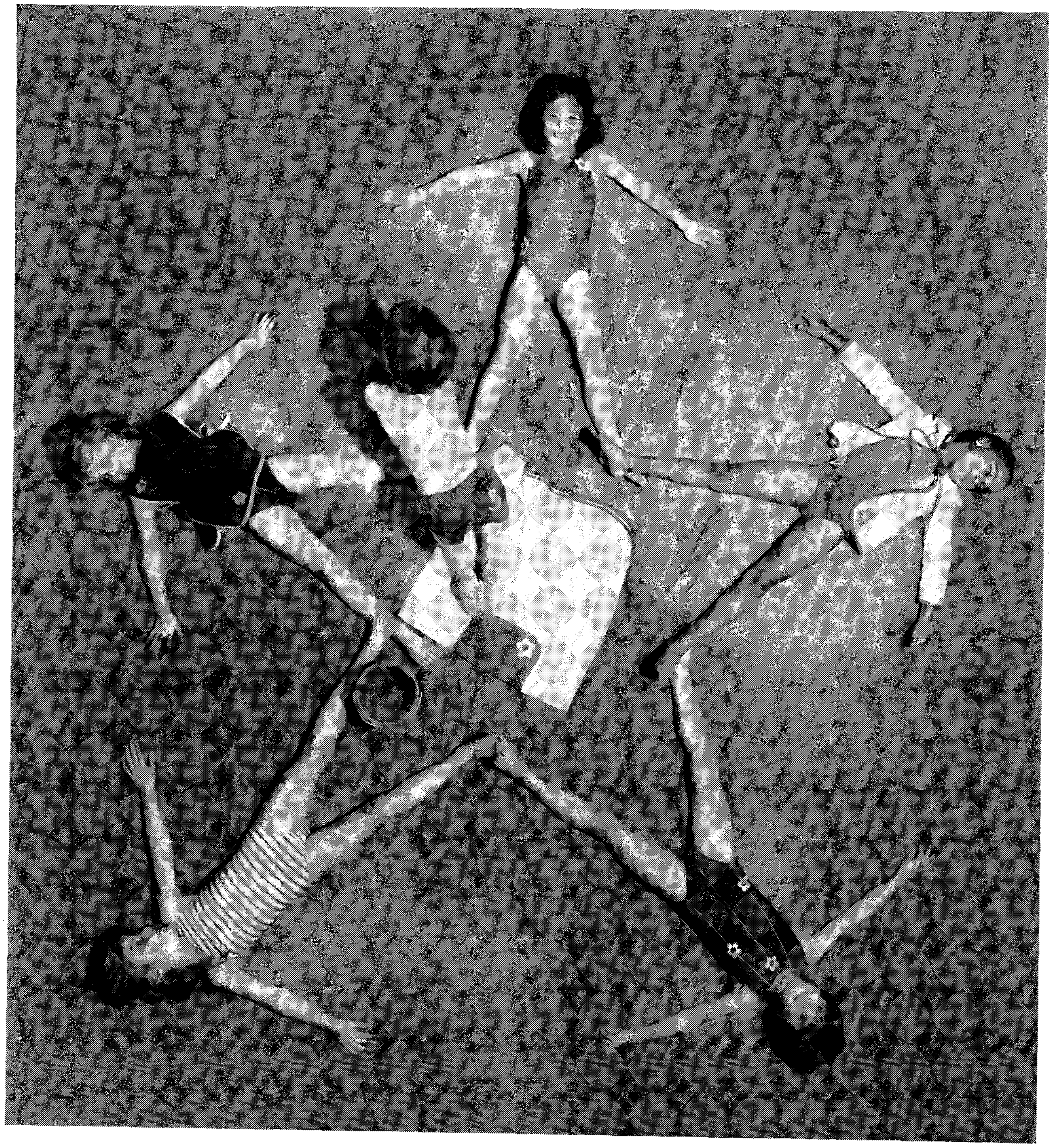
world, but it is a delight to listen to.

Clarion's concert presentation used an edition by Lorenzo Tozzi, prepared for a revival in Siena in 1976. The spoken dialogue was omitted, and that made the opera seem more concise, though less coherent, than it actually is. The program book included a synopsis; a complete translation of the sung text would have been welcome. Appropriately, the orchestra took many of the honors; it sounded well rehearsed and played with enthusiasm, if without much sophistication. Susan von Reichenbach, as the heroine, was the evening's most forceful singer; she cultivated a directness of tone that cut through the music, ignoring its subtleties. Leo Goeke, an admired Tamino at Glyndebourne, was warmer and more sympathetic, though he sounded ill at ease with the higher reaches of Floreski's romantic music. Titzikan requires a tenor of more heroic mood than David Britton; he sang musically but too gently. Only Ronald Corrado, as Varbel (Floreski's servant), sounded thoroughly at ease with the French language. Philip Frohnmayer was an oily Dourlinski, and Raymond Murcell dispatched Altamoras with his customary authority. Thomas Hewes, Stephen Bryant, and Wilbur Pauley took the minor stooge parts with college-style humor. The chorus maintained an unimpressive level of ensemble and projection. What made the performance work was Mr. Jenkins' natural, unforced tempi and his buoyant rhythms.

VERDI's "Attila," first performed in Venice in 1846, shares with "Lodoïska" certain qualities of energy, directness, and commitment. But the predominant impression it leaves is that of an adventure comic strip. There is a hectoring insistence in the music, against which I rebelled strongly. Cherubini's relaxed mastery of his craft allows us to enjoy his score; Verdi's heavy-handed music attempts to batter us into submission. In the City Opera's program book, William Ashbrook builds an appropriate line of defense. Verdi, he says, took "a relatively unsubtle, populist approach, staking all on the immediate accessibility of his score to the widest possible audience. . . . One cannot help but be struck by Verdi's succinctness and his incontrovertible, if rather extrovert, sincerity. This opera can be seen almost as a celebration of the *convenzione* of the period." Mr. Ashbrook also lets the composer off the hook by suggesting that "this approach went somehow against the grain of his deepest artistic purposes." But the day after the work's première Verdi declared that he thought it "in no way inferior" to his other operas. Mr. Ashbrook puts the blame on the "volatile" plot. But Verdi supervised the libretto closely; he was enthusiastic about the text, which was written mainly by Solera and completed by Piave. Yet the finished product is hopelessly unsatisfactory. The plot is drawn from Zacharias Werner's play "Attila, König der Hunnen," with alterations that simplify the play, introduce local and topical references, and turn it into a political, patriotic drama. It is loosely based on the historical incident of Attila's advance toward Rome in 452 and his subsequent withdrawal—the moment celebrated in Raphael's fresco "Attila the Hun Turned Back from Rome," a version of which is used as the drop curtain for the City Opera production. But this is only the background to an imaginary story of personal revenge which involves Odabella, daughter of the Lord of Aquileia; Ezio, general of the Roman armies; and Foresto, lover of Odabella and supposed savior of northern Italy.

The opera consists of a prologue and three acts. (The City Opera has regrouped them as three acts, with the first intermission after Act I, Scene 2; it would be wise to revert to the designation "prologue" for those two, self-contained scenes.) The prologue and the first two acts are written on the largest scale, and are filled with armies, feasts, dances, and crowds. But the dénouement, as Odabella is about to marry Attila, takes place with the four main characters alone on the stage. They have all somehow extricated themselves from the wedding preparations; Attila accuses the three others of conspiracy, and Odabella stabs him. Roman soldiers rush on, exclaiming that God, the people, and the king have been avenged. End of opera. Julian Budden, in his book "The Operas of Verdi," admits that the last act "does not really fit." He writes, "Solera had designed the first three acts as part of a grand pseudo-historical fresco . . . The result of the change is a disproportion in scale and an alteration to the fundamental character of the opera." It would be possible to defend a concentration on the essential human story at the end of the drama—"Traviata," for example, with



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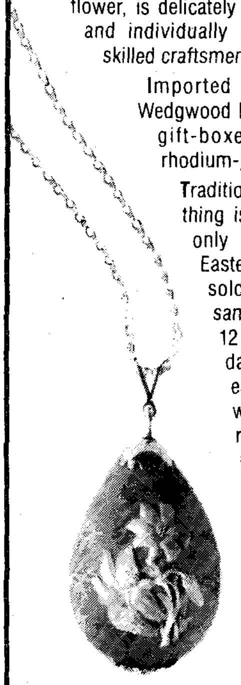

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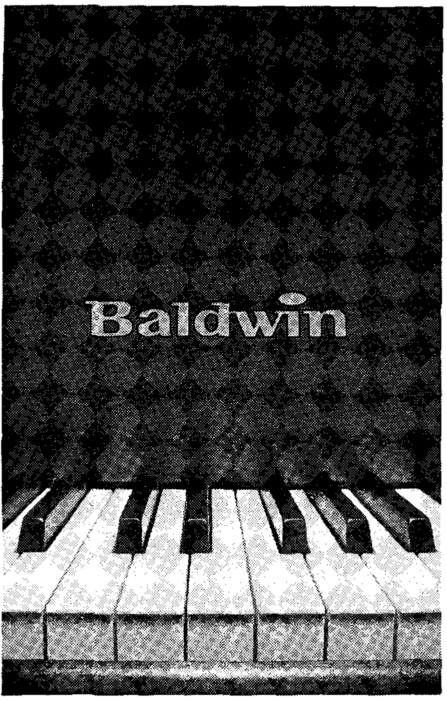
its set-piece scenes, does the same—but nothing has happened to involve us in the human story of "Attila." The characters are effective only as mouthpieces for Verdi's overdemonstrative music. A few months after "Attila" opened, the critic Luigi Casamorata wrote that Verdi had here reached "the apogee of cabalettism." And, indeed, the opera is planned schematically to a degree that makes the conventions of Metastasian opera seria seem a miracle of freedom. Each character has his or her showpiece in the *same aria-cabaletta form, imposed* upon the drama at a likely or unlikely moment. Those for the villains are as attractive as those for the heroes; they do not help to develop characterization.

The City Opera made a remarkably good case for the work. The director, Lotfi Mansouri, had clearly decided to match in his production what Mr. Budden calls the "thick garish colors" of the piece. From the start, as the bright red and yellow of the lighting, by Gilbert V. Hemsley, Jr., streaked across the massive ruined arch of Ming Cho Lee's set for the first scene and the Hunnish hordes milled onto the stage, it was clear that this would attempt to be a spectacular. Some of the big set-piece scenes were effective, but the soldiers did not move with a conviction to match their Risorgimento-style choruses, and the Christian maidens drifted onstage aimlessly. The settings became less interesting: an odd view of Rome from Ezio's camp, with buildings piled on top of each other; an unimpressive structure at the side of Attila's camp where the Roman patriarch Leone makes his appearance. The atmospheric conclusion of the prologue was not part of the Werner play but was added by Solera for patriotic effect. It is set among the wooden huts built in the Adriatic lagoons, where day is dawning, hermits are praying, and the refugees from Aquileia are arriving in small boats. Foresto declares that a phoenix—Venice—will arise from this desolate scene. But the skeletal structures on the stage suggested nothing of this. There were no boats—the refugees simply walked on. The hermits looked lost. There was no "*subito raggio del sole innondando per tutto.*"

The soloists enjoyed success in inverse proportion to the credibility of their roles. Marilyn Zschau was Odabella—"the most unpleasant heroine in all Verdian opera," as Mr. Bud-



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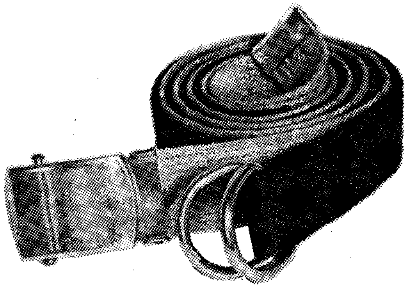

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den describes her. She set the house alight with her vocal fireworks in the prologue, and thereafter managed to sustain attention in the totally different, more lyrical music that Verdi gave her in the rest of the opera. It was a barnstorming performance, brilliant in outline but less sure in detail, played to the gallery with a sure instinct for communication. But I found the voice unattractive and its volume forced. Samuel Ramey was Attila—hero or villain? Insofar as we identify with anyone in the opera, it is with him. He behaves with magnanimity toward Odabella, offering her his sword (which will eventually kill him), and he at least respects Leone and his Christian vision. Mr. Ramey made Attila commanding and noble. The chronicler Priscus of Panium, who visited the real Attila, described him as a short, squat man with a large head and deep-set eyes. Mr. Ramey, too, seemed small. The production helped him by placing him on top of anything handy—a platform, his bed—in order to allow him to dominate the scene. He gave us the evening's most musical singing—well rounded, flexible, and forceful. Ezio and Foresto, who between them represent Italian virtues, are ciphers. Ezio, in a ringing phrase that evidently helped to insure the opera's popularity as a patriotic tract, offers Attila the whole universe (as if it were his to give) so long as he can keep Italy; by the last scene, however, he is prudishly lecturing Attila on the divine vengeance that will curse his conquests. Richard Fredricks sang the part seriously, mellifluously, but could make little impression; Enrico DiGiuseppe, as Foresto, was altogether more attractive—light-voiced but ringing, with a natural feeling for the language and for the flow of Verdi's melodies. He was encouraged by the conductor, Sergiu Comissiona, to treat the melodies freely. Throughout, Mr. Comissiona displayed a welcome reluctance to force the music into strong rhythmic patterns; he bent the slower solos expressively and made the noisy sections sound grand rather than strident.

THE City Opera's other new production this month was Thea Musgrave's "Mary, Queen of Scots." The opera was discussed in these pages by Andrew Porter when it was given its first American performances, by the Virginia Opera Association, in 1978; the production has been lent by that company. The score seems cogent and

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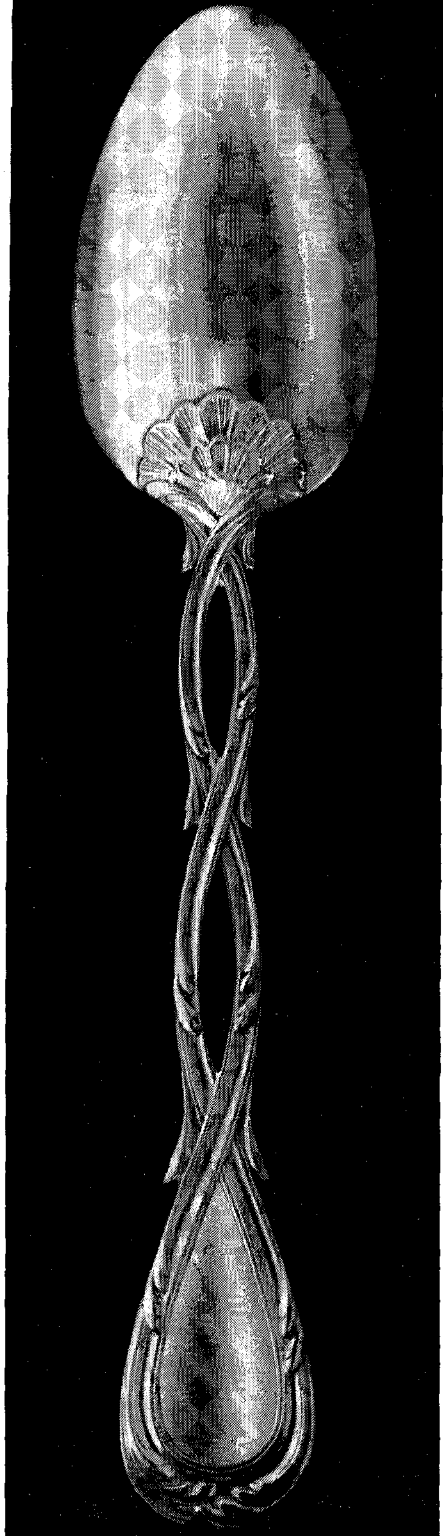

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arresting, but in the State Theatre the piece quite failed to come across. The words—particularly those of Ashley Putnam, in the title role—were mostly inaudible; the lighting, atmospheric in its way, was dim and made too much use of follow spots, which clouded the characters' faces; and the production, by David Farrar, was handsome but did not clarify character or motivation. The evening's main pleasure came from the fine playing of Miss Musgrave's imaginative and attractive score, which was given a strong sense of direction by the conductor, her husband, Peter Mark. In a more intimate house, one might become involved in the drama, for it is expertly planned and the music sustains and illuminates it.

The most enjoyable opera I have seen at the City Opera this season is Nicolai's "The Merry Wives of Windsor." It was staged in clever sets by John Conklin, was directed with flair by Lou Galterio, was sung with panache by a large cast, including the sprightly William Wildermann as Falstaff and Carol Vaness as Mistress Ford, and was conducted, by Charles Wendelken-Wilson, with a fine feeling for Nicolai's light-footed score. It was an uncomplicated delight.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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WRITERS

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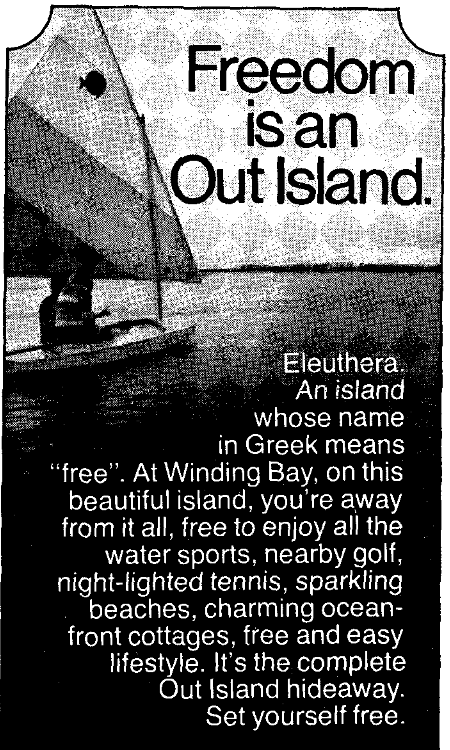

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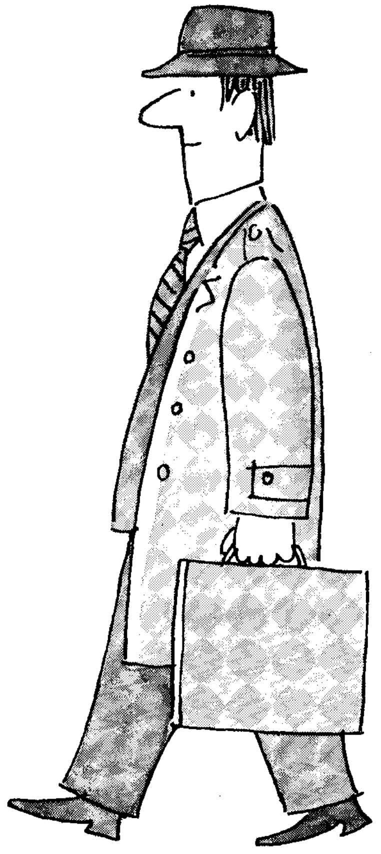
THOUGHTS ON CHANGING NAMES

I WAS not surprised to hear that the decision to change the name of Reedley College to Kings River Community College had provoked some ferocious resistance. Names are important. People who are involved in a controversy over names often begin sentences with a disclaimer like "Of course it's silly to be arguing about something as trivial as a name," but they don't mean it. Names are obviously symbols, and some of the bitterest disputes I have come across are over what the disputants think of as symbols—whether an Indian brave is an appropriate representation of the Dartmouth football team, for instance, or whether the description of the half-time band formations at high-school football games in a South Texas town should be accompanied by Spanish translation. The resistance to some name changes—Cape Canaveral to Cape Kennedy, for instance—is so powerful that the name eventually has to be changed back. There are name changes that simply don't take. New Yorkers have never bothered to change the name of Avenue of the Americas back to Sixth Avenue, but they have also not bothered to call it Avenue of the Americas. The jokes people make about name changes are often the sort of jokes that are meant to be taken seriously. When there was resistance in Newark some years ago to a proposal to name a predominantly black high school after Malcolm X, an Italian politician suggested to Imamu Baraka, a black leader in Newark, that it would be more appropriate to name the school after a universally admired black figure such as Louis Armstrong. In that case, Baraka replied, one of the Italian high schools could be named after Jimmy Durante.

It was obvious that changing the name of Reedley College would meet some opposition in the town of Reedley—a shopping and fruit-packing town that lies twenty-five miles southeast of Fresno, surrounded by the grape fields and fruit orchards and almond groves of the San Joaquin Valley. A certain amount of local pride was involved, and so was a certain amount of tradition. Alone among the farm towns in southeast Fresno County, Reedley had managed to start a junior college in the twenties and had managed to keep it afloat as part of the local high-school district until the sixties, when it became part of a large new community-college district that also administers a two-year college in Fresno. Some potential pockets of resistance to a name change were easy to predict—the Reedley Chamber of Commerce, for instance, and some alumni and faculty who had treasured the name Reedley for years, and a couple of departments in the college which had built a reputation under the old name.



BY ALLOWING THE PREDATOR TO BLEND IN WITH HIS SURROUNDINGS, NATURE AFFORDS HIM THE PROTECTION HE NEEDS TO EFFECTIVELY STALK HIS PREY.

Although Reedley calls itself "The World's Fruit Basket," the claim to international renown most often heard around town is that the value of a certificate from the Reedley College Aeronautics Department is recognized by airline-maintenance managers absolutely everywhere.

After the trustees of the State Center Community College District took their final vote on the subject last June, though, it soon became apparent that opponents of the name change were not left with any particularly promising legal or electoral means of having the decision revoked. "It's time for name-change friends and foes alike to bury the hatchet," the Selma *Enterprise*, the newspaper of a town a dozen miles from Reedley, editorialized toward the end of July. In Reedley, a group of citizens continued to distribute bumper stickers that said "Reedley College Forever." In August, an editorial in the Fresno *Bee* said, "At some point, a vote has to be regarded as final. After that point, argument becomes guerrilla warfare." Four months later, under a picture of a new billboard that the name-change opponents had completed at the highway cutoff leading to the college—"REEDLEY COLLEGE, Home of the Tigers"—the Reedley *Exponent* reported, "A spokesman for the group said that they have just begun to fight for what is right, and that Reedley College will always be Reedley College." A week later, a double-page advertisement sponsored by the Salwasser Manufacturing Company, of Reedley, appeared in a number of Fresno County papers attacking the name change in several thousand words as a railroad job. The final paragraph said, "We will never relinquish our right and our privilege to preserve, protect, and uphold the wonderful and sacred name of Reedley College and to ultimately and forever let its grace add to the beauty of individualistic world renowned Reedley Col-

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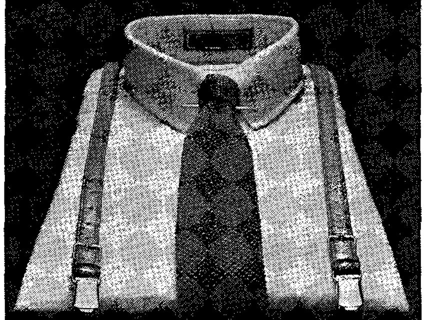

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lege, and to that we pledge our life and our sacred honor." That sort of language six months after the cause seemed to be lost did surprise me a bit. I had known that names were important, but I'm not sure I had realized they were quite *that* important.

IN Fresno County, people try to get along. Immigrants have come from all over the world to work the astonishingly fertile land of the Valley—Armenians, Japanese, Mexicans, Finns. Kingsburg, not far from Reedley, is strongly Swedish. Reedley itself has been dominated by people sometimes called what sounds like "Rooshin-Germans"—German Mennonites who came to this country after a period of farming in Russia. It may be that the knowledge of what has happened when conflict does break out—the removal of Japanese farmers to concentration camps during the Second World War, the bitterness and violence involved in the struggle of Mexican farm workers to unionize in the sixties—provides a special pressure to get along. It seems to me, though, that the pressure exists in any small town. When people discuss a controversy that is taking place in a small town, they often say, "There are a lot of personalities involved." What they mean by "personalities" is "connections." The connections can obviously be a deciding factor in who is willing to be on which side—who can stand to oppose an old friend or to become allies with an old enemy. In a small town, the supply of connections—old friends, good clients, close neighbors—is limited. In a place where the number of, say, substantial carriers of insurance or entertaining duck-hunting partners can be easily counted, people have to think for a while about whether the issue at hand is important enough to risk losing one. The connections may also temper the argument: Arguing with someone you are not likely to see again is a luxury reserved for big-city arguers. A limitation is placed on the viciousness of the final riposte by the knowledge that both sides of the argument are likely to be in the same café for coffee at eight-thirty the following morning—and every morning thereafter.

In Reedley, I was told that the dispute over changing the name of the college involved a lot of personalities. There are apparently some closely connected people in town who have split over the issue, but there are more people whose connections have led them to choose one side or the other—or, even more likely, to choose no side at all. Many people in Reedley, of course, never particularly cared what the local college was called, and many of those who strongly believed it should be called Reedley College eventually concluded that the time had come to accept the inevitable and try to get along. The guerrillas fought on. Last month, eight months after the "final vote," they took a half-page advertisement in several local papers saying, "Mr. and Mrs. Board of Trustees, we wish to advise you that the Reedley College name subject is very much alive." The headline on the advertisement said "REEDLEY COLLEGE FOREVER."

THERE may be some differences in the way small-town and big-city people argue, but it seems to me that they conspire in about the same way. Since the formation of the State Center Community College District, which literally bought the Reedley campus from the high-school district, there have been a number of efforts to change the college's name, but all of the efforts suffered from faulty strategy. Even the bitterest opponents of the change to Kings River Community College acknowledge that this time the name changers were shrewd and thorough in executing their plan. The chief organizer, a Selma businessman named Walter (Dub) Staley, had wanted for more than twenty years to change the name of Reedley College to what he calls "a name we can identify with." Last year, the time seemed ripe partly because the district chancellor, Jack Hansen, happened to be sympathetic. He had been at Visalia Junior College when it became part of a community-college district that includes Tulare, its arch-rival in everything from high-school football to county-fair agricultural displays, and he thought the decision to change Visalia's name to the College of the Sequoias was helpful in connoting "a much greater, more regional situation." The time was also ripe in that Reedley had experienced some dismal years on the athletic field, making boosters particularly susceptible to the argument that athletes who identified Reedley College as the extension of a high-school rival or simply as a loser might be more attracted to a school named Kings River Community College. Staley formed a committee of people with impressive creden-

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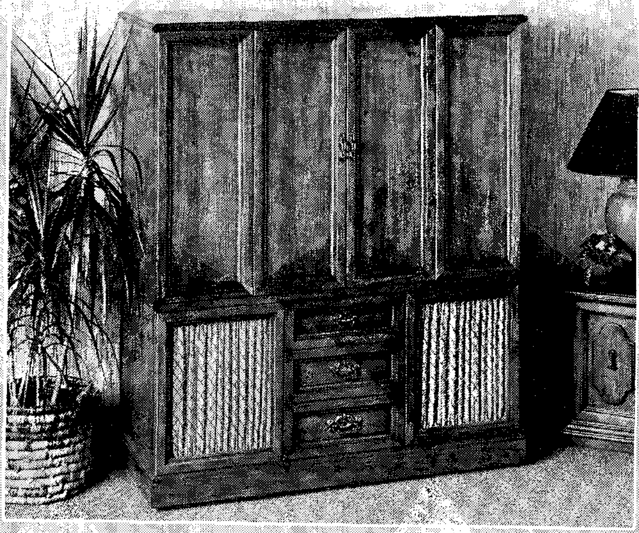

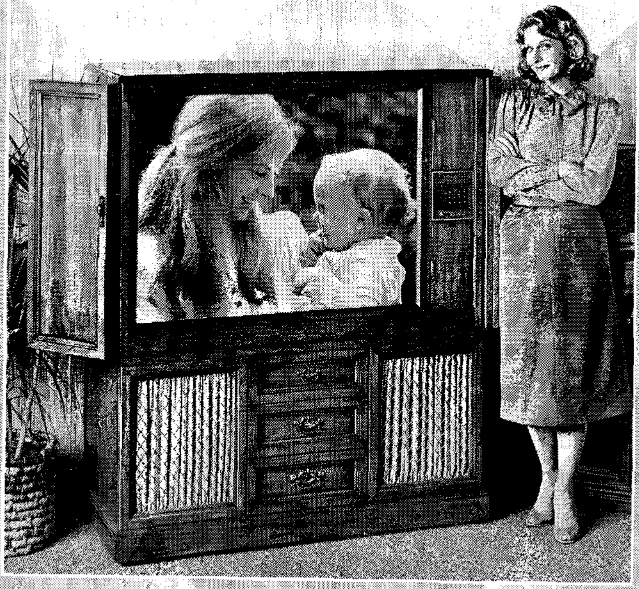

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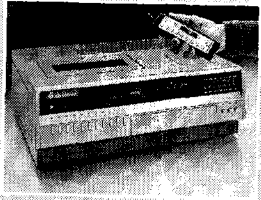

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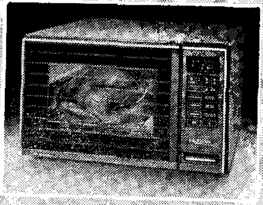

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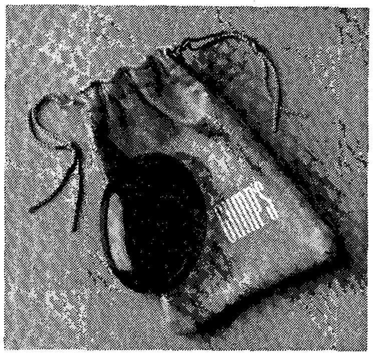

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tials. ("We had two Rotary Club governors, a past international president of the Lions Club.") The committee, working with an ad-hoc committee of the district trustees, identified the power bases of Reedley College and went about lining them up. The power bases were easy to identify: the Reedley College Foundation, the Tiger Bench, Korky Kevorkian, and the Superb Barbecue Committee. The foundation consists of fifteen area businessmen who were gathered together originally to distribute scholarship money. The Tiger Bench is a boosters' club. Korky Kevorkian, a Reedley farmer and businessman, has been the most prominent supporter of the college programs in agriculture and aeronautics—the two best-known departments at the college. The Superb Barbecue Committee is a group of men who cater dinners to raise money for worthy causes, including the college agriculture program.

It all worked. The Agriculture and Aero Departments did indeed turn out to be centers of resistance—the Aero Department went so far as to print stationery that said "Reedley College Aero Department at Kings River Community College"—but the resistance was blunted by the knowledge that important patrons were on the other side. The name-change proponents also won the support of a number of area newspapers, including the Fresno *Bee*. ("It comes down to sentiment versus fairness and appropriateness.") The name-change strategy was so well organized that the opponents of change were left with hardly anyone whose name had been closely associated with the college. Why, then, did the opposition continue? I asked that question of Harry Hiraoka, one of the trustees who had voted to change the name, and he said, "Mel Salwasser is the whole thing in a nutshell."

I COME across a lot of agreeable right-wingers. Even before there was a model in the White House, I came across a lot of agreeable right-wingers. Melvin Salwasser, a manufacturer of packaging machines, is an agreeable right-winger. He grew up in the Russian-German community of Fresno, the son of a man who ran a raisin-packing shed. After the Second World War, he worked for a time as a maintenance man at his father's packing shed, and began tinkering with machines that would collect boxes of raisins and pack them into the ship-

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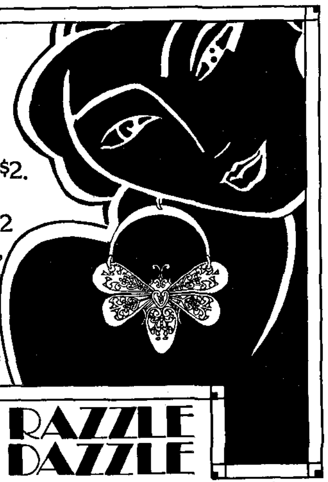

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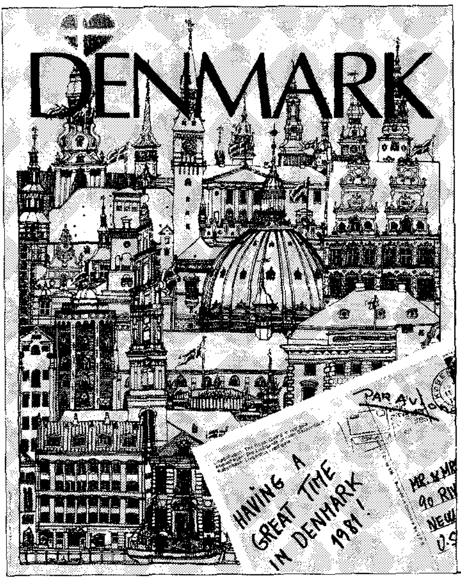
ping crate. He eventually came up with a successful raisin-packing machine, and then found himself designing machines to pack the products of people around the Valley who had heard about his ingenuity. The Salwasser Manufacturing Company now makes packaging machines for corporations like Procter & Gamble. In recent years, it has been grossing six to eight million dollars annually. Mel Salwasser has used a bit of the money to take large advertisements in the local papers urging patriotism.

Mel Salwasser would not agree that he is the Reedley College Forever movement in a nutshell. He is quick to say that Dale Tartaglia, the proprietor of a diesel-repair shop, is the chairman of the committee and that the executive secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, among others, has been active—although the Chamber itself officially gave up some time ago. Salwasser has given no speeches at the public meetings held to discuss the name change. He does not like to speak in public, although he did address a number of Valley service clubs a few years ago about the legal battle he carried on after refusing to allow an inspector from the California Occupational Safety and Health Administration (Cal-OSHA) to enter his plant for a routine inspection without a search warrant showing specific cause for suspecting criminal violations. ("There comes a time in everyone's life when he must stand up for those things in which he believes.") Even in small groups, he is soft-spoken; he sometimes refers to himself as timid. Although he keeps the outer office of Salwasser Manufacturing well stocked with John Birch Society literature, it is difficult for me to imagine him troubling a visiting salesman with hot-eyed harangues about the Red Menace. Whatever claims to timidity Salwasser has, though, have to be suspended when he picks up a pen. On paper, Mel Salwasser gives no quarter. His advertisements tend to be densely printed personal essays—all words except for an American flag or two. In his ads and letters, the name changers are "name wreckers" and the name change is "the atrocity that they most certainly have committed." They are attacked for their actions and their motives and their past sins. When Mel Salwasser becomes particularly exercised, he attacks in all capital letters. Someone on the other side summed up Salwasser's attacks on the trustees to me this way: "You'd think they

DID YOU EVER HEAR OF ANYONE WHO DIDN'T HAVE A GREAT TIME IN DENMARK?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had gone out and committed murder."

There are people in the Valley who think that Mel Salwasser had a taste of heroics during his battle with Cal-OSHA and is now interested simply in having a bigger taste. Salwasser does not seem bothered by that accusation or by the accusation that he is causing divisiveness and bitterness. He says he has a lot of support, and he obviously would not be loath to be alone if he hadn't. In a county that uses as much pesticide as some entire states, Melvin Salwasser has been an outspoken proponent of organic farming for thirty years. He won the OSHA battle after two and a half years, and he seems confident that sooner or later he will win this one by the simple means of bringing the trustees to their senses. The argument that there might be a time to accept the decision has not impressed him. "I'm not made that way, I guess," he told me. "Once I start a battle, I can't stop."

ALTHOUGH people who are involved in an argument over a name may begin sentences by saying that the argument is trivial, they often end them by explaining that the argument is symbolic of something much more important than the specific issue at hand. Dale Tartaglia says that the name change is typical of "public servants becoming public rulers." Salwasser has said that it is "one more notch in a decay of our society." In his advertisements and letters, Salwasser connects the name-change issue to over-all beliefs—his belief that the country is too willing to toss aside heritage, his belief that "neutral institutions" are the rule mainly in "the enslaved nations of Cuba or Russia or mainland China." He sees the name-change opponents as doing "our noble and patriotic duty of preserving and protecting what is right and what is proper." The argument made by some in Fresno County that the opponents of the name change have never before exhibited any intense interest in the welfare of the college does not impress Salwasser and his colleagues. They are after much bigger game.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

BENJAMIN BURROWS.

I should welcome information from any reader about the Leicester composer and musician, Benjamin Burrows, who died in 1966 to aid my research.

BRIAN B. DAUBNEY

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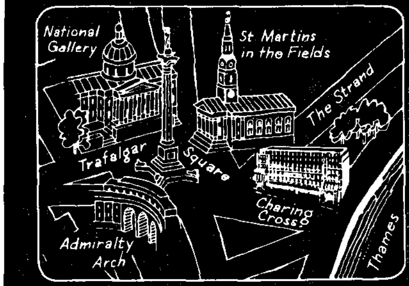

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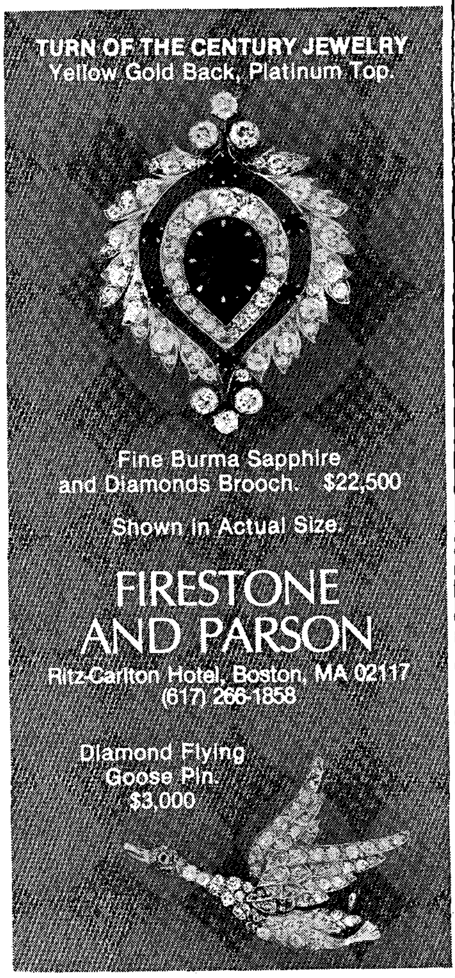
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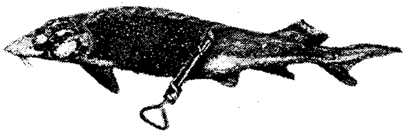

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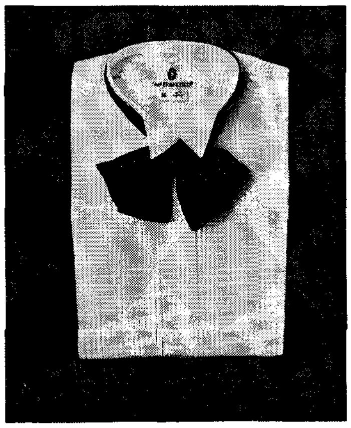

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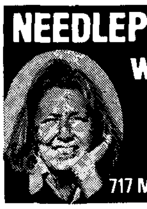

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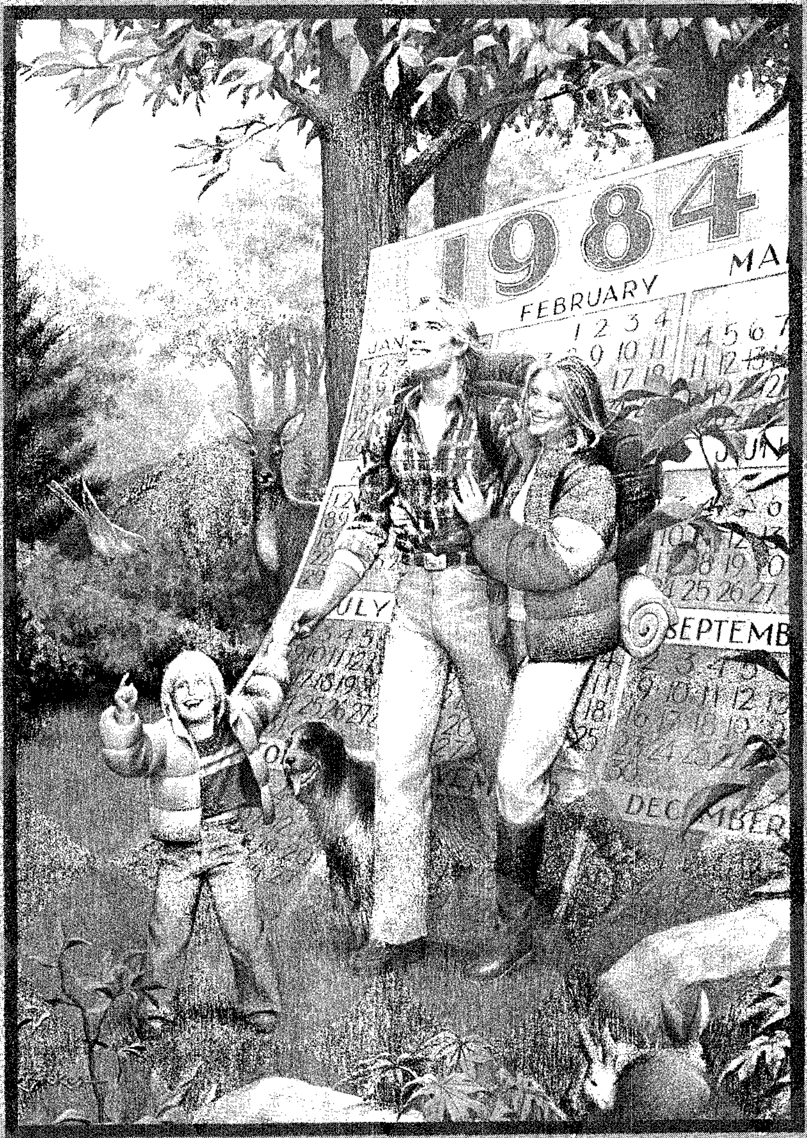

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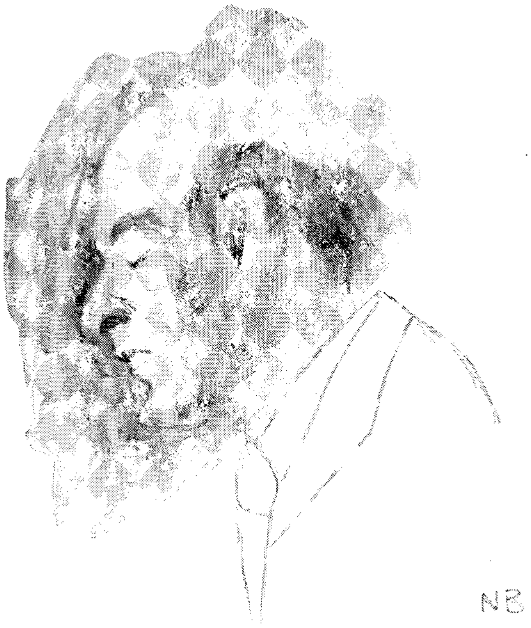
HODES' BLUES



THE blues pianist Art Hodes left New York for good in 1950. He had lived here twelve years, and he left as the leader of a New Orleans-Chicago all-star band to play an indefinite engagement at the Blue Note, in Chicago. But the band and the gig fell apart after eleven weeks, because there were sometimes almost as many bottles on the stand as musicians. (Hodes had quit drinking a year or two before.) He had first come to Chicago with his parents and two sisters when he was six years old. "I'm not completely correct on when I was born," he has said. "It was in Nikolayev, Russia, somewhere between 1904 and 1906. We left hurriedly, and we had no papers." He had been raised in Chicago, and he and his wife, the late Thelma Johnson, decided they might as well settle back in. Hodes has returned to New York only a few times since 1950, and will be at Hanratty's, on the upper East Side, the first week in April.

Hodes is a fragile, primitive pianist, who grew up between Earl Hines and such blues pianists as Pine Top Smith and Cow Cow Davenport. He has a light, nervous touch, and he is most comfortable at slow tempos; his fast numbers, which tend to be spidery and jumpy, seem to spend their energy on getting finished. His style is chordal, and he rarely indulges in arpeggios or in complex single-note melodic lines. His playing is filled with the blues. Fragmentary boogie-woogie basses keep appearing in the left hand, and he uses a lot of tremolos and trills and blue notes in the right hand. He makes rags and "The Sunny Side of the Street" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Ain't She Sweet?" sound like blues. His slow blues are full of evening light, of keening winds, of a sense of endings and departures. They have no self-pity, and they seem to encompass every emotion. His slow blues are unique; in their intensity and depth they surpass those of any other blues pianist—Otis Spann, Ray Bryant, Pete Johnson, Speckled Red, Lloyd Glenn, Champion Jack Dupree, Meade Lux Lewis, Pine Top Smith, Ray Charles, Albert Ammons, Cow Cow Davenport, Little Brother Montgomery, Memphis Slim, Jimmy Yancey, Leroy Carr.

The blues are the simplest of all jazz materials, yet they are the most difficult to play well—slow blues in particular. Their freight is emotion, and sustaining the mood and atmosphere that must be established in the first four or five bars demands great steadiness and invention. A blues solo can be destroyed by a whisper or a cough. It can be destroyed by the slightest flagging of intensity, by a poor chord "change," by an uncertain rhythmic turn. Great blues solos—Pee Wee Russell's on "Mariooch," Red Allen's on "Jimmie's Blues," Benny Carter's (trumpet) on "Feather Bed Lament"—are seizures: they possess both the player and the listener. (Some of the most celebrated jazz performers have been poor blues players. They include Art Tatum, Joe Venuti, Benny Goodman, Stan Getz, Fats Waller, J. J. Johnson, Bix Beiderbecke, Miles Davis, and Gerry Mulligan. They either parody the blues or use them for displays of baroque muscle.) When Hodes goes "down" into a slow blues, he takes you with him and you don't get out until the last bar. He often stays in the three lowest registers of his instrument, and he will start with a descending right-hand tremolo pitted against irregular left-hand tenths. If he is in the key of C, he takes his tremolo into F and back to C, then passes through G and F and back into C with a short, wobbly right-hand run. In his next chorus, he fashions a brief ascending five-note figure in his right hand and repeats it with slight variations throughout the chorus. He settles into thunderous left-hand chords at the start of his third chorus, allows them to blow smartly away, and finishes with quick right-hand glissandos. His fourth chorus goes immediately into a clump of single notes struck above middle C, which have a falsetto effect, and he sinks back to the lowest register, where he rumbles up and down for most of the next chorus. He eases the pressure in his final chorus with a series of repeated right-hand figures and with snatches of a Jimmy Yancey bass. Hodes is as affecting to watch as he is to listen to. His head is shaped like a long egg. The top is mostly bare, and the bottom sharpens into a long chin. His frequent new-moon smiles slide from the right to the left. He has small hands. When he plays, he shuts his eyes, his mouth tightens, and his head moves in two or three directions at once—from side to side, up and down, and back and forth. At the end of a set, he springs to his feet, nods his head, and—still vibrating—bobs up and down half a dozen times.

Hodes worked almost constantly once he was established in New York, in the late thirties, but he also took on the role of teacher and prophet. For a year in the early forties, he had a radio program on WNYC. He played the New Orleans-Chicago small-band jazz he loved, and once or twice during every show he played the piano. Hodes said recently, "Gene Williams and Ralph Gleason, who ran a little magazine for jazz-record collectors called *Jazz Information*, suggested I try out for a radio show on WNYC that Ralph Berton was leaving. I did, and I got it, and they wrote some scripts for me. When I strayed from what they had written, they left me on my own. I didn't have many records, so I had to borrow things to play, which led me to get interested in collecting. I got really involved, and I haunted the record shops and junk shops and rummage sales. The program was on six days a week in the early afternoon, and generally it lasted a half hour on weekdays and an hour on Saturday, when I'd ask guests in to play. I was playing the recordings I grew up

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with. It was beautiful jazz music going out into the air, and all I had to do, except for saying a few words, was sit there and listen. Everything was fine until the day Mayor LaGuardia broadcast right after me. While he was waiting to go on the air, he heard me announce what label each tune was on, and the label number. I guess it was the first time he'd ever heard the show, and he told the station manager to get rid of me—that I was giving commercials on a noncommercial station. Of course, what I was doing was giving my listeners the information they needed to get the records I had played. Otherwise, they would write to me by the dozen, and I'd have to write them all back myself."

A couple of months before his radio program ended, Hodes started a monthly magazine, *The Jazz Record*, with a printer and writer named Dale Curran. The magazine became the first preserver of jazz's oral history, and it was something of a racial pioneer: the cover photographs were strictly alternated between black and white musicians. "The existing jazz magazines were for record collectors," Hodes said recently. "There was nothing that gave the musician a voice, a chance to talk for himself. We'd invite musicians to the office, which was in a basement on Tenth Street near Seventh Avenue, and we'd give them a bottle and ask them questions. After a drink or two, they relaxed and didn't talk too fast, and Dale would take down every word on his typewriter. We got down Cow Cow Davenport and Omer Simeon and Zutty Singleton. John Hammond wrote for us, and the television writer Robert Alan Aurthur, and Carl Van Vechten, and Allan Morrison. We put out about sixty issues between 1943 and 1947. Our circulation never got above eleven hundred, and we never made any money, but I think we did a lot of good."

Four years ago, the University of California Press published a collection of pieces from *The Jazz Record* called "Selections from the Gutter," which is the title of one of Hodes' blues. Here is Cow Cow Davenport on the first sixteen or seventeen years of his life:

> When I was a boy down in Alabama [around 1900], the people who played music played only guitars. The guitars were carried swung on the neck with a long string, and people called them easy riders. My father didn't like that idea of his son being an easy rider so he wouldn't let me learn music. In those days the musicians had all the girls, and daddy despised it; so

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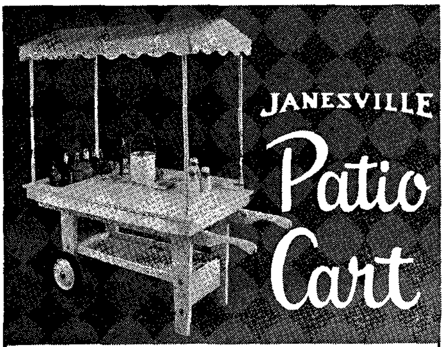

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he didn't allow me to play in his house. He had purchased a piano, though. My mother was pianist for a church they organized. My mother admired me because I could play, and my daddy hated me because I could play. He was going to make out of me what he wanted me to be, that was a preacher. He sent me to Selma University, a Baptist college in Alabama.

The magazine had a great variety of textures. The novelist, critic, and photographer Carl Van Vechten describes in his slow, orotund style what it was like to see Bessie Smith in 1925 at the Orpheum Theatre in Newark:

> She was at this time the size of Fay Templeton in her Weber and Fields days, which means very large, and she wore a crimson satin robe, sweeping up from her trim ankles, and embroidered in multicolored sequins in designs. Her face was beautiful with the rich ripe beauty of southern darkness, a deep bronze brown, matching the bronze of her bare arms, walking slowly to the footlights, to the accompaniment of the wailing, muted brasses, the monotonous African pounding of the drum, the dromedary glide of the pianist's fingers over the responsive keys, she began her strange, rhythmic rites in a voice full of shouting and moaning and praying and suffering, a wild, rough Ethiopian voice, harsh and volcanic, but seductive and sensuous too, released between rouged lips and the whitest of teeth, the singer swaying slightly to the beat, as is the Negro custom . . .

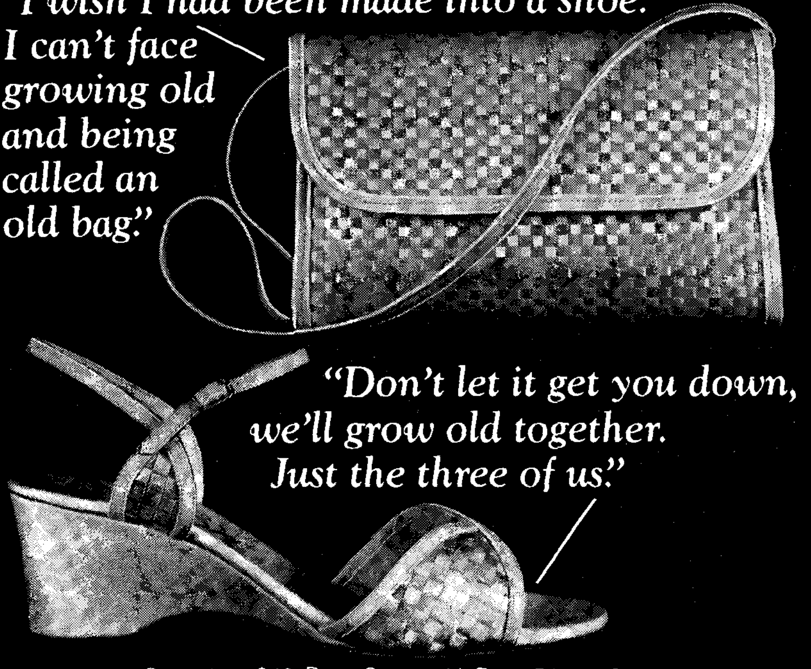
Hodes contributes autobiographical pieces, and he has an elliptical, easy-as-you-go style:

> And so I got a bit calloused. I watched people get drunk. I saw a lot of night life. I got better acquainted with the piano. Singers began to like my playing. I got a bit relaxed, I began to look around, visited other joints, met the help.

He meets the one-armed New Orleans trumpet player Wingy Manone:

> And so started a most important period in my life. In a short time we were roommates—then buddies—the best and closest of friends. We lived every minute of each day—and each day was a complete life in itself. . . .
>
> Wingy had a big bear coat that we both took turns wearing. Louis [Armstrong] used to greet us with: "Who's the bear tonight?" . . . Louis and the boys in the band kept a flat especially for themselves, to be able to drop in at all hours and relax. You know the conversation that takes place on the record by Armstrong called "Monday Date" where Louis says to Earl Hines: "I bet if you had a half pint of Mrs. Circha's gin" . . . well, that was the name of the woman who kept the flat for the boys. For a half-buck you got a cream pitcher full of gin which was passed around as far as it would go. In those days that was what the boys drank.

Hodes talks more formally than he writes. He talks slowly and softly, and



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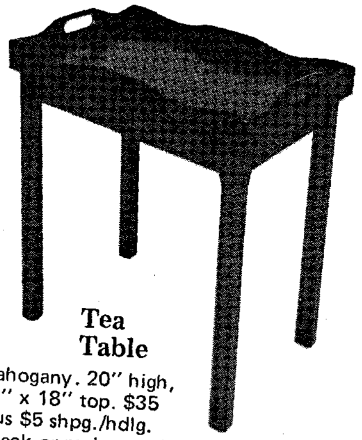

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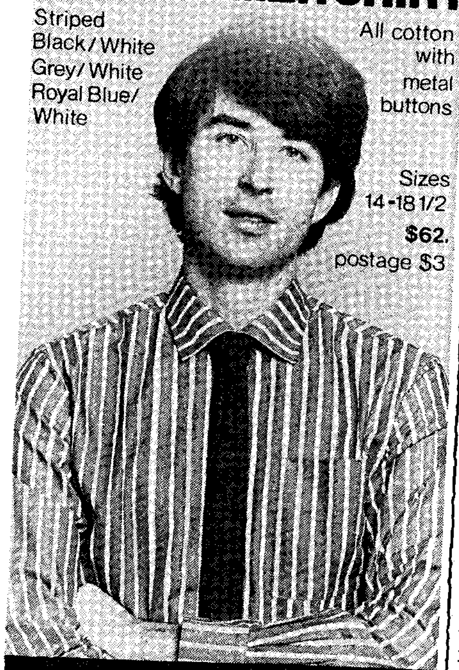

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when he listens he closes his eyes, as if he were playing what he is hearing. He talked about himself one night recently:

"My parents settled in Chicago about a mile from the Loop, in the Twentieth Ward—the Bloody Twentieth, people called it. It was an Italian neighborhood, with a sprinkling of Russian Jews. My sisters were named Sema and Zena. One lives in New Mexico and the other in Chicago. My father's name was William, and he was a tinsmith. He was a hard-working homebody, a free soul who liked solitude and quiet. He didn't play cards, but he shared some conviviality with our relatives. He was kindly inclined and the smile was there quite often. He loved music—Chaliapin, Caruso. He had studied singing in Russia but had been told by his teacher that he was not good enough to be a professional. This somehow gave my father the idea that music was not a profession that a young man should follow. He dreamed that I would be a civil engineer. My mother, Dorothy, dreamed that I'd be a concert pianist. My father was medium-sized, but my mother was shorter and had a little more weight. She had dark hair and very expressive eyes, and her face came down to a point instead of fattening out. She was artistically inclined without being artistic, and she was affectionate and helpful to the neighbors. I didn't have any trouble in grammar school, but then my father exercised his reasoning and got me to go to a trade high school. A gap of understanding opened between us. I didn't fit in the school, I was out of step. I started skipping classes. I discovered vaudeville, and I'd sit next to the pit orchestra. I saw Jimmy Durante, and I was fascinated, and my fascination lasted a month before my father found out what I was doing. When he got over his anger, he told me it was either go to school or get a job. I went to a regular high school and finished very well. My father had bought a piano on time when I was six, but he lost his job and the piano was taken back. When it reappeared, I started to study. I enrolled at Jane Addams' Hull House with the Smith sisters. One taught voice and the other piano, but you had to take one to take the other. So I learned to sing soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, and it developed my harmonic sense, and I studied classical piano. I also started playing for dances and discovered I was a natural swinger—that is, that it was very easy for me to play

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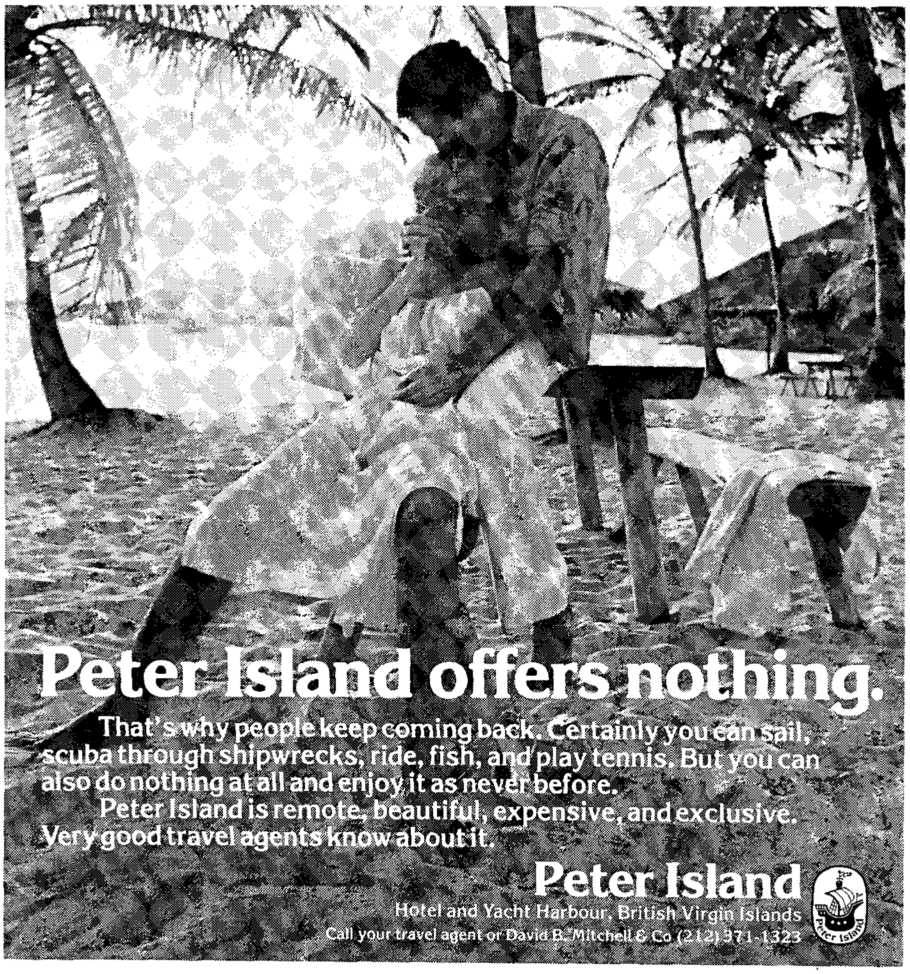
in time. I hadn't heard any jazz yet, but I listened to the Coon-Sanders Nighthawks and to Paul Whiteman on my crystal set. When I got out of high school, I took all sorts of jobs. I was a messenger, I copied letters, I delivered mail, I worked in a can factory. I never lasted too long. Meanwhile, I had started playing at Italian weddings and at dime-a-dance halls. A drummer named Freddy Janis asked me would I like to audition for the Dago—Dago Lawrence Mangano. He owned a place on Madison Street called the Rainbow Gardens. One flight up, twenty-five steps, and you were in a room that held about seventy-five people. When I went for the audition, the Dago took out a banjo, which he had tuned like a ukulele, and sang all these dirty songs. I played along behind him, and he said, 'You're hired.' He paid me thirty-five a week, which I don't know if my father got that much. On top of that, I made a lot in tips, and pretty soon I had myself a little car. The Dago had a couple of girl singers who alternated going from table to table singing, and I played for them and by myself. There were no intermissions, and whenever things got quiet the Dago would say, 'There's a lull in the joint. *Do* something.' All of us entertainers were supposed to divide the tips, and one night I caught one of the girls putting a big bill down the front of her dress. I accused her and slapped her and walked out. I stayed away one day, and when I came back the Dago lectured me. 'It's always better to listen than talk because you never know who you're talking to.' It turned out the girl I had hit was a gangster's moll. I had walked into the Rainbow Gardens knowing nothing, but I got a liberal education. I learned my trade in the midst of gangster kingdom. The Rainbow was managed by the Dago's girl, Lucy Labriola. One night, she had a hurry-up call that the Genna brothers and a big party were coming. They had reputedly killed her husband, and they thought it was funny to have her wait on them. She was in tears the whole evening. They also thought it was funny to buy me drinks and make me drink them. Eighteen in all, and it nearly killed me. Another night, a couple of wiseacres posing as federal agents went around the room sampling customers' drinks. One got away, but the Dago and his boys beat the other up and threw him down the stairs. I have never seen a person get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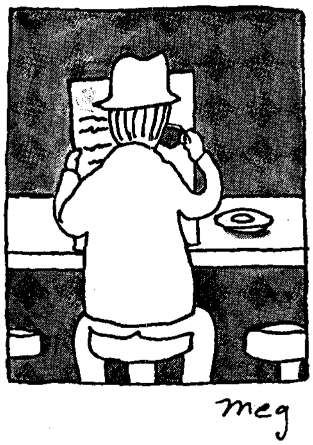
hurt that badly before or since, and I never want to see it again. I was also getting a musical education. I had to play songs like 'Melancholy Baby' and 'I Wonder What's Become of Sally' and 'My Man,' and I was learning different keys and how to accompany singers.

"I quit the Rainbow after a year and a half, and I spent the summer in a band at the Delavan Gardens, on Delavan Lake, Wisconsin. I went with Earl Murphy, a banjo player, and he had a windup Victrola and a lot of records by Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong and Bix Beiderbecke, and those records turned me on. I listened day and night. Back in Chicago, I met Wingy Manone and moved in with him. I learned to play the blues from a pianist named Jackson and from Walter Davis and Pine Top Smith. Jackson really reached me. One day, he disappeared, and when he came back a couple of weeks later he was all spiffed up and he wasn't playing the blues anymore. I asked him how come, and he said, 'Man, I don't *have* the blues.' I stood around at the Savoy Ballroom with King Oliver and Louis and Manone. Louis told the jokes, he was the star, and we warmed ourselves at the fire. I watched his fans carry him across the ballroom to the bandstand, he was that popular. I listened to Earl Hines and he made me feel like taking my hands and throwing them in the river. I played rent parties, and I heard a lot of blues piano players at a black barbecue place where you could get fried fish and apple turnover and ribs. I heard Bessie Smith at the Michigan Theatre. She was wearing a white gown and she hardly moved when she sang. She sang staring at the floor, and she sang to herself. I walked the streets of the South Side, and there was music everywhere—jukeboxes, Victrolas, people whistling at each other. I sat in with Bix Beiderbecke once, and it was interesting. I think his records made him seem more powerful than he was. They must have stationed him right by the recording horn. He didn't play at all loud in the flesh—not much louder than Bobby Hackett. Armstrong was far more powerful, and they must have positioned him at the back of the recording studio.



"By the late twenties, most of the people I had worked with in Chicago had moved on to New York, but I stayed, because there were so many blues players. My friend Jess Stacy was also there, and I had enough work with my own groups and with bands led by Frank Snyder and Floyd Towne." (Stacy said recently, "Hodes was a good cat, and we were good friends. Any time I'd finish a job, I'd recommend him, and he'd do the same for me. It wasn't dog eat dog—and we were all starving to death. Hodes stuck to his guns. He liked to play the blues, and he played them. We used to go to a little barbecue place to hear blues piano players. There was always an old drummer there named Papa Couch. He had a beat-up set of drums, with one of those old leather pedals, and he'd shake his head and say, 'I sure will be glad when this radio craze dies out.' ") "By 1938, Chicago had become a ghost town. Accordions had come in, and strolling singers. I had begun to read about what was happening in New York. I had married my wife, Thelma—she was from Montana—and we packed our car with all our belongings and headed for New York. We found a place in the East Nineties and then the West Nineties; then we moved to the Village.

"The blues is twelve bars of music. Each bar has four beats, so there are forty-eight beats in a chorus. It's what you do with those forty-eight beats. The blues is an emotion that is happening inside you, and you're expressing it. Now, you can play the blues and just go through the changes and not feel it. That has happened to me for periods of time, and I can fool anybody but me. Right now I'm in a blues period. The blues heal you. Playing the blues becomes like talking trouble out. You work the blues out of you. When I play, I ignore the audience. I bring all my attention to bear on what I'm playing, bring all my feelings to the front. I bring my body to bear on the tune. If it's a fast tune—a rag—I have to make my hands be where they should be. I make sure they're following dictation. I'm from the old school—work, work, work. People say to me, 'Why don't you look at the crowd and smile when you

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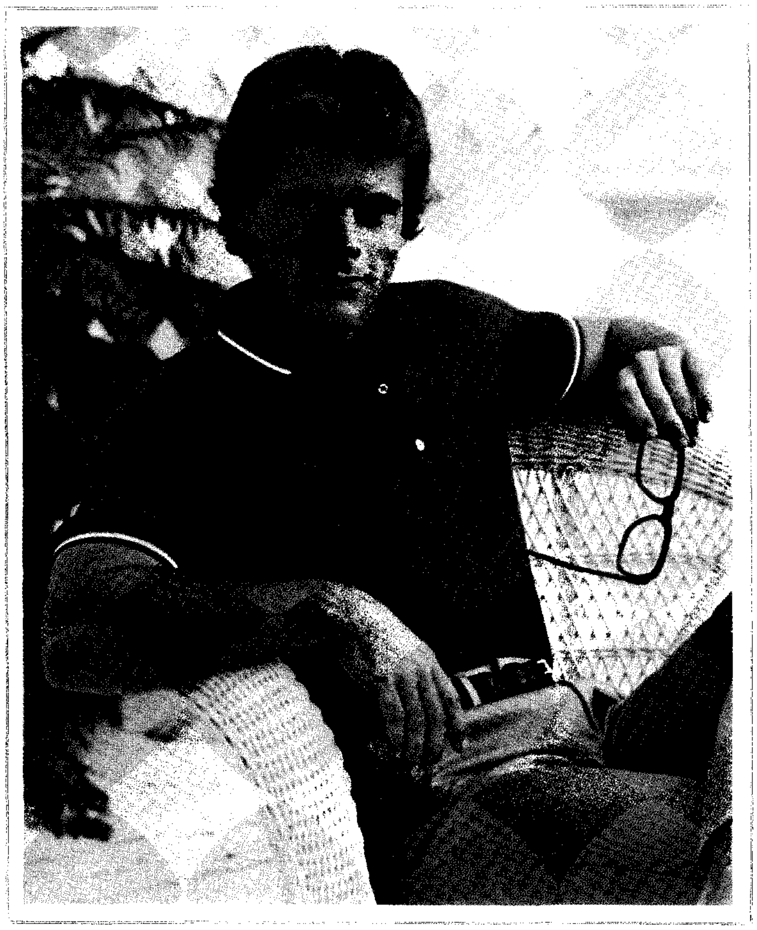

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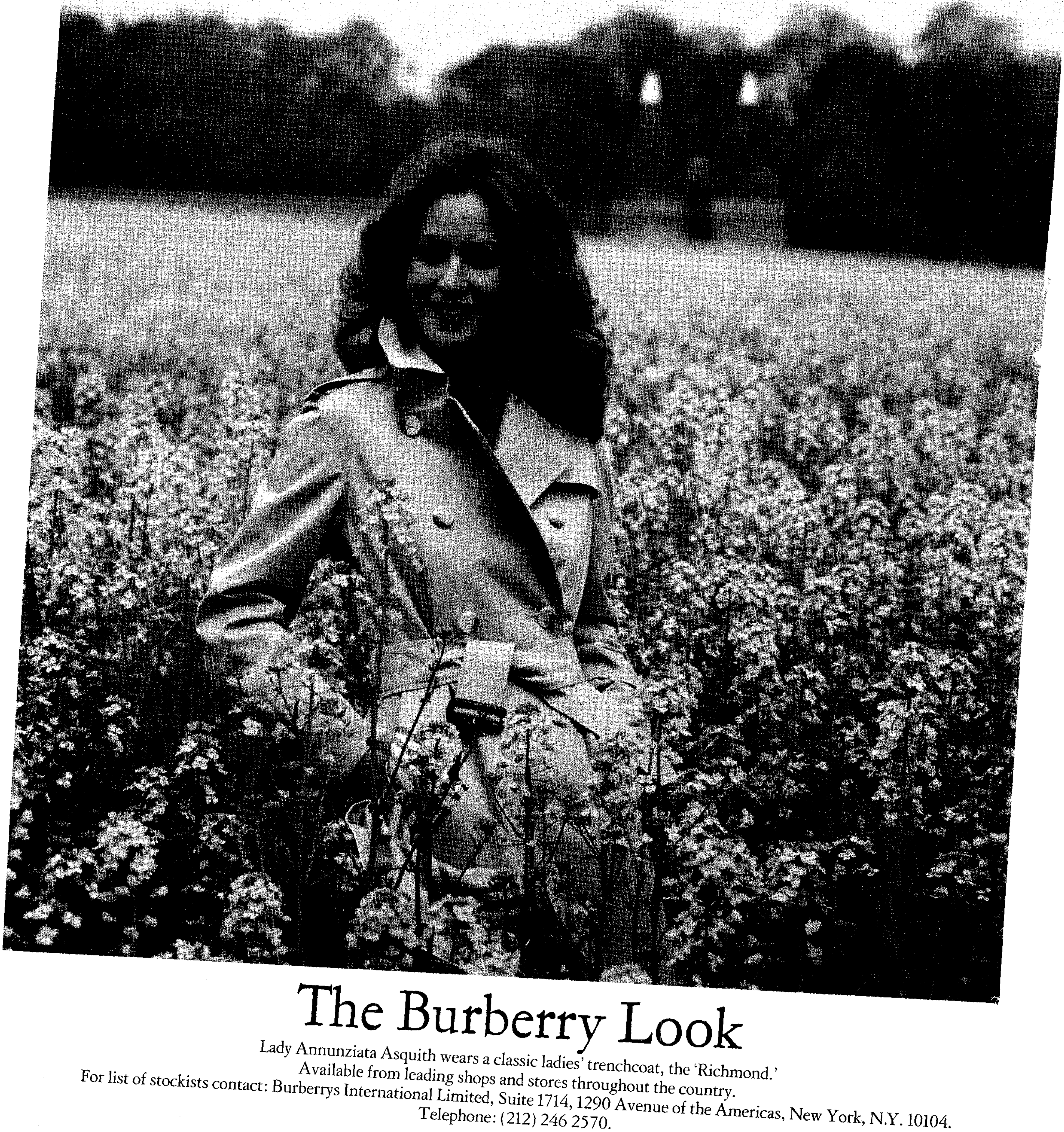

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play?' I can't do that. I'm trying to get lost in what I'm doing, and sometimes I do, and it comes out beautiful.

"Five of my six children are alive. One lives near New York and one in Virginia, and the rest are within a few miles of me in Chicago. I even have two great-grandchildren. Why should I retire from something that gives me so much joy and seems to give joy to others, too? I'll quit when I'm not doing justice to what I'm playing. Because my personal needs are so in hand, I don't have the pressure to work all the time. I'll never let them do to me what they did to Joe Venuti in his last years—run, run, run. I'm going to stay out of that trap. I'm going to talk to myself about that. If I work three or four times a week, that's enough." —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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that is to say,
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these twist and suffer.
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without separating
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line by wandering.
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until the forest yields

to pasture
and the landscape
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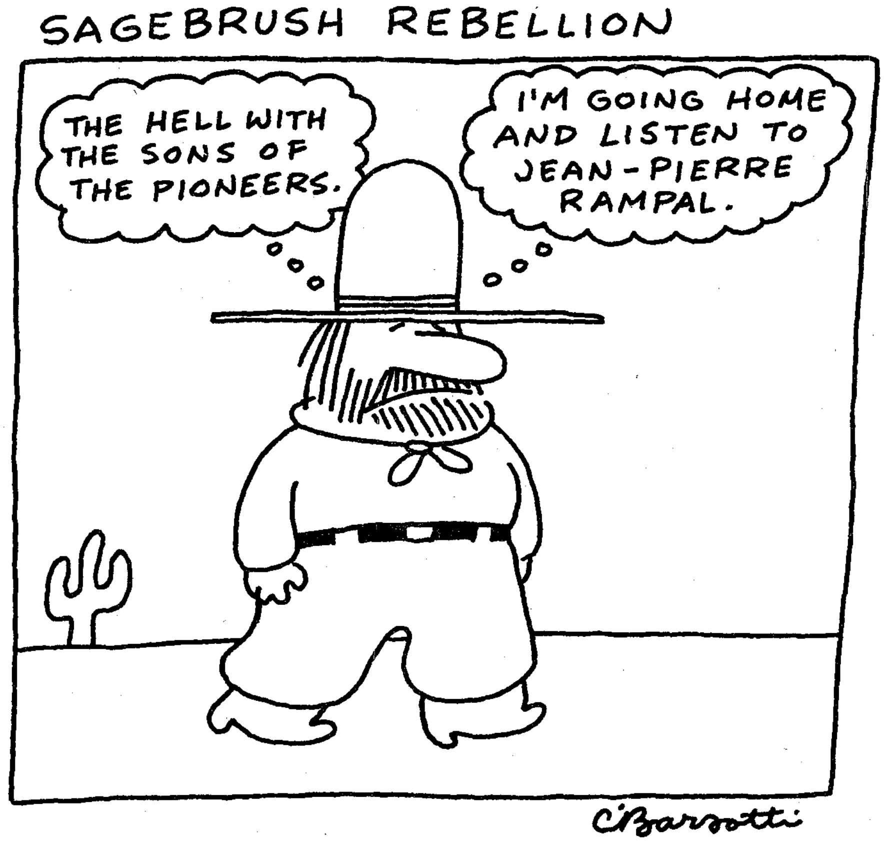
After the War

“Flight Into Egypt,” by the Israeli writer Amos Elon (Doubleday; $10.95), recalls a visit to Egypt in the spring of 1979, just after Israel and Egypt made peace. Although Elon travelled with Menachem Begin’s entourage when the Israeli Prime Minister repaid President Sadat’s visit to Israel, he was not part of the official mission. There were no scheduled flights between the countries at that time. Israel allowed him to hitch a ride in, and Egypt allowed him to enter as a tourist—to explore a land he had never seen, because it had been at war with his own for thirty-one years, his entire adult life. He admits that besides being curious he was anxious and fearful as one of the first Israelis permitted to travel alone in Egypt; he had seen televised pictures of Cairo, in 1967, as a background for mobs yelling for war. This unique book is everywhere pervaded by the bittersweet relief of peace, which includes regrets for the losses of war, a sense of the unnecessariness of those decades of hostility, and a lingering uncertainty—the good news may be too good to be true.

First off, Elon was visually astonished by Egypt. Though the countries are neighbors, their landscapes are altogether dissimilar. He was amazed by Egypt’s flatness, and by the single, broad river, for whose grandeur no reading had prepared him. He had not been able to envision the narrowness of the green band (from two to ten miles wide) that divides the desert—a ribbon whose scented lushness reminded him of a greenhouse—or the extremes of fertility and sterility so closely juxtaposed on so vast a scale. The monumental quality of the land itself, like that of its ancient architecture, took getting used to, and Elon is continually adjusting to size and scale. He recalls an earlier writer’s suggestion that Egypt’s geography promotes central control. There is no place to idle or to hide. The population lives on four per cent of the land surface; all else is nearly uninhabitable, offering no shelter comparable to the Cave of Adullam, where David survived Saul’s hostility, or the Sierra Maestra, from which Castro overthrew Batista. Elon, however, does not dwell on this hint, for he is not inclined to borrow conclusions. Some of Egypt’s problems—notably overpopulation—are visible both in Cairo and out of it; his account of the populousness of the countryside will doubtless surprise Americans, who have by now become used to rural landscapes populated solely by farm machinery.

As Elon wanders a place so physically close to his homeland and yet in every other way so much more remote than he had imagined, we are reminded of Stendhal’s comment that every two hundred leagues of travel affords not only another landscape but another novel. Elon is not sure he can decipher Egyptians. Part of the reason is evidently political: Israel has always been a parliamentary democracy, in which every opinion is vociferously expressed—not only Israel’s hawks and doves were having their say about peace but her pigeons and ravens and parrots and geese. Egyptian unanimity—formerly for war, now for peace—baffled Elon. It is difficult for citizens of nations that do not expect unanimity to understand nations that do, as our own collection of Kremlinologists and Sinologists attests. However, Elon became aware that Egypt under Sadat was very different from Egypt under Nasser, and tells us that the mood of journalists and writers in Cairo recalled that of “Polish and Hungarian writers one met in Warsaw and Budapest a year or so after the death of Stalin.” He helps us appreciate that Sadat has been engaged in the exceptionally tricky business of dismantling a dictatorship—a venture more risky than overthrowing one. Perhaps an even greater difficulty than diverse political structures is the divergence of national styles—at least, as Elon sees them. He portrays Israelis as forthright, down-to-earth, outspoken, tactless, abrasive, and arrogant; this string of adjectives is my effort to supply a sort of calibration, for in such matters as personal or national traits there is no platinum bar to define the perfect metre, no equivalent of Greenwich mean time to set our emotional clocks by. All is impression, and Elon’s impression is that Israelis frequently are—or seem—rude, particularly when compared with Egyptians, whom he finds strikingly affable. Egyptians, he says, avoid affronts and discourtesies and seem almost effortlessly charming. Israelis, who do not mind arguments, often say no and, after debate, modify their original negation; Elon found that Egyptians almost never say no but, instead, delay, forget, lose papers. Evidently, an Israeli can tell when an Israeli “no” means “yes,” and an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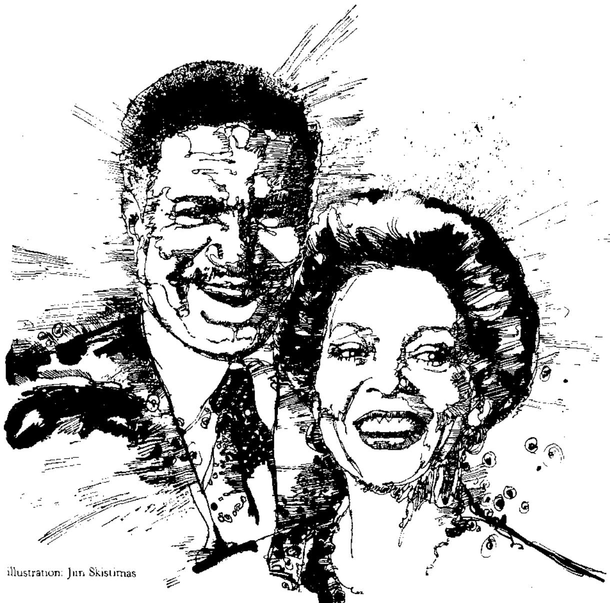

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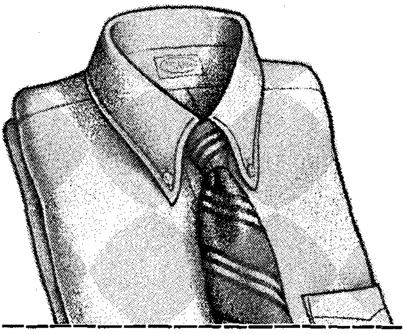

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Egyptian understands when an Egyptian "yes" means "no," but Elon mentions that this difference in approach caused difficulties during the peace negotiations. He also thinks that similarities between Arabic and Hebrew contribute to misunderstanding; both languages are short of ways to express the conditional (everything comes out too emphatic) and also of tenses (rights and grievances dating from Moses and Saladin become indistinguishable from yesterday's events). He thinks that Israelis and Egyptians might do well to continue conversing in English.

A practical reason that Egypt sought peace was spelled out in the newspapers: since 1948, her wars had cost fifty-eight billion dollars—enough to have rebuilt every village in the Nile Valley. Even so, the Egyptians had their own anxieties about peace—cares that were new to Elon—including a fear that their country had isolated herself from the Arab world, and concern for the status of Palestinians. Several Egyptians insisted that Israel must be "Arabized"—rejecting the pattern of Europe's Common Market, where economic coöperation does not entail cultural fusion. The Egyptians' resentments and reservations were different from the Israelis'; the same wars left different scars.

Elon made what might be called a business tour, to see how the Suez Canal works, and to visit the new Free Zone at Alexandria, a tax haven for foreign investors whose enterprises employ Egyptians. He also visited schools and universities, government offices, and private homes, and heard optimistic predictions and gloomy ones, and sheer exasperation—as in an agricultural expert's comment about the undesired ecological effects of the Aswan Dam: "In this country, when you solve one problem, seven new ones crop up." A generation ago, many Americans dreamed of a T.V.A. in every major river valley, while nowadays their children or grandchildren picket proposed dam sites. Egypt is by no means the only country where every "solved" problem creates new ones; it is a pity that pride often keeps nations from sharing accurate information about their national stubbed toes. We need to appreciate one another's fallibility as a way of developing fraternity. Elon was surprised to discover that many Egyptians thought of Israelis as military supermen (possibly an effect of Egypt's own propaganda, which greatly exaggerated the dangerousness

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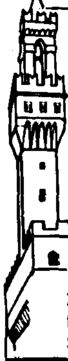

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as well as the villainy of Jews), since he knows his countrymen's limitations, and here mentions several Israeli mistakes.

Because of that long-lasting state of war, Elon had met very few Egyptians. On a visit to the United States, he had collaborated with a young Egyptian woman, Sana Hassan, on a book, "Between Enemies: A Compassionate Dialogue Between an Israeli and an Arab," which was published in this country in 1974, and in Cairo he looked up her family, who appear to be about the most attractive people one could meet anywhere. Indeed, the majority of the Egyptians Elon met were first-class—not the richest but the most cultivated and ablest: for example, a young architect who knows Petrarch by heart. Many of them had been unhappy at the cultural narrowing of the Nasser dictatorship, which sacrificed the complexities and richness of Egypt's past (and thereby her cultural possibilities) to an exclusive emphasis on her Arab heritage, slighting the pharaonic, Hellenistic, and Christian eras. It appears that modern revolutions are often followed by a loss of cosmopolitanism. (The United States became for a time after the Revolution notably more provincial than it had been; the move toward parochialism from President Jefferson to President Jackson illustrates what I mean.) Unfortunately, the Nasser regime did not merely encourage cultural provincialism but silenced, censored, and imprisoned some of Egypt's most gifted writers, who, Elon tells us, were nonetheless brave enough to work for peace. He found them now free to concentrate on their professional problems, such as the steadily increasing divergence between classical and demotic Arabic. His descriptions of recent Egyptian books suggest how enticing modern Egyptian literature is. After he returned to Israel, he belatedly read the work of an Israeli critic, Sasson Somekh, who is greatly esteemed by Egyptian writers, and realized that they responded so warmly because Somekh paid them "the supreme compliment of treating them first and foremost as artists, as fascinating humans rather than as convenient mediums to explore the innermost soul of an enemy." Elon concludes, "It is always easier to make peace between those who would know what to do with it."

This implies, I think, a greater burden on art, artists, and critics than they can carry, although one of art's

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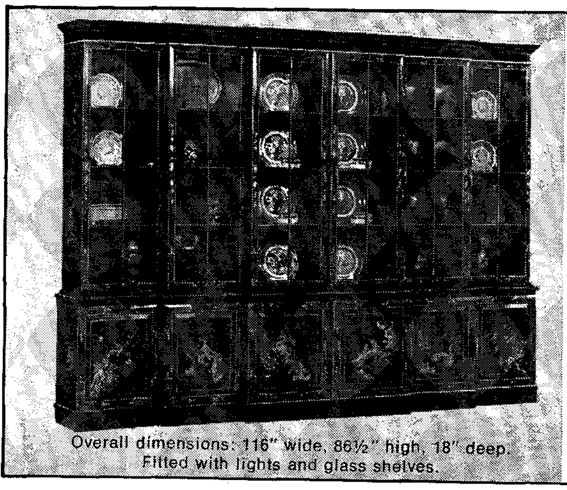

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many functions is to offer alternatives to the imagination, which may include forms of friendship. Elon's book is heartening, since it shows us a man summoning a great deal of courage to trust himself to recent enemies and discovering that he does not need courage: he is welcome. Its lack of imperatives and smooth solutions to knotty questions is refreshing. The author's aesthetic sensibilities reveal enjoyment—something too often devalued or forgotten in our obsession with politics—and register the potency of Egypt's glamour, a quality noted since the days of Herodotus. The book demonstrates the truth of Elon's comment, in "The Israelis: Founders and Sons," that "it is extremely hard for one man to understand the nationalism of another." But it also demonstrates the value of human attributes other than national allegiance. Chattiness, for one. Among human beings, a vow of silence is regarded as a great abnegation or a severe test; our species is so bent on conversation that some of us are trying to talk to dolphins, while others are sending signals into the empyrean hoping to communicate with extraterrestrial intelligences. It may be the author's doing, and it may be the charm of the people he visited; at all events, it seems only natural in this book to like talking with your neighbors. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WHITE HOTEL, by D. M. Thomas (Viking; $12.95). D. M. Thomas tells this complex, disturbing story of a woman treated by Sigmund Freud for a hysteric neurosis by means of seven annals (all fictional): a sequence of correspondence among Freud and several of his colleagues concerning the patient; a bizarre poem, featuring erotic and morbid hallucinations, composed by the ailing woman after a visit to an Austrian health spa; her prose rendition, even more graphic, of the same fantasies; Freud's analysis of the case—of her writings, and also of her dreams and memories—which takes him several years to crack; a brief account of her married life in Russia in the nineteen-thirties; a description of her last days on earth, as the Nazis round up thousands upon thousands of Russian Jews with false promises of emigration and then slaughter them in the ravine of Babi Yar; and, finally, a

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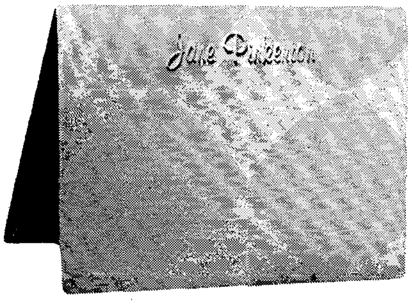

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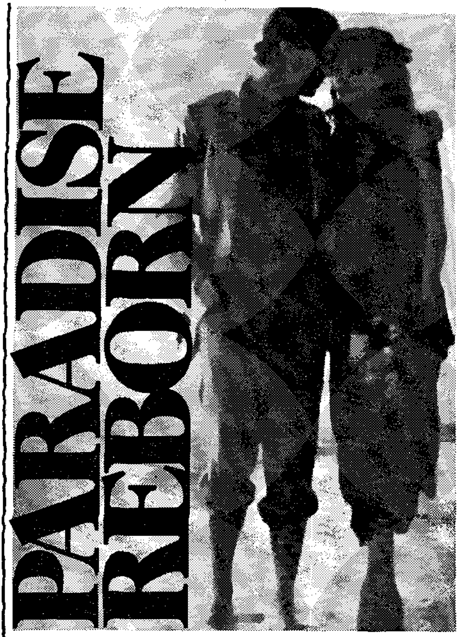

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vision of her life beyond death, in a paradise that resembles Palestine in 1941. This happy ending comes as a shock, but it is a critical moment in the story, forcing the reader to face a difficult possibility: that modern man's conception of Heaven and Hell has been forever altered by the genius of Freud and the madness of Hitler.

GENERAL

THEIR GRACIOUS PLEASURE, by Claude Manceron, translated from the French by Nancy Amphoux (Knopf; $19.95). The third volume of this serial history of the French Revolution opens in 1781, with the birth of a son to Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and closes in 1785, with the birth of another royal child, the death of a Corsican solicitor named Bonaparte while travelling to visit his children at their French schools, and the completion of an extravagant necklace allegedly destined for the Queen of France. As Manceron's fans have come to expect, the author darts here and there, recounting episodes that feature future revolutionaries (Robespierre, who, as a young lawyer, wins a client the right to erect a lightning rod on his house), revolutions that fail (in Geneva), revolutions that succeed (in the United States, France's ally). In France, these years see the first balloon ascensions, the publication of a best-selling scandalous novel, Laclos's "Dangerous Acquaintances," and the première of a hit scandalous play, Beaumarchais's "The Marriage of Figaro." Manceron aims to make the past as lively as a current newspaper, and he succeeds. He has some tabloid faults, though. His slanginess is occasionally overfamiliar, and his underlining of each and every failing of the *ancien régime* is tendentious. He is very well served by his translator, and the illustrations are excellent.

ALBERT EINSTEIN'S SPECIAL THEORY OF RELATIVITY, by Arthur I. Miller (Addison-Wesley; $39.50). Professor Miller, of the physics departments of Harvard and the University of Lowell, has written a superb, perhaps definitive, historical study of Einstein's special theory of relativity, which Einstein published in 1905, when he was twenty-six. Professor Miller traces out, in enormous detail, all the strands that went into the theory: what Einstein

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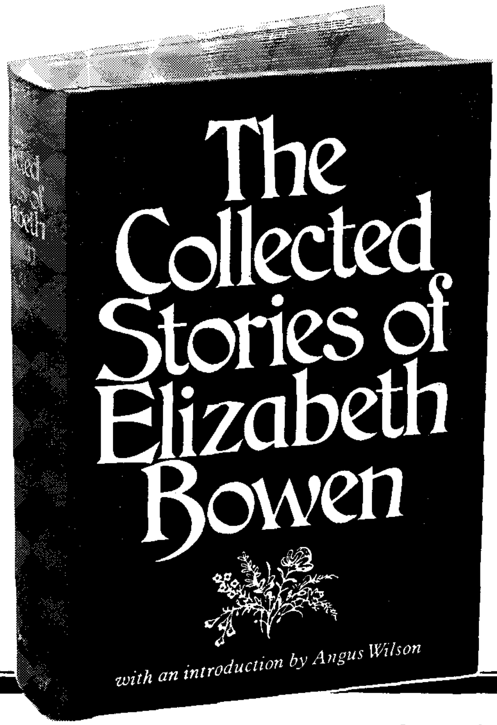

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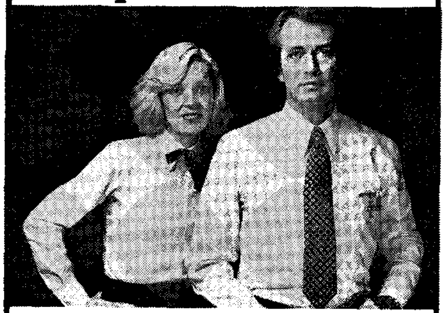

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may have studied, and when, and how it influenced his thinking. The latter portion of the book consists of an almost line-by-line exegesis of Einstein's incredible paper. This kind of exegesis is familiar in dealing with complex literary works, but applying it to a classic paper in physics is unique. (Professor Miller also gives a new and very useful English translation of the paper.) One sees more clearly than before just what Einstein was up to, and what he wasn't up to. One comes away from the book with a respect for both the creative genius of the man and his nerve: he simply brushed aside much of the work that was going on around him, because he knew—his intuition told him—that the men doing it, as great as they were, had their minds fixed on the wrong questions.

MR. KIPLING'S ARMY: ALL THE QUEEN'S MEN, by Byron Farwell (Norton; $13.95). Throughout this well-written popular study of the British Army, the author conveys his astonishment that an institution so retrograde and so brutal could last nearly unchanged from the Napoleonic Wars until the First World War. However, in that period the British rarely fought a modern foe. The Crimean and Boer Wars provoked scandals and elicited reforms that were carried out by two Liberal Secretaries of State for War, Cardwell and Haldane. Still, the pace was laggard: for example, flogging was not stopped until 1881, and even then was retained for exceptional circumstances. Officers were supposed to be gentlemen and enlisted men unemployables, but every man, from private to general, literate or not, was (or was trained to be) unreflective, unimaginative, and brave. What Mr. Farwell has described is a strange phenomenon—a primitive enclave surviving in modern Britain.

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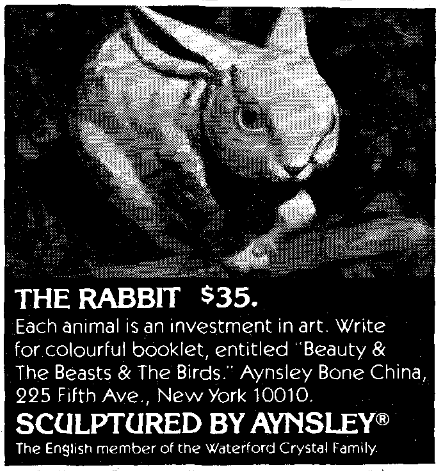

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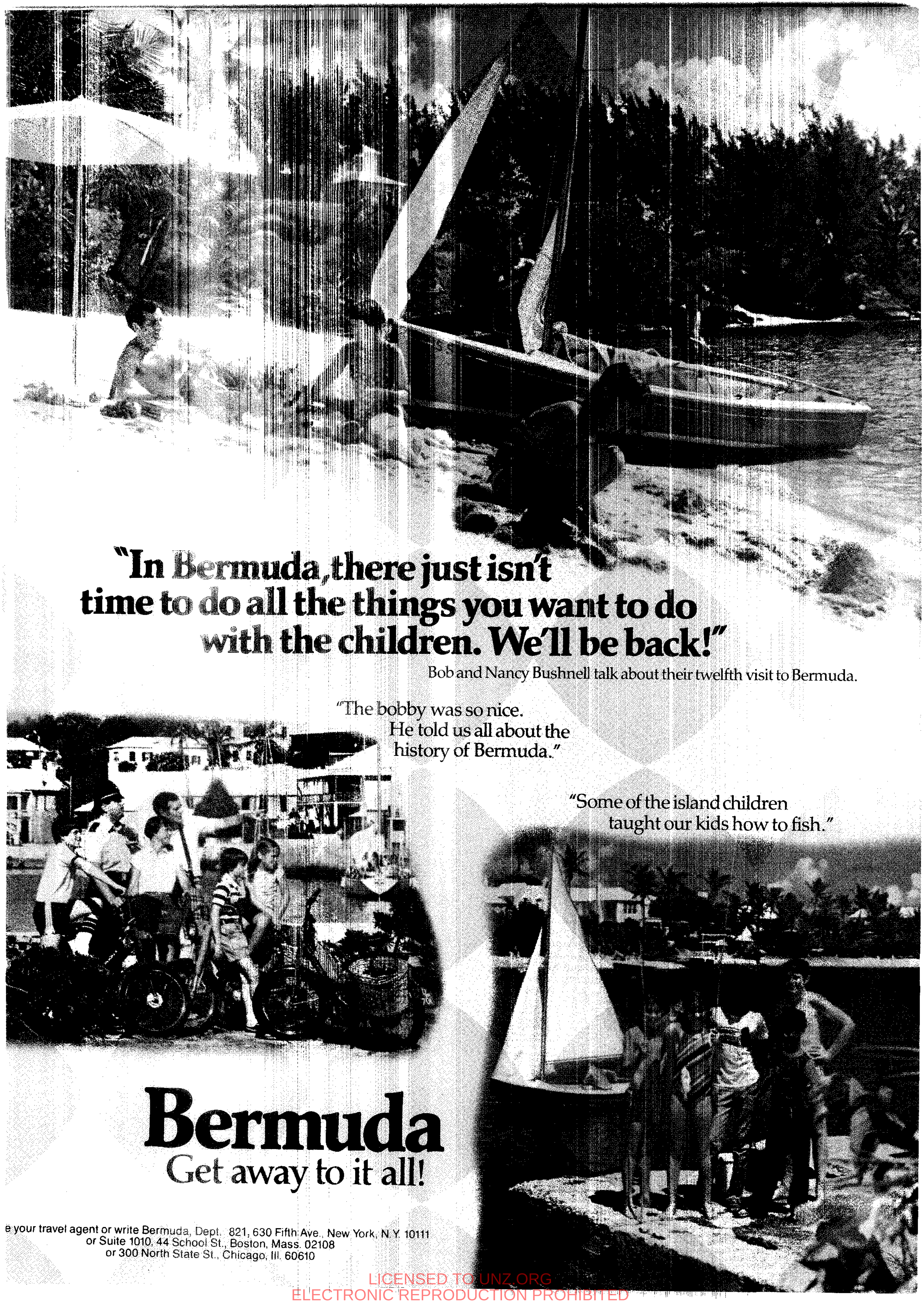

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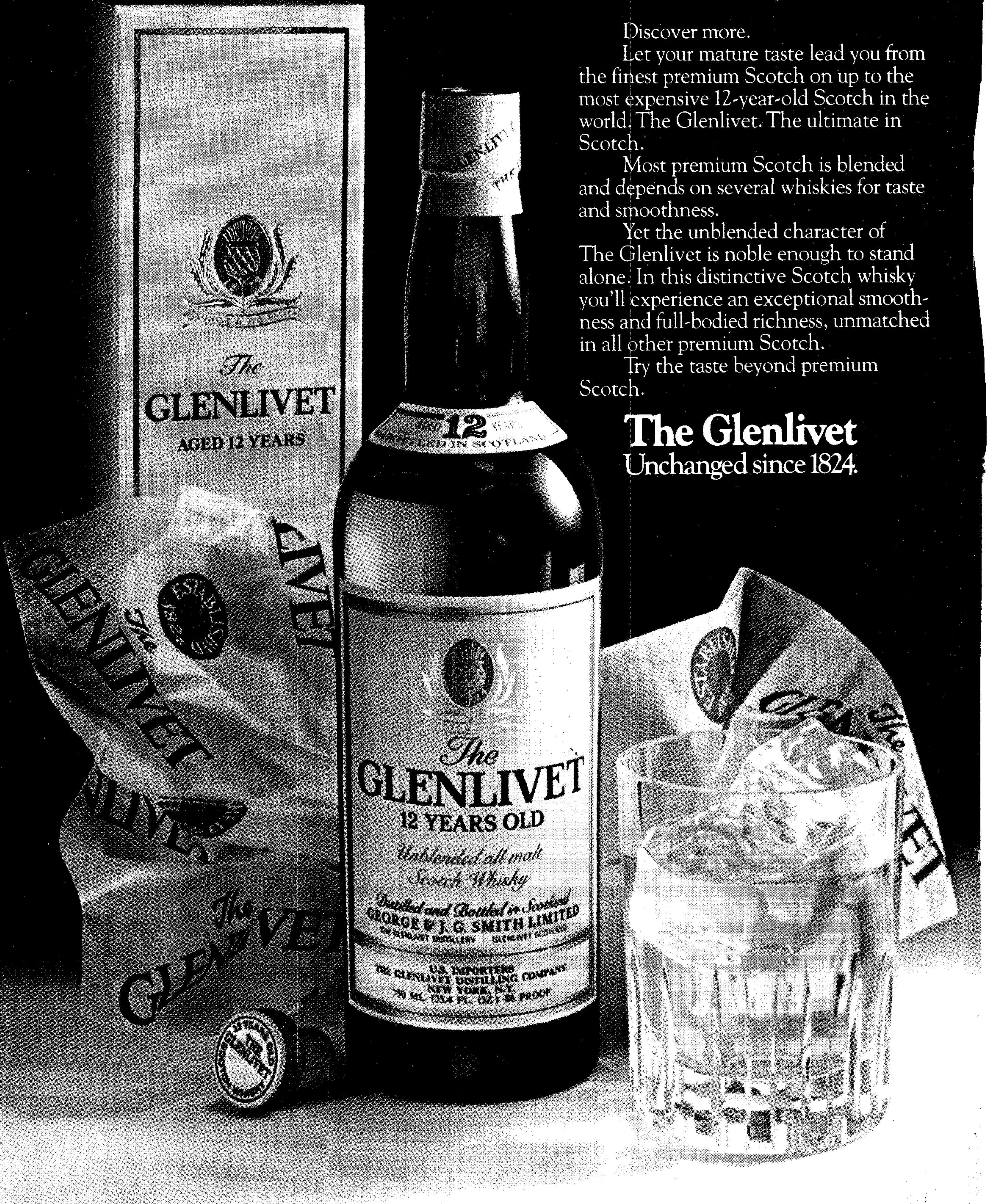
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